

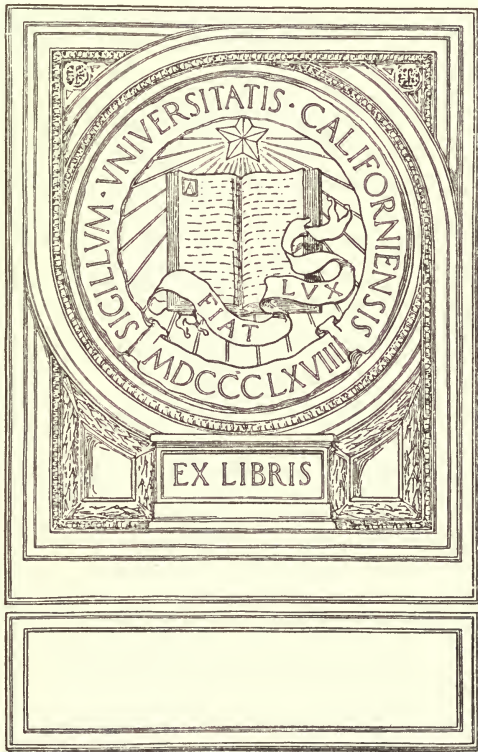
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# SEVENTY-SIX;

OR,

## LOVE AND BATTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF."

*by John Neal*

Our country!—right or wrong.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. CUNNINGHAM, CROWN-COURT,  
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1840.

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# SEVENTY-SIX.

*heroic redemption, reb. hist.  
history of events  
the Rev. as religion*

## CHAPTER I.

### Our Fathers!—Where are they?—BIBLE.

Yes, my children, I will no longer delay it. We are passing, one by one, from the place of contention, one after another, to the grave; and, in a little time, you may say, "Our fathers!—the men of the Revolution—where are they?" Yes, I will go about it in earnest; I will leave the record behind me, and when there is nothing else to remind you of your father, and your children's children of their ancestor—nothing else, to call up his apparition before you, that you may see his aged and worn forehead—his white hair in the wind—you will but have to open the book, that I shall leave to you, and lay your right hand devoutly upon the page. It will have been written in blood and sweat, with prayer and weeping. But do that—no matter when it is, generations may have passed away—no matter where I am—my flesh and blood may have returned to their original element, or taken innumerable shapes of loveliness—my very soul may be standing in the presence of the Most High. Yet do ye this, and I will appear to you, instantly; in the deepest and dimmest solitude of your memory! Yes! I will go about it this very day. And I do pray you and them, as they shall be born successively of you, and yours, when all the family are about their sanctuary, their own fire-side—the holy and comfortable place, to open the volume, and read it aloud. Let it be in the depth of winter, if it may be, when the labour of the year is over, and the heart is rejoicing in its home; and when you are alone: not that I would frown upon the traveller, or blight the warm hospitality of your nature, by reproof; but there are some things, and some places, where the thought of the stranger is intrusion,—the touch and hearing of the unknown man little better than profanation. If you love each other, you will not go abroad for consolation; and if you are wise, you will preserve some hidden fountains of your heart, unvisited but by one or two—the dearest and the best. This should be one of them—I will have it so. I would not have your feeling of holy and solemn, and high enthusiasm, broken in upon by the unprepared, just when you have been brought, perhaps, to travel in imagination, with your father; bare-footed, over the frozen ground, leaving his blood at every step as he went, desolate, famished, sick, naked; almost broken-hearted, and almost alone, to fight the battles of your country.

No! I would have your thought go in pilgrimage, over the same ground, remembering that the old men who travelled it in the revolution, doing battle at every step for your inheritance, were an army journeying deliberately to martyrdom. Do this, my children, and let it be a matter of religion with you: teach your children to do the same. Let every place of especial trial and bloodshed be a Mecca to you and to them, and God's blessing shall be upon you, for ever and ever.

We have had many a history of our country, many of the revolution; but none written by men acquainted by participation therein with our sorrow, and trial, and suffering: not one, where the mighty outline of truth is distinctly visible—no, not one. I make no exception. All of them are in my mind at this moment—there is not one. We wrestled, children as we were, for eight years, with armed giants; and wrenched—wrenched; with our own hands, the spoil from the spoiler; overcame them all at last, after eight years of mortal trial, and uninterrupted battle, even in their stronghold.

I was one of them that helped to do this. There is a vividness in my recollection that cannot deceive me. I knew personally, and intimately, the leading men in this drama. Most of them have gone down to their graves, dishonoured and trampled upon in their old age; many are yet wandering, helpless and dejected, among the beautiful and vast proportions of that edifice, which they built up with their blood and bones, like the spirits of venerable men, that have been driven away from their dwelling-places by banditti, and died in a foreign land—like shadowy sovereigns, coming back to a degenerate people, haunting the chambers of their greatness in olden time, and re-treading, with an air of authority and dominion, which is the scorn and mockery of men, whose fathers could not have stood upright in their awful presence—the courts where they have been dethroned—the ancient palaces, which they built with their own power and treasure, and from which they have been banished, day by day, with insult and derision. Yet, at my bidding they will appear! and harness and array themselves, and stand before you, as I have seen them stand before GEORGE WASHINGTON—a battalion of immoveable, impregnable, unconquerable old men.

I am familiar with all that they thought and did; they that were about me, I mean, from the time that I went among them a passionate, wild boy, till I come out from them, battered and

worn, and bruised and broken, and scarred all over with the deep cabala of premature old age.

None but an eye-witness can tell, as it ought to be told, the story of individual suffering, protracted for such a time, the tale of individual heroism, continued year after year, under privation, cruelty, insult, and toil, beyond all that the men of Rome or Macedon, under Alexander himself, would have borne, in the spring-tide of their heart's valour.

Yes, though I would tell the tale before I die—old as I am, frail as the tenure is by which I hold to the earth, I must take my own time for it, and tell that which I do tell with the plainness and honesty of my nature, so that you may depend upon it. You know that I will tell you nothing which I do not know to be true. I need not add, therefore, that, where there is a disagreement between my story, and that which you will find in the blundering, tedious compilations, which are called the Histories of our Revolution, you will do well to rely upon mine.

Let this be copied, in a fair hand, by Frederick, and during the next week I will forward you two or three sheets more. Make no alteration in it—no corrections. If there be any part illegible, leave a blank, till I have an opportunity of supplying it. I would have this a family relic,—the legitimate production of your father—an uneducated, plain soldier, and of him alone. It will then grow every year in your veneration, gain every year upon your heart, in solemnity and interest. Nay, let this intimation take a higher authority. I know the sacredness of ancient things. I command you, therefore, that you lay not your hand upon one letter of what I write. Men do not talk now as they used to; you see none of the old-fashioned kingly-looking people in this generation—nothing of their high carriage and attitude—hear nothing of their powerful voices, and legal tread—their thought, the currency of their heart is base and degenerate; it wears no longer the stamp of sovereignty—is no longer the coinage of God's kingdom; but the paltry counterfeit thereof—base and showy. No! trust them not. Hold what there is left to you of other days, as the regalia of giants; to be visited only by torch-light, with downcast eyes and folded arms. Ye are a fettered people—fettered too by manacles, that would have fallen from the limbs of your fathers like rain—dropped from them, in the indignant heat of their mighty hearts, like the leaden encroachments of a furnace.

My children—it has been my nature, from my childhood, to speak and write for myself. There are few men upon this earth, in whom it would not be presumption to alter what I have written. And you, my children, are not of their number. In you, it would be wicked and foolish. It would lead to a perpetual discussion, in your family, about the genuineness of the whole, and, in time, destroy all your reverence for *zœ*. No—let there be no interpolation. My blessing shall not abide upon him that dares to add, alter, or leave out, one jot or tittle of the whole. No—let it go down, with your blood, the patent of your nobility, to the elder son, for ever and ever; and when you are able, multiply the copies among all that are descended from me, as the last legacy of one, that it would be an honour to them, whatever they may become, to be the posterity of.

My style may often offend you. I do not doubt that it will. I hope that it will. It will be re-

membered the better. It will be the style of a soldier, plain and direct, where facts are to be narrated; of a man, roused and inflamed, when the nature of man is outraged—of a father, a husband, a lover, and a child, as the tale is of one or of the other.

You have all had a better education than your father. You have, most of you, a pleasant and graceful way of expressing yourselves on paper—and there is one among you, you know which I mean, the operations of whose mind are as vivid, and instantaneous, and beautiful, as flashes of coloured light; but there is not one among you, not one, that has yet learnt to talk on paper. Learn that—learn it speedily; there is no time to be lost.

Farewell, my children, farewell: till the next mail. I shall expect you, a week, at least, before Christmas.

JONATHAN OADLEY.

## CHAPTER II.

Thy spirit, Independence! let me share!

Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye!

Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,

Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

After reflecting a good deal upon the subject, my dear children, I have come to the conclusion, that, if I interweave with the history, which I have promised to you, some account of myself and Archibald, of whom you have heard me relate so many things that made your nerves shiver, as with electricity, when you were mere boys, it will do much toward perpetuating the history of our family, and keeping your attention alive to the order of events.

And that, at the end of another generation, my posterity may not have to inquire, who and what were their ancestors, I will begin my narrative with a rapid sketch of our family, so far as there are now any traces of them left. I find a tradition among us that we are of Scotch extraction; and, by looking into the records of our oldest colony, as Plymouth, you will find a constant reference to the name of Oadley, as to one of influence and authority. My grandfather, I know, was born in a part of New England, since called the New Hampshire Grants, and, yet more recently, composing a part of the newly-made state of Vermont:—and I have heard my father relate several anecdotes of his warlike and adventurous character. It was he that headed the party against King Philip, as he was called, the Indian of Mount Hope, the season before his death; and he was the very man that grappled with him, in the midst of his young men, who had decoyed the party into an ambush; thereby, as you will remember, holding Philip as a hostage, even in the centre of his wigwam, till he was compelled to forego the whole profit of his adventure; and he it was who threw up his commission, before the Plymouth fathers, and broke his sword, and swore by the Everlasting God that he would never draw another, after the shameful treachery that had been practised upon that wary but high-hearted Indian, at the time of his assassination. Nor did he, till his dying day, I



can but just recollect him. He was a very erect, stately, stern old man, of few words, and remarkable stature. This is all that I can recollect of him, except that he used to talk to the militia of the day, as if they were children, and relate, with a distinctness that made my young heart swell violently, many an inroad of the Indians.

My father, as most of you well remember, was a pacific, mild, kind-hearted man; and if I add to this, that, after he removed from Providence plantations to the Jerseys, he never saw blood drawn, till the flame of the revolution had broken out, you will then know about all that any man knows of his early life. Till within the last ten years of his life, there was the same plain, unpretending, substantial good sense in all that he did; and during many years that we lived together, I do not remember that I ever saw him in a passion but twice or three times; and the first left such an impression on my mind, that I will relate—it was on seeing my good mother, in the pride of her beauty, equipped in a new calico gown, flowered all over with yellow and blue roses, about the size of cabbages,—after the new importation confederacy had been adopted. The affair had been managed secretly, and my mother might have passed it all off without the loss of her finery, or the rebuke that she received, had she been able to suppress, a little more, her natural spirit for display; but unfortunately, she could not, and she had passed, and repassed, before my father, during the first day, so frequently, in her flaming ruffles and furbelows, that human patience could endure it no longer. “Peggy,” said my father, “what is the meaning of this?” She smiled, coloured, bridled a little, and turned about, so as to exhibit all the proportions of her finely-turned waist, before she answered.

I was but a little fellow, scarcely old enough to speak my own name, so as to be understood; but my father’s anger so frightened me, it being the first explosion, that I could not think of it for some time afterward, without looking behind me, and holding my breath.

My mother was the “lady” of the neighbourhood, and but for one other lady, would have been the happiest of human creatures.

“O, my dear,” said she, coaxingly—“only a little spec of mine; I was going to take tea with our neighbour Arnauld, and I thought—”

“Drink tea!” said my father, shutting his bible, with a clap that made me start, and standing erect—You remember his height—few men carried such a front with them, and of all our blood, he was the tallest, I believe—“Drink tea, Peggy! Do you not know, child, that tea is one of the prohibited things?”

My father alluded to the confederacy that had just been entered into, by all the substantial men of the country, some in shame, some in terror, and some from downright honesty and virtue, not to purchase or consume any article whatever, supplied by the mother country to the colonies; and tea was one of the enumerated articles.

My mother turned pale, I remember, but continued for a moment or two to defend the visit and tea-drinking stoutly, but my father was immoveable.

“Woman!” said he, putting his large hand kindly, but authoritatively, upon her shoulder. “while you are my wife, not one cup of tea shall

pass your lips, unless the confederacy be abandoned. And if your neighbour—”

This neighbour, by the way, lived eight miles off, at the end of an almost inaccessible wood, and was the lady rival of my mother.

—“be weak and wicked enough to treat her visitors, in the present state of her country, with tea, you shall never, with my leave, set your foot within her doors again.”

“High times indeed!” said my mother, bouncing away from his hand, (she was the younger, by at least twelve years; and that gave her an advantage, not to be overlooked by a handsome and adroit woman) “High times indeed! Jonathan Oadley” (his name, too, was Jonathan, as you will recollect)—“when a body cannot be allowed to take a drop of tea for medicine—”

“A drop of hell-fire!” cried my father, stamping with wrath—“A woman of America! the wife of Jonathan Oadley—whose husband has signed a paper with his own blood” (a literal fact, my children, for in the feeling of the time, no solemnity, and I might say, no superstition was spared) “calling down the anger of God upon his house, and his wife, and children, if he kept it not—shall she be the first to laugh his obligation to scorn—give his household to destruction, and her husband’s name to dishonour? O, for shame!”

I am sure, even now, that, had my father been less violent, by a little, than he was, there would have been no trouble in the affair; but my mother was a high-spirited woman, remarkably well bred for the time, and had married him, in the face and eyes of all her family—

“Ye—ye—yes,” said she, sobbing—“just what I expected. I was always t—t—told so—I—”

“That I was a tyrant?” said my father, gently—“no, Peggy, no—I am no tyrant—but much as I love you, and that boy yonder, I would rather lose you both, rather see you taking a mortal poison, both of you, than a cup of this accursed tea:—but what is this—what is the meaning of this?” (taking hold of the long ruffle, or flounce, at the elbow of her glittering calico)—“new, is it, Peggy?”

My mother held down her head, whether in shame and mortification, or in sullenness, I know not; but there was an awful stillness for a minute or two, and then my father went up to her, and took her in his arms and kissed her—I declare to you, my children, like some high priest, about to offer up a living creature that he loved, in sacrifice.

He was very pale, and, after uttering a few words, my mother began, very reluctantly, to unfasten her girdle. My notion was, from my own experience in such matters and the sternness of his countenance, and the terror and shame in her’s, that he was going to beat her, and I began to cry lustily; but they gave no heed to my bawling, and I never stopped, even to get my breath, till I had seen the beautiful calico gown torn into five hundred pieces, and burnt in the fire—my mother clad anew, in a dark brown cotton of her own weaving, and my father sitting by her, with his arm round her waist, and her head leaping upon his shoulder, full of affection and duty.

Thus much for my father’s temper: it will give you some notion of his general deportment, when I tell you that I never saw him transported so far on any other occasion, for more than twenty years.

Nothing else, I am persuaded, could have disturbed him, like this wavering of allegiance in his wife. He loved her ardently, truly, but he loved her like a man. And as he never warmed but on one theme—till the cry for independence rang like a trumpet throughout the mountains—and that was, whenever the character of her father, the man of war, was named, I have had no better opportunity of seeing his nature than you yourselves have had, till within a few years of his death.

My infancy, boyhood, and manhood too. I might say, were spent much as they are with most of the world, who are born apart from all but a few sober, plain dealing country neighbours; for I was nearly twenty-two, and probably the stoutest fellow of my age in the whole country; and Archibald, a poor weakly creature, about twenty, when the war of the revolution broke out, and gave to our characters, and that of my father, a strange, unexpected power, revealing many deeply-hidden properties, that might have been, and no doubt would have been, buried for ever, but for the events that I am now about to relate.

We were very happy; and though we heard of the war, and the numerous temptations of bounty and equipment, and advance even at our own doors, from the continental recruiting officers that came among us, yet nobody from our neighbourhood seemed to regard it as a possible thing for one of us to go really and truly into battle. We read of such things and talked of them; but somehow or other it never entered our head, that they who did such feats as we were told of, were flesh and blood, like ourselves, raw countrymen who would turn pale in the beginning of a campaign at the sight of blood, and stand up before it had finished like a veteran before the roar of artillery, and rattling of bullets, and the sure approach of the bayonet.

None of our neighbours had actually gone into service, though several had threatened violently, just before the affair of Long Island, and the abandonment of Fort Lee and Washington; but when they happened, one after the other with some other disasters, in such rapid succession, it is too true, my children, that the stout-hearted among us began to look about for darkness to cover them. Sir Henry Clinton was now in New York; our army had dwindled down to a few miserable battalions, with no cavalry; and Cornwallis was mustering in the rear of poor Washington, who really began to totter, even in the estimation of my father.

We were about fourteen miles from the high road, over which our countrymen were afterwards hunted by Sir William Howe; and already we had heard "the drum beat at dead of night," and seen, away on the verge of the horizon, the red light of farm-houses, set fire to by the royal banditti: and once, I remember, when my cousin Arthur, a fine, free-spirited fellow, and Archibald and I were out upon a high hill, late in the afternoon, we heard a heavy cannonading in the east, and were soon after told there had been a bloody affair with some of the outposts that Sir Henry Clinton had established to protect his foraging parties.

In the evening, as we sat together in a mournful silence, Arthur at last with a deep sigh, turning to my father, asked him what he thought of the matter?

The old man shook his head, and his large bony hands as they lay on the table before him were

raised for a moment with a convulsive pressure, and then he shook his head again.

"A dreary winter, father," said I, "and the farmers complain bitterly of the depredations committed by their own countrymen."

There was another deep silence of some minutes, when the old man groaned aloud, as if his heart were in travail.

Archibald arose and went to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder, in that silent, strange way which was so natural to him, even when a boy, and lifting his deep blue eyes with a melancholy look of determination, said—

"Surely, sir, you do not complain of these things?"

"No, Archy," replied my father, putting his arm round his waist, "no, my boy, I do not complain that my cattle are driven away from me to feed the poor fellows in camp; for I know that Washington has no other way of feeding them, particularly since the removal of Commissary Trumbull; but I do complain when I see my cattle slaughtered and hewed to pieces in my barnyard, and left there, weltering in their blood, by the savages that are detached from our army!"

"Father!" said Archibald, retreating two or three paces, folding his arms, and looking him in the face, as if he thought he had not heard him aright—

"I know what you are thinking, Archibald," said my father, "and I cannot blame you. You have not forgotten my words, when the Declaration of Independence was read to us, have you?"

"No, sir," said my brother, his pale face growing still paler, and his slender form shivering with the depth and excess of some inward and unknown feeling, and then added, in a manner that awed me as much as if a dumb creature had suddenly found his tongue; for such had been the melancholy, deep, and solemn abstraction of his nature, from the age of about eighteen, that we had learnt never to attempt any conversation with him, leaving him alone and unmolested to his thought, as a poor distempered creature whom it was a pity to worry in his humours; and now, when he broke out upon us much after the following fashion, our amazement held us speechless; and that of my father was dashed with a feeling of shame, that even I could see, for the red blood shot over his temples and up through his bald forehead, showing that he felt the rebuke of Archibald—even to his old heart.

"No, sir! I have not forgotten it," said my brother, standing motionless before him, "and I did believe that not one of this house would ever forget it. But now—now, in the time of his tribulation, when all that is dearest to us, our home and country, is about to be laid waste with fire and sword—they that have sworn to stand by George Washington, though Heaven itself raised fire upon their heads (your own words, sir), are the first to abandon him—withhold their succour, drive off their cattle to the woods, bury their provisions, and refuse the currency of the country; nay, more, the first to quail at the sound of cannon, the first to lay their hands upon their own children and say, you shall not fight the battles of your country." He faltered as he concluded, and when he had done, and the echo of his own words came back loudly to him from the ceiling, he started, and looked about him with a troubled air for a moment, and then put his thin



hands to his forehead and buried them slowly in his rich brown hair, as if astonished at the sound of his own voice.

Nor were we less so. My cousin Arthur and I exchanged two or three glances, and the fire streamed from his black eyes as he ran up to Archibald, and seized him by both his hands, and shook them for a whole minute, as if he would shake them off, trying two or three times, but in vain, to speak, and at last turning away, and wiping his eyes, without uttering a word.

"Archibald," said my father, rising majestically and coming forward to meet him, "it is hard to abide the upbraiding of a child, our own child, our youngest born—"

Archibald's head drooped, and the red heat went all over it, like the light of a furnace.

"Yet it is harder," continued my father, "to bear that of our own heart (laying both his hands, emphatically, upon his left breast, as he spoke). What would you have me do?"

It was a whole minute before Archibald replied, and his chin worked up and down all the while of his preparation, and a mortal lividness overspread his face, while his long dark eyelashes gave an animated sadness and shadow to his beautiful eyes; and when he did reply, it was by lifting his head slowly to our father's, planting his foot, and compressing his folded arms upon his chest, as if to keep down a rebellion there.

"Shall I speak the truth?" said he.

"Assuredly," answered my father, while Arthur pressed up to me, and whispered, "What possesses the creature? Is that Archibald, the weak, peevish boy?" I shook my head; I knew not what to think of it.

"Well, then," continued Archibald, in a voice which was just audible, "you ask me what I would have you do? I answer thus. Sell all that you have. Give all that you have to your country. Shoulder your knapsack. Put another upon John (he always called me John); and another upon me. Let each of us take his course through the country, and collect as many as we can of the stout yeomanry; and then go before George Washington, and tell him to be of good cheer, for, come what will, we, at least, will abide with him to the death."

My father shook his head, but embraced Archibald, and kissed his white forehead a dozen times at least before he answered.

"I am proud of your spirit, Archy," said he; "but I cannot say much for your wisdom. What! in the darkest time of our trial, when the bravest of all the land are hiding themselves in dismay, shall I be the first to let out my whole blood, at once, in desperation?"

"Yes—Yes! now is the time!—father—now! even now!" cried Archibald, pressing upon him.

"One such example would electrify the country. What! would you stand by, and see our little army beaten man by man, and wait for a miraculous interposition of Heaven for their relief? No, my father, give but the signal—here are four of us already, and, before to-morrow night, I will put my head upon the issue, that I carry forty more with me on the way to Washington's camp. Do this, and, before the winter is gone, he will have turned upon his enemy, and beaten him back into his hiding places. What say you? shall we buckle on our blankets?"

As he said this, he took down an old rifle that

lay athwart the smoked panel work, over the fire-place, and leant upon it with a face all on fire; but my father put out his spirit immediately, with a smile, as he said—

"No, my boy, Washington would hardly thank me for an army of such striplings."

Archibald bit his lip.

"Three of us," said he, "are stout men—you, and John, and Arthur, and—"

"Arthur may do as he pleases," said my father; "and as for John, from this moment he hath my consent to shoulder his musket."

"And join the army," shouted Archibald, leaping from the floor. "O, do let me go with him. I—I—I am not very strong, but I can—"

"No, Archibald, I cannot part with you. Your constitution is too delicate."

"The best way to harden it, father," said he. "Your temper too unsocial and passionate—"

"The best way to cure that—"

"Silence! I will not hear another word upon the subject. John may depart whenever he pleases, and, if Arthur will go, he may have his choice of the horses, and I will furnish both, as well as money can do it, with equipments; but as for you, I will not part with you. They are strong, handsome fellows, and will work their way through the battle, I'll warrant them; but as for you, the first thing that I should hear of you would be, that you had been run away with by your own horse, or trodden to death in the onset. No, you shall be a minister, Archibald, a minister of the gospel."

Archibald looked at him a moment, as if—I hardly dare to say what, for he was the most affectionate creature in the world, and till that hour I had never heard him speak a loud word in the presence of my father. He had always sat apart by himself, musing all the day long over some history or drawing. But it did appear to me that, all at once, his soul felt new strength, and that, before the sound of my father's voice had died away, declaring that he should be a minister of the gospel, he had determined to be torn in pieces first by wild horses; but he bowed his head reverentially to my father (who left us for a while), and went into the darkest corner of the room, where he stood for a whole hour without opening his lips.

"Well, Jonathan," said my father, returning—"what say you, when will you go?"

I felt my heart stop—partly with shame, and partly with fear, till he repeated the question, and I saw Archibald's eyes flashing, impatiently, for my answer. "Whenever you please, sir," said I—though I would have given the world to be out of the affair.

"To-morrow, then," said Arthur, rubbing his hands. "The sorrel mare for me—Hobson's choice for you—and the next morning at daylight, hurra for the camp!"

I have determined not to disguise one feeling of my heart, nor one thought of fear, my children; for I would have you know me thoroughly; and, therefore, I must own to you that I wondered at the enthusiasm of Arthur, and would have given my right hand that the proposition had not been made; but I was ashamed to appear less of a man than Arthur, who was a whole year younger, and, therefore, I answered stoutly, "To-morrow be it then."

My father embraced me, and there was a look of encouragement in the face of my brother, that made me run up to him, when he caught my hand.



and wrung it with all his might, while the tears rushed into his eyes, and he said, "O, brother, would to God that I were as strong and handsome as you!"

Arthur arose to go.

"No, my lad," said my father, "you will take a bed with me to-night, and to-morrow go round to your acquaintances, with Arthur and Archy; they shall both go with you, and bid them good-bye. I will take care to represent the matter rightly to your uncle. It is really time that we did something. I am ashamed of myself. Our cause must perish if all abandon it as I have done. No, I will mount and ride to-morrow through all the neighbourhood, and never rest till I have stirred up some of our substantial men—for they are the most backward after all; they have nothing to gain and much to lose, and they, like me, have been lying by, to see the sun break out, before they go abroad. No! it shall not be so another day. I will go to them myself, and if that doesn't work upon them, I will let the minister loose. Ha! Archy, what say you—silent? Well, well, I like your contemplative spirit—so fond of study."

I heard something fall, and turning to where he stood, saw that the book which he had been holding had fallen from his hand, but he did not appear to observe it.

"No!" continued my father, "we must be ready to begin the next campaign with spirit, or the devil will be to pay—one bold, manly effort, and we shall down with our invader to the dust—to-morrow, I will throw open my barn, and stable, and corn-houses, and let the first foraging party that will, empty them all—and set fire to the ruins. I will never complain more!—what say you, Archy?—will that do!—come, come, cheer up—you shall stay by your old father and mother, and comfort them, while Jonathan is cutting and slashing at the enemy—so, hurra from independence!"

"Hourra! hourra!" shouted Arthur, swinging the old rifle round his head—"hourra from independence!"

My voice followed his, but so faintly, that it sounded like an echo only—while Archibald merely locked his hands, and uplifted them to heaven, much to the delight of the old gentleman, who winked at us, and smiled, as if it were some timely revelation from above—"Yes! yes!" said he, "he was made for a minister."

### CHAPTER III.

What steed to the desert flies fast and afar?

\* \* \* \* \*

no rider is there;

And the bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Never, in all my life, did I pass such a night as that which followed the conversation that I have just related. I know not whether I was born with a more timorous heart than other men, but I have been ready to believe, when I have seen their indifference to matters of life and death, where we have stood together, ankle deep in blood: their cold, phlegmatic habitual disregard of what made my heart feel sometimes as if it were turning to stone within me, and my flesh

crawl: that they were fashioned originally, and by constitution, of sterner material than myself; and yet, I have seen Archibald too, pale as death, in the awful stillness that preceded the first shot, while they went on, immovable and solid as a phalanx of machinery, with no sweat upon their foreheads, no prayers upon their lips, no knocking at their ribs. What, then, should I think? His courage was indisputable, and yet he was abundantly more agitated than myself. However, not to anticipate, there were a thousand apprehensions, natural to an inexperienced country lad, like myself, about to abandon the roof of his father, mingled and dashed, too, with some pleasant and adventurous feeling, common, I dare say, to the high in blood, whatever may be their courage: but there were some perils—some, that the terror of would not let me sleep. The small-pox was in the American army, and its ravages were tremendous, as we were told, and believed: add to this that Cornwallis had just moved upon our frontiers, with the design of effecting a junction between his army and that of Sir Henry Clinton, then in possession of New York. Their forces, exceeding fifty-five thousand men, were well known to be admirably appointed, and altogether superior to ours. Arnold had been beaten, and we had just lost the command of the lakes; and Fort Pitt, too, had fallen; several perilous changes had been made in the staff; General Schuyler and Gates were at loggerheads—Washington himself was losing a part of his popularity; and they were intriguing to set him aside, not by dismissal, but by passing a vote of censure upon him, which they knew the great man would not brook; the army had dwindled to nothing, by the folly and madness of short enlistments, and, literally, nothing at all had been done, on our part, during the campaign—nothing experienced but a series of defeat and humiliation, which no human being could have held up against, except George Washington.

Such was the state of affairs at this time; and if you add to these facts, which were painful and disheartening enough to intimidate and bow the bravest, the ten thousand rumours and exaggerations perpetually afloat; the fact that we were safer under the protection of the enemy than of our own countrymen; the different appearance of our tattered demoralized, half naked, half armed, and half starved, from their invaders, a gallant and dazzling army with banners and trumpets, and the offer of pardon and mercy, just made by Sir William Howe, at the head of thirty thousand veterans—offers which were not only made to, but were accepted, far and near, by the dastardly gentry (for the poor held out, in their nakedness and poverty, to their last breath); and the threat, constantly reiterated, that all the prisoners of war would be hung for rebels and traitors, and never exchanged; you will not wonder that my heart was heavy at the thought of what I was about to encounter.

However, the night wore away at last, and never did the morning light break in upon me with such influence; my blood danced in my body: and before I had been out in the wind an hour—a fine frosty air, with a few stars yet visible, and the bluest sky that I ever saw above me, I do believe that I could have gone into battle with less terror than I had heard the proposal to go ten or twelve hours before. Such is the

steadying effect of contemplation; such is to be prepared—and such the strengthening of God's breath, when it blows down from the mountain upon us, before sunrise. It would revive a dead man, I have sometimes thought, when I was galloping away before it, for life and death almost:—but Arthur appeared the same frank, cordial, careless fellow in the morning, that I had always found him. He was one of them that take whatever happens, in this world of commotion and trial, as a sort of thing not to be troubled about.

"Well, John," said he, clapping me on the shoulder, retreating about forty yards, and leveling his rifle at my head, "let me see if you can stand fire?"

I started, in good earnest, for it went off, and the ball whistled through my head. I thought, for a moment—but it certainly passed very near me.

"Better than you cousin, I am sure!" said I, forgetting my consternation, in looking at the sudden change and frightful expression of his face.

"God a mercy!" he cried, "whew!" stopping a moment to see if I would fall, and then running up to me, and feeling all about my head, like a delirious creature, for a minute or two—"bless my heart and soul!—whew! well, how do you feel!—d—n that rifle, it goes off without touching the trigger, it only jarred in my hand."

"Yes!" said I, rising forty-fold in my own estimation to find that I was so little discomposed by an accident, that had well nigh settled the campaign with me for ever and ever, and shaken poor Arthur's courage into dust—"yes,—but if you do not aim better than that, when you get among the Virginia riflemen—Morgan's men—they'll—"

"Don't talk to me—don't talk," cried Arthur, chalking with joy and terror, while his black eyes actually ran over, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Well," said Archibald, joining us with a prouder step than common, "you are harnessing for the war, I see, my brave brother; and you, too, cousin Arthur. Have you made up your minds never to return, never to lay down your arms—never! never! till—ha! what's all this—by heaven, it cannot be—(catching Arthur by the arm, and turning him partly round, for he was stooping as if to tighten the girth of his horse, but had remained there rather too long a time for the impatient temper of Archibald)—tears! tears upon the face of Arthur Rodman."

"Yes," cried Arthur, "and tears had well nigh been upon your face, too, my lad."

Archibald shook his head, and smiled.

"O! you may smile—any body can smile; but, if you had seen your brother shot through the head, I am inclined to think that—"

"What were you firing at?" said my father, leaping over the fence near where we stood, and standing all at once by our side.

Arthur, though I attempted to avoid him, immediately told him, and as he did I could perceive the under lip of Archibald violently compressed, and his brow knitting with emotion, but my father did not change countenance.

"And how did he bear it?" said he.

"Like a lion," cried Arthur, striking his hands together; "he only turned upon me and chided me for my bad shot."

"Not so bad a shot, neither," said Archibald, putting his hand to my face; "an inch or two more, and the ball would have done your business. You will have to get a lock shorn on the other side of your head."

It was very true: my hair was loose and flying in the wind, and the ball, diverted from its aim by the jar of the piece as it fell into Arthur's hand, had cut away one of the heaviest locks, as if it had been shorn with a razor. My blood thrilled, and I felt sick at the heart for a moment; and, if I had been alone, I should have fainted; I dare say, while I thought of my narrow escape; but eventually it was a happy thing for me, perhaps—one of the happiest, for it gave others a great opinion of my self-command, and finally produced a like opinion in myself. Nay, to this very incident, in a great measure, I believe, may be attributed the reputation that I subsequently obtained, of being one of the most intrepid fellows in our regiment; for I have always observed that, when a report has once gone abroad, people rarely think of inquiring into the origin or authority of it; so that it would be no difficult matter, I believe, for any man to put his own character, in what form he pleases, out into the world, and, after a time, they that were vociferous in defence of his virtues, would forget that he himself was the author and origin of all that related to them. "Say that you are not afraid of the devil," said Arthur to our sergeant one day, "and, by and by, it will become your general reputation. Every body will swear that you are not afraid of the devil, and forget who told him so—nay, fight to prove it; for, such is man's nature, ealist him to report a doubtful affair, and it is ten to one that he exaggerates in proportion as he is distrusted, until at last he is willing to spill his blood in proof of it. Another good effect is, that the man himself, at last, begins to believe that other people know him better than he knows himself, and he really becomes what they say he is—not afraid of the devil!"

At last we breakfasted aitogether, my dear mother at my right hand. A mournful, but manly and noble sorrow was in the countenance of my father; a more tender and passionate one in the light, hazel eyes of my mother; and in all the rest, that kind of unwillingness to be either silent or talkative which characterises young hearts when they are among them that mourn, without being able to understand or comfort them. We swallowed our milk (for coffee was unknown to us then), but left the food untasted; and then, with an occasional word or two, that sounded abruptly upon the ear, as if spoken in a wrong place, unpreparedly, as in a sick chamber, or house of prayer—we mounted our horses.

"You will beat up for recruits," said my father, "during the day, and return to us at night. Tomorrow we shall try to set you both off in good earnest."

Archibald came to me, and took the bridle in his hand for a moment, as I was turning away, and then let it go again reluctantly, as if he had intended to bid me a farewell, but his heart had failed him.

"But, Archy, how is this?" said my father.

"Do you not go with them?"

"No, sir," said Archibald, throwing down his eyes, "my horse might run away with me, you know."



My father laughed. "No, my boy, you are the better horseman of the three, if not the best of the county, and I would trust you to break a colt that I would not trust many a rider to cross after you had subdued him. I did not mean to mortify you, I only desired to make you feel that you were comparatively helpless."

"I did feel it, father," said Archibald, walking away.

"Well, well; never mind it, son. The stud is your own. Take your choice, and follow them, if you will—or go with me to the muster,—or take your own way, and, if you think you can succeed, go among the lads of the neighbourhood, and see how many you can bring in."

His eyes flashed fire, I remember, as we set off at full gallop for the high road, and in less than twenty minutes we saw him stretching like a hunter over a distant elevation; after which—for he only took off his hat, stood up in the stirrups for a moment, and waved it without stopping—after which we saw no more of him till about nine that evening, when he came suddenly upon us with nearly twenty well-mounted young fellows, upon the best horses in the country, rattling at his heels like so many mad devils. They almost rode us down, for, with all our efforts, we had been able to muster but five.

"How he sits!" cried Arthur, pointing to him as he rode leisurely about, while we were all trying to form. The moon shone gallantly upon us, and really, had there been a trumpet there, and an enemy, we should have given a good account of him, notwithstanding our inexperience and wretched equipment. Indeed, there is a natural feeling of the heart, a proud pulse, about men always, who ride well, and are well mounted, though they are alone in the daylight; but when there are thirty more of them, thundering along at full gallop, under a broad blue sky, and a clear starlight, though they were day-labourers on foot, there would be a swelling of the heart, warlike and hazardous, I am sure, like banditti at least, if not like well-trained cavalry.

"I am thinking," said Archibald, leaping his horse at full speed over a ditch where all the others halted and bogged, and joining us—"I am thinking that if we ride over to the plain yonder, the muster-ground, that we may spend an hour or two profitably in manœuvring against to-morrow."

Arthur smiled, but, in that spirit of fellowship which all men have under excitement, we rode on, renewing our acquaintance with some of the horsemen about us, and making it with such as were strangers. They were fine fellows, indeed; and when we were afterwards counted off into fours and sixes, and the order was given to gallop, I thought that I had never seen so handsome a troop of yeomanry.

Archibald had ridden hard, I am sure, that day, for the mettlesome creature that he rode kept throwing down her head and snorting continually when she stopped, as if hurt in her wind.

"My friends," said Archibald—the moon shone full upon his white forehead as he uncovered it, and wiped away the sweat—"it is now time to separate. Let us meet to-morrow, at twelve, on this spot, each prepared to return no more or to return victorious. I said us—I do not mean it. It is not in my power to be with you, except, perhaps, as I have already told you to bid you God speed. But before we part, if you are willing

to spend half an hour, and your horses are not fatigued, I will show you what little I know of the cavalry exercise, so that you will be enabled, at least, to enter the camp with an air of respectability."

The proposition was agreed to, and he threw us into line, counted us off into sections, wheeled in and out, galloped, and charged. I was truly astonished at the result. Before we parted, our horses would rein as steadily into line, and wheel with as much precision, almost of themselves, as if they took a pride in it; and subsequent experience has proved to me that they do, for many a wild one have I seen broken to the line in a single drilling.

We then separated, all to our different homes, for the night;—when Arthur, who had been riding at our side, in silence, for about half an hour, suddenly wheeled from the road, with a laugh, leaped a low stone wall, and dashed away to our left.

"At twelve precisely," said I, calling after him. "Aye! aye, at twelve!" he answered, flourishing his sword in the star light.

Archibald reined up for a moment, and looked after him in surprise—"not the way to his uncle's?" said he.

"No," I replied, well knowing where he had gone.

"I believe not."

Archibald looked at me for a moment, as if about to speak, but he did not, and then put ahead for some time.

"What say you," said he, abruptly, "shall we ride over to Arnauld's?"

"By all means," I cried, leaping forward and abreast of him; "it is only a mile or two, and I should like to see Lucia before I go!"

"Lucia! yes," said Archibald, stooping over the neck of his horse and feeling the curb; "it would be well. You are a favourite there, brother; and it would be rather unfriendly to go away for so long a—brother, your stirrups are too long—shorten them—you can never sit firmly in that way—throw your feet home."

"Pho, pho! how should you know better than I?"

"I do know better than you, brother; and it matters not how I know it. If you do not ride with short stirrups, and your feet home, you are perpetually in danger of losing your seat, and your stirrup."

"But suppose I should be thrown?"

"You cannot be thrown. You must not look to such an event as possible. I was never thrown."

"I beg your pardon," said I.

"Never!" he replied, warmly. "Once or twice the horse fell with me."

"And suppose that your feet had been home then, what would have become of you?"

"They were. I grant, brother, if you are thrown, that it is more dangerous; but then you are not the hundredth part so likely to be thrown as—ah! music!"

We were now passing the windows, a long row of which, with the curtains up, were all illuminated. Archibald put his hand gently upon mine for a minute, and sat listening.

"By heaven!" said I, "there never was such a voice upon earth."

But he said nothing, he only drew a long breath, and turned aside his face.

There was Lucia, lolling upon the sofa, and singing away with all her heart and soul, as if her very

breath were melody, so sweet and natural was the modulation of the tone.

"How very beautiful!" said I, dazzled by her brightness, as the fire-light shone upon her eloquent countenance, and gave to the whole of it the hue of a lighted transparency.

Archibald made no reply, but threw himself from the saddle, and struck the gate with his whip handle. The sound immediately ceased, and some tokens of alarm were given; for hands were busy in letting down the curtains of the room, all around, and it was some minutes before we were admitted. But then—O! our welcome was that of the heart.

"Oh, my dear, dear friend," cried Lucia, running to Archibald, and putting her hands into his, "how glad I am that you are here."

"Why so?" said he, colouring a little.

"O!" she answered, "O!"—her pleasant, dark, hazel eyes, with lashes black as death, were shaded, for a moment, with embarrassment—"we have been terrified this afternoon, with some stories about a troop of horse in the neighbourhood."

"But you seem to have forgotten Mr. Oadley," said her eldest sister Clara, a remarkably pale, tall girl, with a serious cast of countenance, and very bright eyes, incessantly in motion.

Lucia coloured to the temples, and stepping forward, her superb person just losing its girlishness for the graver beauty of womanhood—"I pray Mr. Oadley to pardon me," she said. "I have always been more intimate with his brother, as he knows well, and when I see him, there are so many feelings of the old schoolfellow at my heart, that I am half inclined to forget both our ages in a game of rumps!"

Her sister smiled, a little scornfully, I thought; and her mother, one of the most truly beautiful women of the age, immediately set all matters right by shaking her finger at Lucia—and welcoming, with her accustomed gracefulness and ease—her "*caro amico!*"

"I am really glad that you have come, separate from the pleasure that your company always gives to us, on account of this report, and the absence of my husband." "Absent?" said I; but before I could say more, a look from Archibald cut me short.

There was a momentary embarrassment in all our faces—for I dreaded to mention, that I had seen him within an hour or two; and still less would I have told her where—for there was something rather mysterious—and, as my father thought, dangerous in the movements and authority of Mr. Arnauld; but it soon wore off, and we joined, pleasantly, in conversation.

"I heard your voice, I believe," said Archibald, looking at Lucia, "as we approached."

"Mine!" she answered, with surprise, "a—laughing, I suppose?"

"No—singing—your favourite air."

"O no: that was Clara's."

Archibald and I exchanged a look with each other, and smiled. Here had been one of those delusions, at which men may laugh if they will, but which are strangely mortifying to them, after all. We had united, heretofore, in our condemnation of Clara's voice, chiefly, I dare say, because we had not often heard it, and when we had, only by stealth or accident; yet, to-night, in the depth of our feeling, we had mistaken it for that of her sister, which was, undeniably, the richest, sweetest, and most passionate of all the country. We! no, how do I know that he was deceived?

"One song," said my brother, "Miss Lucia, and we will then leave you."

"A strong temptation!" she said, softly, to me, looking through her abundant dark hair, "shall I?"

"O, certainly!" I answered, "I have come on purpose to hear one more of—"

"Why, what is all this?" said her mother, glancing at Archibald, "your countenance is more than commonly serious. Has any thing happened?"

"My brother," said Archibald, "will join the army to-morrow."

"The army; gracious heaven!" said Clara, and then checked herself, while the blood darkened her whole forehead.

"And your brother," said a faint voice to me; I looked up, and saw the face of Lucia, near mine, exceedingly pale, and her white hand raised, "will he go with you?"

I shook my head, and her hand fell. The next moment I saw her sitting back, as far as she could, with her eyes upon a book; but occasionally they turned timidly aside, to the face of my brother, who sat, in his usual mood, studying the fire, with his under lip working, and shadows flitting, now and then, over his intensely white forehead, as if the thoughts of his heart took wing, one after the other.

His reverie was profound and undisturbed, till the clock struck, and he started upon his feet, and began buttoning up his coat to depart.

"You will not leave us to-night," said the mother. Clara walked up to me, as pallid as ever, and the book fell from Lucia's hand.

"Madam," answered my brother, "if you have any apprehension remaining, we certainly shall not; one of us (Lucia moved near to him, and Clara to me, as he continued) one of us will remain."

She shook her head.

"Well, then, both of us will remain," said Archibald, drawing up his chair to the corner, and entering into conversation, as if his thoughts were any where in this world but in that room.

"But why do you not join the army?" said Mrs. Arnauld to him.

Archibald turned slowly round, and smiled rather bitterly, I thought; and Lucia sat more erect for a while, and then leaned forward, as if to catch every word, and tone, and look.

"For two or three reasons," said Archibald, firmly. "In the first place, I am not twenty-one—not my own man; in the next place, I am to be a parson—a parson! and, finally, I am so weakly a creature, that I might be run away with by my horse, or trampled to death by the foot. Excellent reasons, madam; are they not?"

I could perceive that Mrs. Arnauld looked astonished, and Lucia terrified; and I—I confess that I should have been equally so had I not seen the late development of his character before my father; for his irony was a naked blade—it went to the heart.

Here Lucia's hair fell, and she consumed ten minutes, at least, in adjusting it, all the time keeping her beautiful eyes turned in the direction where he sat, with his fingers playing involuntarily upon the next chair, without moving a limb or uttering a sound.

On the whole, it was a melancholy evening, such as I should not desire to pass again, under any circumstances. It was saddening to my heart, oppressive to the spirits; and, when I thought of the possibility—nay, of the probability, that we might never all meet again in the same room, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from expressing a



sorrow and apprehension that would have been unnamable.

At last we parted. "Farewell, madam," said I; "I shall not see you in the morning."

"Heaven bless you," she replied, cordially pressing my hand. "May God be with you, in battle and in sleep—night and day—*bien bon soir*."

"Amen!" said some one faintly at my side—it was Clara. I turned to offer her my hand, but some unaccountable timidity took sudden possession of me, and I could not. I gave it to Lucia, who burst into tears.

I was astonished. What was there to affect her so deeply more than her sister? why at all? Might it not be that her heart was full before to running over, and that she was glad of any pretence to discharge the fountain of tears.

"Farewell," said I again; "farewell!"

Clara put her hand upon my arm as I passed her, but instantly withdrew it; and when I looked, she had turned away her face, so that I could not tell if it were designedly done or not,—but I lay awake, I know, many a long hour, sleep as I was, that night, endeavouring to reconcile such an accident with her habitual reserve, and lofty, severe, rectitude of deportment. It could not be—no—Clara Arnauld was not a woman to feel at the heart, and least of all for such a man as I—uninformed, inexperienced, and—

We were in our saddles by early daylight the next morning, and trotted slowly past the windows of the chamber where we knew that the young ladies slept. A white hand stirred the curtain—nothing more. I could have sworn that it was Clara's, but on looking into Archibald's eyes, I was sure that he thought it Lucia's.

Alas! it was the hand of neither; it was that of a man. A man!—what!—said I, half audibly, in the bedchamber of—the next moment I saw that it was Mr. Arnauld himself, evidently wishing to see us without being seen himself, for he hastily disappeared, and the next minute the curtain of another window fell suddenly, as if some one had just left it. After all, then, my heart was right—it was she!

"What a charming creature she is," said I, half unwilling to interrupt the solemn stillness of our ride.

"Yes," said my brother; "full blooded." But reining his beautiful mare about so as to see her blood-red nostrils, through which her breath issued, like a bright vapour, for a whole yard upon the cold air—"But she was sadly put to it yesterday, and I feared for her wind. Not blown, I hope, but—"

"Oh! I understand you now," I replied, completely puzzled for a moment; "you are always thinking of your mare."

"Aye, brother; what else have I to think of. She knows me—see."

As he spoke he loosened the rein for a moment, the fire flashed from her wild eyes, and she shot by me like an arrow.

The road was a very dangerous one, encumbered with trees and rocks, roots, stumps, and broken all up with the feet of heavy cattle, so that I held my breath for a moment, till I saw him rein her short, as if upon a pivot, without stopping.

"By heaven, Archibald, how did you teach her that?" said I, coming up with him.

He laughed, but there was a mournfulness in the sound, as there was even in the warm flush upon his pallid front, and the arrowy brightness of his intensely blue eyes—they were not the symptoms of health or happiness.

"I'll tell you, brother. I was reading some time since about the Arabian horses, and when we get to a better place I will show you that there is no such mighty matter in stopping at full speed, or mounting and dismounting at a gallop. But what were you speaking of, brother?"

"Of the most charming creature in the world," said I, feeling every word that I uttered.

"Yes, yes, brother," responded Archibald, stooping on the off side of his mare, and turning the stirrup with his foot; "yes; but I cannot well bear to talk of her now."

"But," I replied, unwilling to let the conversation die away so soon—we were just approaching the highest ground in the neighbourhood, from which we could have a view of twenty miles all about us—"I do not like her coquetry."

"What!" said Archibald, abruptly.

"No," I continued; "nor that womanish pedantry and affectation."

"Affectation!" said he, rivetting his eyes upon me in astonishment; "what the devil do you mean, John?"

"Oh! I do not hope to convince you of it, such a favourite as you are—(he coloured to the eyes)—and that vile habit of sprinkling all she says with poetry, and French, and Italian—a smattering of—"

"I'll tell you what, brother," said he, rising up to me. "I can't put up with this. I told you once before, that I did not like to talk upon the subject; and I tell you once more, and once for all, that I won't put up with it."

I was amazed. We stopped our horses, and faced each other for a moment upon the very summit of the elevation.

"Are you mad?" said I. "One would think that you were in love with her—(he stared from his eyes). Take care what you are about. That husband is not the gentlest of men, or the most forgiving, nor will he be the more likely to treat you gently for your passionate adoration of his wife because he is the greatest profligate of the country."

"Husband! wife!" said Archibald, impatiently, and stooping from the saddle—"what are you talking about?"

"Of Mrs. Arnauld," I replied.

He drew a long breath, and reached me his hand, with a smile that went to my heart. "I am a little absent, I believe," said he—"you know that I am apt to be thoughtful, and just now—(he appeared to forget himself, for a moment, in another reverie—but started again at the sound of two or three shot, that appeared to be fired in the valley below:—when the mare plunged suddenly, and had well nigh dislodged him on the spot.

"She had well nigh broken your neck then, brother," said I, looking about for the sportsmen, who, I supposed, were out after game; but I could see nothing—not even the smoke of their pieces—yet they sounded very near to us.

"I deserved it," said he, reining her up firmly, and adjusting himself to the seat; "tame as she is, I ought never to forget what she has been—a horse-man will always mind his saddle, rein and stirrup, (no matter what he is upon) as if he expected to be run away with every moment. Ha!—another, that!—the game must be well up this morning."

"That was a pistol shot," said I.

"O yes, I dare say it was," he answered; "our troop are amusing themselves at a mark. But you were speaking of her affectation!—I am sorry for it, on some accounts! she is so truly charming in every other respect—and then, it cannot have escaped you,

that our good mother is a little sore of late in her rivalry, for I have caught her more than once throwing in, with a laughable unluckiness, some of the wretched French that she has picked up at Madam Arnould's."

"You are severe upon Mrs. Arnould," said I—"too severe; I only complain that she will not consent to talk her mother tongue—not that her French and Italian are wretched."

"But they are," said my brother.

"Oh, no! she has been familiar with them both—and—"

"Pho! not a word of either did she ever pronounce properly in her life."

"But how do you know?" He coloured again—I never say any body blush so readily as he could, about that time. Every emotion of his heart sent the blood all over his face, as if he had been a bashful young girl, on horseback, in male attire. "Not of my own knowledge, to be sure," said he—"but I have seen Lucia hold down her face a hundred times, when her mother threw in a word or two of some other language—and though I know nothing of either, yet I am persuaded that all my mother knows of French or Italian has been gathered from the daughters. Beside, how different their manner and pronunciation—they never introduce a word of either language unnecessarily; and you might live with them for a whole year, without suspecting that they knew a word of any but their own, were they not led into it by some stratagem of their mother, when strangers from the city are there—or by the accomplished elegance of their father—the profligate!—or by actual necessity: and their pronunciation, too, is so firm and neat, as if they were not conscious of speaking in any but their mother tongue. Besides, I have not forgotten the look of approbation—that—Miss Lucia bestowed on me once, when I said that she who had any thought, could always express it; that the use of foreign phrases was a proof of poverty, rather than opulence; of ignorance rather than superiority."

"Her mother was not there, I hope," said I.

"Oh, no—Gracious God! brother, what is that?—is not that our house?"

I turned in the direction where he pointed, and beheld a black smoke rising, as from the ruins of some farm-house, given to massacre and pillage by the damnable Hessians.

"No, brother, that is not our house—but let us ride on—who knows what may have happened?"

We started at full speed, and were just on the top of a second hill, where we could see a clear road before us, when we heard shot after shot fired behind us—and the next moment a horseman dashed headlong over the side of a distant hill, pursued at their topmost speed by at least a dozen men in royal uniform. "Fellow me, brother!" cried Archibald, striking the rowels into his mare, and galloping directly to the spot.

"Madman!" I shouted—"come back! rein up, rein up!—where are your arms?"

He heeded me not—his hat flew off, and it was in vain for me ever to think of overtaking him. What could I do?—there were noises and shouting all about me, it appeared; and I could see, every now and then, somebody dashing out of the far wood, or down a hill, as if the whole country were in alarm.

Yet I prest on, at the top of my speed, to the brow of the hill—just in season, to see the horseman that was ahead, wheel short upon his first pursuer, and exchange a shot with him, when, it appeared to me, that their pistols almost touched. The latter

kept on, sitting bolt upright—and the former drew out his sword and came immediately upon St. George, without looking behind him—and then—finding that he was not pursued, gave a cut in the rear, and wheeled—and looked at his enemy—who passed on a hundred yards, at least, after receiving the shot and then fell dead from the saddle.

Down came his comrades then, with a loud outcry upon the conqueror; but, with a presence of mind that dismayed me, he wheeled upon them, a full dozen as they were, and leaped a broad ditch, exchanging cut after cut as he passed, and giving point, with a precision that I never saw equalled at the ring. It was then that I saw his object—two only of the squadron could follow him—and there was Archibald on the other side, shouting with all his might, as if succour were at hand: "Come on, boys, come on!" The troopers reined up, and loaded their pistols—and I, desperate with apprehension, rode round to join my brother, designing to pass by the dead man and make prize of his sword, and his pistols too, if possible, for about a hundred yards from where he lay his horse had tumbled, and was yet struggling in his furniture; but I had not gone half way to the place—though the flanks of my poor horse ran down with blood, and I thought that I never should get to it—when there was another shout, a clashing of swords, and a rapid discharge of pistols—and the same moment Archibald's mare darted by me—the bridle broken, and stirrups ringing. O! I never shall forget that pang. "Poor Archibald!" I cried, and the next moment I heard the trampling of hoofs at my side.

It was Arthur! pale as death—bloody—and covered with sweat.

"Your father!" said he "your father!"

"What of him!" I cried, blinded and thunder-struck with a new fear.

"Ride, for life and death, ride!" he answered, in a voice so changed that I scarcely knew it,—but I could not obey him—I could not—I threw myself from the saddle—plucked the sword from the dead hand of the horseman, and rode to the spot where I had seen Archibald last.

He was safe—thank Heaven, he was safe; his forehead was cut a little, and the blood was running down his naked arms—this is all that I remember—for a bugle sounded in our rear—the fellows halted in chase, one after the other, like a line of videttes—and seeing horsemen mustering in all directions obeyed the call and abandoned the chase.

"There!" said I, throwing a sword to Archibald as he stood over the stranger, wrapping up his wounds with the shirt that he had torn off from his own body, "there!—follow, to the farm! follow, for life and death!"

I then set off with a feeling of horror and darkness that I cannot pretend to describe. I set off for my father's—I arrived. It was a ruin! I fell from the saddle. The place that I had left but the morning before, the house, the house, it was one pile of ashes and fire. Nothing but the chimney and one of the rough-cast ends were left standing; the very barns and out-houses were a heap of smoking cinders—the hay and grain, at every blast of wind, sending up a rush of sparkles, with a sudden blaze like powder.

I was bewildered for some moments, unable to feel or to understand the nature of the calamity that had befallen us, till, on looking about, I saw the skeleton of two or three half-consumed bodies in the fire. I knew not what gave me the strength for such a desperate attempt, but I leaped into the burning ashes, up to my knees, and dragged out—merciful powers



—what I feared were the last remains of my own father and mother; but no—that horror was spared to me; they were Hessians—they were covered with leather, and I fell down upon my knees and thanked Heaven for it. But still I persisted in the search, till my boots and clothes were literally burnt from me, and I was choked and blinded by the loathsome smoke of the bodies.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“Aye! down to the dust with them! slaves as they are!”

My father was alive, thank Heaven! my father was alive! poor mother too—O, my children, would that you could understand me without the use of language!

“This comes,” said my father, sternly, to Archibald, who stood before him, holding Arthur by the hand—“of your disobedience. Had you returned last night as you promised—”

“How many were they?” said Archibald.

“Twenty when they broke in,” said my father, baring his brawny arm to his shoulder—it was gashed to the bone in a dozen or more places, “twenty! but they left us with less than half able to sit their horses—two more of you, and we would have made mincemeat of the rascals; d—n them.”

I looked at him, awe-struck at the preternatural expression of his wrath, and wondered at the melancholy, dreadful aspect of my mother.

“Mary! Mary!” said Archibald, gasping for breath; “did she come? was she there—ah!”

My father put him aside; my mother shook from head to foot, and Arthur dropped Archibald’s hand, and stood—Oh! how altered since the last night, immovable as a dead man.

Archibald was the first to speak: “She is dead then, I—I hope,” said he.

“Aye; dead—dead, in her innocence, blessed one,” said my father, as if his heart were breaking.

“Then thank God! thank God!” said Archibald, while Arthur locked his hands, and lifted them devoutly to the skies; and my mother, as if touched by some horrid thought all at once, threw herself into my father’s arms, and buried her face in his bosom. He repulsed her, and shuddered, and then, as if wondering at himself, embraced her for a whole minute in silence, and then led her away, while she covered her face with her hands, and moved like a woman that God hath more than widowed; her very attitude was that of desperation and horror.

Archibald took out his watch with a calmness that awed me, bent the sword upon which he leant, so that the hilt almost touched the floor—exchanged a look, the import of which I did not suspect, till his absence had begun to alarm us, with Arthur, and stepped out of the room.

We were at Mr. Arnauld’s; I had forgotten to tell you how it was brought about; but there it was, and there was the wounded officer too, the handsomest fellow that I ever saw in my life, lying in the same apartment.

“My excellent neighbour,” said Mr. Arnauld, entering, booted and spurred, followed by his beautiful wife, “there is my hand; this outrage is not to be borne. Henceforward I am an American—heart, blood, and pulse; there is the royal protection! (tearing a paper in pieces, and throwing it into the

fire, indignantly, as he spoke)—there let it be. No peace with the tyrants, no quarter. I have been a friend of the royal cause—a friend of Sir Henry Clinton; and the paper, signed by himself and Sir William Howe, whose gallant brother died in my arms, when I was a fellow-soldier with him, years and years ago; that paper contained the royal word, the plighted honour of these scoundrel commissioners, that not only my household should be spared from pillage, but yours; nay, do not frown, my friend—I knew your sturdy and inflexible nature too well to attempt compounding with it: I hope that you will forgive me, your name does not appear, but no matter; there lies the protection; it was a trap, a mere trap to lull us into security; the Hessians cannot read it; and henceforward,” locking his hands, “I will depend upon no other but that of God, and my own right arm—I—” (his eye fell upon Arthur, whom he had not seen before).

He faltered, and I was not a little startled at the manner of Arthur, who stood looking at him a while, with his arms folded, lips compressed, and an appalling fixedness of eye; and then left the room.

Mr. Arnauld took the hand of his wife—“Louisa,” said he, “make my peace with that young man; he has saved the life of your husband, I will not say how, but his life, and something dearer to him than his life, Arthur Rodman, spared to him, saved to him.”

“How, Robert?” said Mrs. Arnauld.

“I cannot well bear to relate it,” said her husband, “but you know my temper—I—enough, for the present, that he saved me from a crime—the young and innocent from death—and, when deeply, ultimately wronged, and I was helpless at his feet, shook me from him to the dust.”

His wife understood him too well, and her eyes ran over as she turned away her face.

“Arnauld!” said my father, in a terrible voice, “are you the man?”

“I am,” was the reply, as he stood fearlessly before him.

“God forgive you!” said my father—“poor Mary!”

“Mary!” said Mrs. Arnauld, glancing at her husband—“not Mary Austin? what mean you?” “Oadley,” said Arnauld, going up to him, with a look of deep terror, “I dread to hear your reply; you are not a man to be lightly disturbed—what has happened to the poor innocent?”

There was a silence of half a minute, during which we all stood looking at each other.

“She is dead,” said my father.

“Dead!—God forbid, how!—how, in Heaven’s name? tell me, tell me, Oadley!”

“She had discovered, before you saw her last night, that you were a married man; she had determined to meet you once more, upbraid you for your perfidy, and throw herself at the feet of Arthur Rodman—poor Arthur. That led to the encounter between you; that brought her to my house last night; that—”

Arnauld staggered away from us, as my father continued, and his wife sunk into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

“Last night, sir, she—she was destroyed.”

“May they be accursed, for ever and ever! may the hottest lightnings of Heaven, the—”

“Rash man!” cried my father, sternly, “how dare you kneel down, before your own wife, and call the lightnings of God upon men, soldiers, untrained and undisciplined ruffians, who would but have done what you meditated; you, Arnauld, a father



and a husband; you! who should have been the first, having daughters of your own, to spill your blood for the protection of sorrow, and innocence, and helplessness; you! the destruction of the loveliest creature that was ever infatuated with a villain!"

Arnould arose; and, but for me, would have struck my father.

"That, in my own house!" cried he, black in the face with passion, and frothing at the mouth.

"Aye! in your own house, or any where; strike me if you will! broken-hearted as I am; my habitation given to the flames; my wife (I thought that he would never finish the sentence), my own wife, the mother of my boys—the only companion of my heart and soul, Arnould, for I have been faithful to her, and she to me; and we were hoping to have gone down to our graves, at last, in our old age, untouched by shame or dishonour; I—I—Aye! any where; turn us, if you will, naked and homeless upon the cold world; shut your door against us, and see us perish, as the wild beast should not perish, if her young were with her; and still I will repeat to you, that—let it ring in your ears at the day of judgment, that Mary Austin died! and, blessed be God, that she did die! more innocent, even in the locked arms of a storming madman, than—"

"Tell me, tell me!—you know what I would say, Oadley—tell me—but that,—that, Oadley, and I will lay down my life at your bidding, forgive you, and—"

The tears gushed out of his eyes, and he sobbed like a child, and stood with locked hands, waiting the reply.

"Yes, Arnould," said my father, "I do understand you, there is a feeling of humanity about you yet. Repent and be forgiven! repent, and there is my hand. For ever and ever will I stand by you; and yours—Mary Austin died unprofaned."

Arnould fell upon his knees, buried his face in the lap of his wife; shook all over, as with an ague; pressed her hands again and again to his forehead, and lips, and eyes, while her tears fell like rain upon his face through her dishevelled hair. O, it was a sight for angels to dwell upon, with beating hearts, and trembling lips. There was not a dry eye among us—the wounded stranger himself, who seemed hardly enough alive to lift his noble face from the pillow, lay there, with his eyes shut, and the tears trickling slowly through their lashes.

"Let this never be mentioned," said my father, in a milder tone, turning to me with a look of such solemnity that I felt it as a dying injunction.

Our attention was called off by a distant shouting; and soon after a troop of horsemen came by the window, in full gallop. Some of them I recognised immediately for the men that were to assemble at twelve; it was near two, I found, and then, for the first time, the cause of my brother's disappearance flashed into my mind. My blood curdled—I knew his rash spirit, and ran out to meet them. All my fears were realised—he had met them—led them in person after the marauders, and finally succeeded in capturing a party of the very rascals that had burnt down our house the night before.

My father knew them immediately, and after embracing Archibald, who was so weak, from one or two flesh wounds, and his natural delicacy, that he could hardly sit on his horse, began to move his arms, as if he were about to take a terrible vengeance upon some one.

"Are here all?—all?" said he, impatiently; the blood gushing from his nostrils.

"All that we met," said one of the party, "except

the tallest, and one or two others that we left upon the ground."

"And the scoundrel that Archibald shot," said a second, "because he happened to have a handkerchief about his neck that he thought was his mother's."

"Had he a red collar?" said my father, catching him by both arms—"a red collar?—red? red as blood?—hey?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "Archibald's got the handkerchief now."

Archibald pulled it out of his bosom; it was wet through and through, soaking in crimson. He turned away, sick as death from it; it dropped from his fingers, and he shuddered.

"That handkerchief! yes, yes, my brave boy, yes! that was thy mother's, God bless thee for it; God for ever bless thee!—thou little knowest what thou hast done! Was it you—Archibald—was it you? did you shoot him dead—dead, Archibald?"

My brother shook his head, looked at his red fingers, and staggered to the wall.

"O thou!" cried my father, locking his old hands, "thou the avenger of blood! thou the judge of all the earth—blessed be thy name, that the son hath been permitted to deal out thy retribution upon the man that—O, my child! my child! ask of me what thou wilt!—lo, I am ready to do thy bidding."

Archibald arose, fell upon his neck, and uttered some low sounds.

"Yes, my boy, my brave boy! whenever you please, and I will go with you, lead you, with my own hands, into the presence of Washington, buckle a sword upon my own thigh, and stand by you, as your soldier and follower, to the last drop of my blood!"

Archibald could support it no longer; he fainted away upon the spot.

"But where is Arthur? look to him, John; he must not be left alone," said my father.

"Hearty as a buck," said one of the horsemen; "dang it, how he cut and slashed among 'em!"

"Didn't he strike home?" cried a second, catching his hand.

"Home!" cried a stout yankee, who had just come among us; "home? yes; that he did! The first blow set that fellow's skull-cap a spinning like a pewter-plate; and the next brought him from his horse."

"Fleshed to the hilt!" cried another, of a younger and better-educated class; "would there had been more of them?"

"But is he safe," said my father. "Not a hair of his head is hurt," said the speaker. "He and Archy were the first that came up with the chaps, taking their fire, foolishly enough, as he said himself afterward, all along, from right to left, as they passed; and they were clattering away at a devil of a rate before we could get up. Your d—d blood-horses, farmer Oadley, are too many guns for us."

"In attack?" said his companion, chucking him under the ribs; "well enough in retreat?—hey?"

"Bob," said one of the others, "did you see them get a single blow at Rodman?"

"No; 'damned a one dared to strike at him, after they saw his face!"

"No wonder they were frightened," said the other; "my bits chattered when he passed us at the heels of that devilish mare of Oadley's; he looked like a dead man broke loose in daylight, and breaking his neck to get back again."

"He was in a fair way to get back again, dead or

alive, when I saw him last," said the little fellow; "but let us look him up."

"Aye, do, my brave lads," said my father; "do, and by to-morrow's sun I will be with you, and we'll raise a regiment of such fellows, and see if that won't fix 'em."

The motion of a hand, from the bed where lay the wounded man, turned our attention.

I went to him; he was very faint.

"Let them do nothing rashly," said he; "wait a few days; we shall know by that time whether I am to live or die. If I live I'll carry you in myself, in style, my lads—in style! if not, why—ah, that was an ugly cut, faith. I'll tell you how to do it for yourself. Don't go yet. Washington won't bear a word of you. He is tired and sick of your volunteering. Your rabble gentry coming and going when they please. There's the damned Connecticut light horsemen, they have just gone home in a body—the scampering rascals! because he put them on duty at night—pretty fellows. I may thank them and their lubberly colonel—whew! for this cursed job. I went to pick up my videttes, and, damn it, one half of 'em were your Sabbath-day troopers from Connecticut. Gentlemen! gentlemen! every one of them. Got tired, and went home; they be damned!"

I could hardly keep from laughing at the drollery of his eyes and tone; the strange mixture of levity and seriousness about this stranger. He was certainly the handsomest man that I ever saw; tall, well-made, square shouldered, full chest, and trod (after he was well enough to walk) with such an air of authority, that I felt like a boy in his presence.

But while I was listening to him, my father gave me a sign and left the room. I followed him, and he led the way to a vacant lot in the rear of the house. His manner was solemn, beyond all that I had ever seen.

"Hearken to me," said he; "do not interrupt me, my son. I have determined to go into the army. This night's work was a judgment upon me. I shall return no more to my home—it is dishonoured. I shall build no other—none. I could not well bear to sit round the hearth of another. I shall leave your mother here; she is prepared for it all. Go in and comfort her; the poor widowed creature; the broken-hearted, desolate woman! Before I sleep I shall buckle a sword upon my thigh; one that has been fleshed already to the hilt—to the hilt, Jonathan. And never will I let go of it, till my heart is shattered, my country free, my wife avenged. That done it matters little what may become of me. I can come to her, then the aged mourner, and lay my grey head down in her lap and die."

"Father," said I, catching at his hand, "speak to me—what has happened?"

"Silence," said he, "silence—forget it—harness yourself for the sacrifice. Ask no questions. Go and comfort your mother."

"But Mary; will I ask what became of her?"

"She is dead," he replied.

"I know that, father, but how?"

"How! would you, unnatural boy, would you (he appeared to be choking)—I—I—"

"But what time did they come, father? and how came Arthur there?"

"Sit down and listen to me."

There was a large tree upturn near us, and I obeyed. The roots were before us shooting about, and loaded with such a quantity of soil, that nothing less than an earthquake (one would have thought) had been able to disturb it. I observed that my

father's eyes were fixed upon it, and as he sat down his lips moved.

"Even so!" said he inwardly, "even so—even so! upturn and prostrate in its old age; its head in the dust, struck with barrenness—even so! the whirlwind and the fire, they will have way; and the sword too; that shall have way! the widowed one and the orphan; the broken-hearted and the dying; the avenger of blood bath his hand upon the hilt, woe to them!—woe to them! The grey hair of the dishonoured matron; the tears of the mother; the wailing and shriek of the virgin; they are in the wind—in the wind! O, Lord God of Israel! the prayer of an afflicted people! Lo! the old men are taking the field, and the aged and abused women are buckling their harness (with lamentation and shame) upon their old fathers and husbands."

His voice died away, thrilling my blood like an imprecation. I could see it working along in the wind like a cloud of pestilence. I was awe-struck—the tremendous repose of his countenance—the slow heaving of his broad chest—and the idea of a man, already approaching the age of sixty, about to abandon every thing on earth, even to his wife, and go out against the enemies of America—all united to solemnize and confound my feelings.

A silence of some minutes followed, after which he proceeded to relate what had happened, charging me at the same time, with a look that I shall never forget, not to speak of the subject to my mother, nor to any body else, not even to Arthur.

About ten last night, or perhaps eleven (for we had not been in bed long) I heard Arthur's voice at the door, and arose to let him in. There was a large fire burning in the room, and I observed that he was so agitated that he could hardly speak. As he passed me he put something behind the door. I went to see what it was, while he continued walking to and fro in the room like a distracted man—it was a sword.

"Ah," said I, recollecting his errand, "how did you succeed? How many recruits?"

He did not appear to understand me. I repeated the question, but he seemed to have forgotten all that had passed.

"Who came home with you?" said I. He stopped short—passing his hand over his forehead. "I do not know, uncle," said he, "upon my word, what you have been saying? Pray repeat it."

"I heard your voice long before you knocked," said I, "in earnest conversation with somebody."

He coloured.

"At first I thought that people were whispering near me. There were two voices, certainly; and then your aunt, who had been listening, observed that it was the voice of people at a distance coming up the wood; soon after this you knocked—you look disturbed."

"I am," said he. "There is danger abroad. I came to apprise you of it. I saw two or three horse-men in the wood about an hour since, with one stationed at a distance, as if waiting for a reinforcement."

"Some foraging party, I suppose."

"No, I should think not; they are not well enough covered for that. Ha!"

We saw a bright flame arise then, all of a sudden, in the direction of Mr. Ulster's, and the sparks rushed up into the very sky—it seemed like a whirlwind of fire.

"Let us bar the windows and door," said Arthur, "and be prepared for the worst. It is the Hessians."

"Yes," I replied, "and the boys will be at hand soon; I expect them every moment."



He shook his head. "We cannot depend upon them," said he; "they have business elsewhere."

We went about securing as well as we could the windows and doors, and preparing our two men servants, placing the women in the cellar, my wife, Mary, and the three girls, and then sat down to await the result.

"What is the matter with Mary?" said I; "I thought her a girl of more heart. How pale she is! She is safer here than at home, and yet I should be sorry to have any ill befall her under my roof. How is this, Rodman? you are strangely affected," said I, seeing him turn away his face, "look at me; what has happened to you?"

"By Heaven," he answered, "I can bear it no longer. Dear, dear Mary! Uncle, you know how long I have loved her, how truly, and how her affectionate heart used to doat upon me, and—"

"Used to, Arthur—there is no change, I hope."

"No change!" said he. "When Mary Austin goes out of her bed at night to meet a man in a lone wood; away from mortal help—a married man!"

I caught him by the arm; "Arthur Rodman, are you mad," said I. "Who has put this notion into your head? It is a wretched, pitiful falsehood."

"I saw it, uncle, I saw it, thank God, in time; I heard her voice, I knew it, for I was riding ten miles out of my way just to hear Mary Austin's voice once more before I went into battle; though it were only to say as she used to, 'Heaven bless you, Arthur! Good night, Arthur!' I was in high spirits, my blood bounded through my arteries; I had just left a troop of young fellows, stout of heart and true of hand, and was happy—O, how happy! I heard a shriek, loud, piercingly loud—it was a shriek that could not be mistaken. I happened to be armed, and I galloped in a direct line through the wood. By Heaven I thought I never should get to it in this world; but at last I did. There she was, yet struggling with the villain, and nearly overcome. I struck him to the earth, and she fainted; but just as I was about driving my sword through his accursed body, she—O that women will forgive such things—things that shame men to think of—she threw herself before me, clasped my knees, and stayed the uplifted weapon.

"I knew not what lulled me; whether it was the broad moonlight, her utter helplessness, her abashed eyes, and pale, speechless lips, or what, but the sword dropped from my hand, and the villain walked off.

"She still clung to me—not, I am sure, in tenderness to me, but lest I should pursue him."

"Who was he," said I to Arthur.

"I shall never utter his name, uncle," said he; "I have promised that, and the secret shall die with me."

"But how came you here?" said I to Mary.

She hid her face, and burst into tears.

"Because," said she, at length; "but O, let us leave this place, Arthur; let us go away—home, home—if you will not abandon me!" I was unable to reply; and she told me, what must have been true, that she had met him with the most innocent intention; that she had no idea of the distance to which he had beguiled her, or the lateness of the hour; that she had consented to this as a farewell meeting; that she loved him; but that she had found he was a married man, and she could not bear to break his heart, as he had told her a thousand times it would, if she left him, till she had reasoned a while with him. In short, uncle, the poor creature, in the simplicity, and purity, and nakedness of her own heart, had thrown herself entirely into his power;

and nothing saved her but my happening to hear that she would visit you to-day; and, by coming at the hour that I did—for—"

"Here there was a sound, as if a body of horse-men were silently surrounding the house," said my father; "a few minutes after there was a loud knocking. I looked out and was accosted in a language I could not understand; they were Hessians I supposed, and my blood ran cold, for they appeared to be numerous, and their merciless nature was well known to us; they were of the beleaguering rabble that formed the outposts of the enemy—in the stupid ignorance of our nature, taught to believe that we are savages; and, that if they were taken alive, they would be roasted and eaten."

I could discover from their gestures that they were determined to force an entrance, and one of them, a large handsome man, levelled his pistol two or three times at my head, and at last, irritated by the delay, fired; but the ball went wide of its mark. The next moment he fell—Arthur had put a bullet through him. This was the signal for a general assault. Some dismounted, some ran to the barn—the leader forbidding them to set fire to it yet, lest the neighbourhood should be alarmed; or such, at least, I took to be the meaning, for one or two who had lighted matches in their hands trampled them out. They began to fire into the windows with their pistols, but with so little effect, man after man falling from their saddles, that they all dismounted at last, and made an attempt upon the door. Every moment I expected it to give way; the house rocked to its foundation, but we were ready to receive them with one heavy blunderbuss, three muskets, full of balls, and half a dozen cutlasses; when Mary rushed in, her hair all in disorder, shrieking, that she had seen a face at the back window; and that they were forcing their way through the wood cellar into the part where the women were.

"Go back this moment," said I, "to the cellar; if they break in, utter no cry, and make no noise." I had previously ordered all the fire to be extinguished.

"Farewell, Arthur, dear Arthur," cried the distracted girl, throwing her arms round his neck.

"O leave me, leave me, Mary," he cried. "Not till you forgive me—never, never!"

The noise at the door redoubled. I was indignant at the folly of the girl. "Begone!" said I.

Her head dropped upon his shoulder, pale as death; but I saw him press his lips to her forehead, and heard him whisper something; at which she recovered, carried his hand to her lips, and left the room with a firm, noble step, saying, "Do your duty, uncle; do your duty, Arthur—we will do ours."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when I heard a tremendous crash; the door gave way, and Arthur cried, "Dash out the lights."

The order was instantly obeyed, and, for five minutes, there was an awful and bloody struggle among us. To this I attribute our safety; for they were afraid to deal a blow at last, and were receiving ours continually. Many of them died by the hands of each other, and by the light of every pistol flash a man was seen to fall before Arthur or myself. I had no notion that a sword was a weapon of such power in the hands of an inexperienced farmer; but I can assure you, my son, that every man struck by me was disabled.

In the middle of this combat we heard a stifled

shriek, and immediately after we found the floor giving way under our feet; it fell—the smoke and flames roared like a furnace through the roof; the shrieks continued, the cries of the women were heard on every side; a guard stood over us, but we cut our way through, and the first object that caught my view was the dead body of a man, cut from the head down, just falling with a woman in his arms. It was Mary! her heart had broke—she was nearly suffocated in smoke, but, obedient to her resolve, had determined to perish there, rather than bring her destroyer upon her, or alarm us. But they had found her, and one was bearing her off when the sword of Arthur cleft his head open.

There were other cries—"Show no mercy," said I—"none! hew them in pieces, men and women too!" and he followed me. Every thing gave way before us; one of the women was suffocated, we have reason to believe, with poor Mary: one we saved, together with—O! there was one ruffian, with a red collar, whom I had pursued for ten minutes over burning rafters, through a whirlwind of fire, and clouds of smoke and darkness, but could never reach him—but a bullet did; Archibald dealt a blow for his mother. "I—your mother had fled, and I found her utterly powerless and insensible—I—

"I can tell you no more, something alarmed the sentinel, for after firing his pistol, which was unheeded by the troop, he rode in with a loud outcry, and the whole band were in their saddles directly. Let us return."

He arose abruptly as he ended this, and walked before me into the house, talking all the way to himself, as if unconscious of my presence.

## CHAPTER V.

And always careless, always—even in fight.

Two whole weeks had passed away, and, such had been the effect of their zealous co-operation, that our aged patriots had mustered one hundred and twenty-three well-mounted horsemen, and nearly two hundred infantry, who, by the way, were wretchedly equipped. The whole country had taken the alarm. The tremendous and unsparring violence of the Germans, who, most inconsiderately in the royal commander, had been put forward in his extreme advance, forming a chain of posts, utterly unable to communicate with, or understand, or to soothe the inhabitants; and too weak by far—fully beset with the notion that we were a people of rebel savages, and, accustomed to put our prisoners to death if not of cannibals; the falsehood of which belief they only learnt by being taken prisoners after it had quickened their natural ferocity, and made them the scourge of all the country round. The fidelity of the royal protections, which were often thrust through with a bayonet, or scattered to the winds by these foraging banditti, under pretence that they were unable to read them, or of utter disbelief in their authority: these things, with the indiscriminate pillage, and butchery of friend and foe, and, worst of all, the uninterrupted and brutal profanation of our mothers, wives, and daughters before our faces—by the living God it is true.

A committee were employed in our little neighbourhood to report upon the subject to Congress, and the result was solemnly announced that twenty-three women there had been violated—twenty-three. Where the desire of concealment in woman herself is hardly greater than it is in her brothers, fathers, sons; what a multitude must have been sacrificed for so many to have been discovered by accident—for by nothing but accident could it have been discovered—a secret so terrible, a violence so horrible to her nature. Men of America, will ye ever forget it? if ye do, may your beautiful daughters and wives—no, that were too awful a malediction; may ye and they perish, strangled in each other's arms, suffocated in each other's blood. These things at last drove us mad. We arose as one people—a nation about to offer up its enemies in sacrifice—and, had our disposition been rightly understood, the deep feeling of religion, which began to work like leaven with us, been rightly distributed before the commencement of the Spring campaign there would not have been a man left alive of our whole enemy, from Georgia to Maine, nor a hostile foot able to leave its mark upon our land.

We found our guest one of the strangest creatures in the world; altogether agreeable, and full of careless self-possession; though he chose to call himself Clinton, we had good reason to believe that his name was not Clinton, and that he was an aid of the commander-in-chief: for at the end of about two weeks, after several attempts to write, which were successively made and abandoned, he called Archibald, who had become a great favourite with him, to his side, where he sat lolling, with his sleeve ripped up, and looped all the way to his shoulder, and his right arm in a sling, and the following conversation ensued between them. I have already spoken of his beauty; it was generally of a frank, careless aspect, but at times, for a single moment, there was a lordly shadow upon his brow, and his dark eyes loured imperiously, like one accustomed to have his way, in spite of all the world, an impatient of contradiction, let it come from whence it would.

He had been talking about the affair of the lakes, the gallantry of Arnold (the traitor), the repeated attempts upon the shipping up the North river, the ill-advised defence of Fort Washington, the loss of which he attributed to the advice of General Greene, though he admitted that Greene manoeuvred in a masterly manner to save the military stores at Fort Lee, and, finally, of the battle upon Long Island; and Mr. Arnauld, of whom it is time that I should give you some clearer notion than you have, sat listening to him with ardent admiration and pleasure. Mr. Arnauld was a small man, with a remarkably spirited face, handsome eyes, full of melting softness, a rich, deep voice, and lips of a blood red; the most perfect gentleman that I ever saw; doing whatever he did with that consummate self-possession, as if, no matter how sudden the emergency, or unpremeditated the thought, as if that alone had been the subject of all his preparation. At first, such was his readiness, that you could hardly persuade yourself out of a notion that he had foreseen, or contrived the event or the remark that brought out the peculiarity of which I speak; but in a little time that suspicion would give way to the delightful certainty that, happen what



would, there was never such a thing in Arnauld's mind as unpreparedness. His appearance was not striking, nor his countenance handsome till he became animated; but then, if the women were to be believed, he was the most dangerous man living. For my own part, I must confess that, old as he was when I knew him, and then he was nearly old enough to have been my father, his manners were the most fascinating; the play of his countenance, the most eloquent, the carriage of his person the most dignified and intellectual, if I can make myself intelligible by such a word (what I mean by it; that there was more of the soul in it), than that of any other man that I ever saw. He was not a learned man, I think: yet there was no theme upon which his passionate and beautiful mind did not dilate with a force and brilliancy, at times, which took away my breath. He it was that gave me a taste for elevated and fiery meditation. He was a profligate, a voluptuary, a sensualist, perhaps, for he fed his mind upon loveliness, and banqueted all the day long upon colour, and sound, and perfume, with celestial creatures. His very children were a sort of spiritualities; and though I loathed and abhorred the earthliness of his passion for women, yet he had the art of so sublimating and colouring whatever he chose to touch with his enchantment, that it was perilous as death to listen to him when set upon conquering your reason. I believe that he had a good heart, and a brave one; that he loved his wife to adoration, and would have torn away his own heartstrings, split his own arteries, to make his children happier, for a single day, in any material thing. But let me return to Major Clinton, or colonel, as we ought to call him.

"Hither Dapper," said he to Archibald, carelessly, "I want your assistance."

Archibald lifted his eyes slowly to his face, as if, I believed at first, that they meant to smile at the man's impudence; but then a deeper hue came to them, as if it were well to put a stop to it before it should be too late.

He lifted his eyes slowly, and fixed them upon Clinton's face with a serious impression—not so much of displeasure as of inquiry; and then, as slowly, dropped them again.

"Dapper, I say," said his persecutor, again throwing a wicked glance at the girls who sat nearly opposite, "come, come, I want to borrow your fingers."

"Colonel Clinton," said Archibald, calmly, raising his eyes to the colonel's face, "my name is Archibald Oadley."

Clinton laughed, and, flinging his handsome leg out, as if a sudden pain had just taken his breath away, "Will you, then, Archibald Oadley," caricaturing the measured enunciation of my brother so happily, that he smiled, in spite of himself, and Lucia coloured to the eyes, and gave a peevish sleight of the hand as she threw by her work, that I saw did not escape the notice of Clinton (for he glanced rapidly to and fro, three or four times, from one to the other, before he finished the sentence, like one reconnoitring)—"will—you—then—do—me—the—favour—to—write—pray, do you always talk with that solemn emphasis? But, no matter, now; will you write a line for me?"

"With all my heart," said Archibald, seating himself immediately at the table; while Lucia hurried, with a petulant activity, to get the writing materials before him, occasionally glancing

at the noble countenance of Clinton, and then at the richly delicate, but singularly intelligent one of Archibald, in pity, I thought, and perhaps, for I did not like the compassionate trembling of her lips, nor the colour that came and went, so rapidly, about her temples; it was too like the expression of disappointment, and even shame.

"All ready?" said Clinton.

Archibald bowed—dropped his pen again into the ink.

"Well, then—Dear General—have you got that?" Archibald nodded. A profound silence followed.

"Damn it," said Clinton, after wriggling backward and forward in his seat for a whole minute, "it is like drawing your teeth."

"Not mine, if you please," said Archibald, lifting his pleasant eyes again to his face.

"Well, mine, then. I'll tell you what it is: you'd better write it yourself; come, will you? there's a good fellow! no matter what you say, so that he can't read it."

Archibald shook his head; and Clinton continued, "for he was never able to read one of my letters; yet stop, there's the date, put that down! whew!" There was another dead halt of a minute or two, while every compassionate soul in the room was afraid to look up, lest it should add to his confusion; poor creature, he never suspected it! "I'll tell you what, Dapper, I beg your pardon, Arch-i-bald Oadley, I'd rather winter a whole campaign upon White Plains, than write a letter any day—the first sentence is so unspeakably difficult. That is the tenth time that I have undertaken to communicate the fact that I am alive, hearty, and ready to return to duty as soon as he pleases; but, hang me, if—stay—stay—make a full stop."

"O, that I did, half an hour ago," said Archibald. "Well, then, now sign my name to it—George R. Clinton, A.D.C. 'Is it done?'"

"Yes, said my brother, without changing countenance; "but to whom shall I direct it?"

"To His Excellency George Washington." The pen fell from my brother's hand, and we all looked up in amazement.

"Why, what ails the boy?" said Clinton; "don't you mean to finish the letter?"

Archibald took up the pen again with a trembling hand, and wrote the direction, biting his lip as he did so; there was a strange variety of emotion in his face.

"Is it done?"

"Yes, sir," said Archibald, reaching it to him.

"Please to read it for me."

Archibald read as follows:—

"—New Jersey, 14th November, 1776—"

Dear General—George R. Clinton — A.D.C.

—To His Excellency, George Washington."

Clinton stared him in the face for half a minute, and then threw himself back into the chair, and laughed till the house shook again, and before he had ended we were all laughing with him; all, I should say, except my father and mother, who sat a little apart from the rest, holding each other's hands, and looking as if neither would ever smile again; and Arthur, poor fellow, he had left us to go alone, where he would be welcome—among the armed children of America.

"Well, well," continued Clinton, after this obstreperous peal had ended, "after all, I don't see but that it will be a most acceptable letter; it

will show that I am alive—in my senses; and he will know, at the first glance, that it is no counterfeit, that I must have dictated it. I say, I hope you have written with the wrong end of the quill; if you have, it may go down for something under my own hand—stop, before you seal it, take up your pen again, dot it a little here and there, and now just draw two or three crooked lines athwart the paper, and I will defy the devil himself to detect the counterfeit. There—now seal it."

Archibald followed his directions—folded, sealed, and directed it.

"You will be good enough, Mr. Arnauld, to have that conveyed, as soon as practicable, to the out-post at the Four Corners."

"Is it possible?" cried Archibald, seeing that the thoughtless creature was in downright earnest; "would you really presume to send such a letter as that to George Washington?"

"Presume! why not?"

"But such a barren affair—it will be an insult."

"Pho—pho—it is the longest letter that he ever read from me in his life. Sometimes, when I have been in some hot scrape or other, for he is sure to send me where more speed and horseman ship than brains are wanted; I have just scrawled the initials of my name and sent them—stop! that letter must not go in that fashion—just put down the initials; I am incog. for a while, and he won't know me by the name of Clinton."

"Will you allow me," said Mr. Arnauld, "to write a note for you?"

"O, certainly," was the reply; "but I see no necessity for another: Mr. Oadley can just draw his pen over the name, and write G.R.C. under them; he will understand by that same letter three things, which are all that I could tell him if you should write a whole day; for I told him, when he took me into his family, that—curse me if I could either write letters or copy them, but that I could carry them, through fire and smoke, into Sir Henry Clinton's quarters, if he pleased."

"Three things," said Archibald—"what are they?" "The date, name, and address, I suppose," said Mr. Arnauld, pleasantly.

"Pho, you're all out. First (making a flourish with his left hand) he will understand that I am alive, else I should not be able to dictate that letter. Secondly, he will understand that I am not able to write, else I should not have employed another; and thirdly, he will understand where I am, and send a waggon for me directly. Now, what more could I tell him if I blacked a quire of paper all over?—nothing—I hate your long letters. I never read them—I have a trunk full at home, that I have just opened far enough to count the pages, and put them by for a rainy day, or a cold one, it matters not much which. Do you use any letters? you may have them—you're welcome to them all. I cannot deny that I have been brought into two or three unpleasant scrapes about them—but then, I can't read them, I can't, and what's the use of talking about it. If people will quarrel, why, that's another affair; I'm not fonder of it than most men, but I'd rather quarrel with any body, than read a long letter."

"You have seen Washington, then," said I, timidly. He looked at me a moment, from head to foot, as if endeavouring to understand whether I was in jest or earnest, and then answered, "Yes, almost every day for the last six years,"

My father arose and came forward, as if anxious to evince his respect for so favoured a mortal; and Lucia, it appeared to me, began to look about her with a more distrustful eye, as if endeavouring to recollect all that she had been saying in the festivity of her heart, before one who had really seen George Washington, face to face; and I—I cannot deny that I felt a strange commotion within me, next, I believe, to what I should have felt in seeing the great man himself, nay more than I did feel afterwards, when I actually saw him.

"Well," said Archibald, shrugging his shoulders, "even this is better than hearing of him—it is seeing him at second hand—seeing one that has seen him. What kind of man is he?"

"About the height of your father," said Clinton, measuring the august old man as he continued, "and not a little like him in his carriage; about twenty-five years younger, however, with a broader forehead, a more awful meaning upon it; not so large, but bony; and, in short, a man before whom other men feel and look, and act, like children—aye, sir, the wisest and bravest. Haven't I seen the stoutest heart among us hang his head; like a lubberly schoolboy, when the general but turned his face upon him for a minute, without uttering a word!" There was a prodigious expression of soreness, or something else, in the movement of his haughty lip, as he said this.

"Do you love him?" said Archibald.

"An odd question, faith," said Clinton, "to ask one of his own family; however I won't baulk you, my lad. No, I do not love him—I cannot—he makes me feel my inferiority too sensibly for that; but I would die for him, three times a day, for the rest of eternity; isn't that better than love?"

"Not better than love," said Arnauld.

"Oh, of women you mean?" answered Clinton, glancing at Lucia, who turned away her face with some little agitation, looking sideways at Archibald as she did so. "O, that is another affair. Whether I could love a woman or not would be hard to tell. All that I know of the matter is, that I have tried to, more than once, with all my heart and soul, and I could never get farther into her heart and affections than to be made a fool of—laughed at, first by her, and then by all the world; and then—however, I should love to be wrought upon once more, if it were only to keep me alive till the next campaign opens. Cannot you tell me, Archibald, of some blessed creature," his tone grew deeper, and the father glanced at him with a look of alarm, as if he would read his very soul; "that could love a soldier all the day long, watch with him all the night long, live with him, die with him, and never write him a long letter?" Clara laughed outright at the ludicrous association of deep feeling and levity, apparent not less in the tone of the stranger than in his words. "Why, you might as well inhibit the use of speech at once," said she.

"No, no," he replied, thrusting his whole hand into his dark, luxuriant hair, that shone in its abundance and disorder as if it had never been touched with aught but the wind and rain; "there would be several objections to that. Galantry, the love of contradiction, the impossibility of the thing. What woman would ever surrender upon such terms? No, no, Miss Clara,



an honourable capitulation is safer for both parties; if we give no quarter, we cannot expect any; beside, there are some women who wouldn't think my objection at all unreasonable to long letters."

"Why not marry a deaf and dumb lady?" said Mr. Arnauld.

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Clinton, carelessly throwing his left arm over the chair in which Lucia sat, so that his finely-turned hand hung down by her shoulder, and touched it, I believe, in some subsequent movement, for she changed her position, and I saw his eyes flash with a deeper expression of meaning than I had ever seen before; and Archibald saw it too, I thought, for he held his face lower, and began a second time at the top of the page over which he was poring: "to tell you the truth, that would be a needless preliminary; it would be well enough, to be sure, to have her deaf and dumb at first."

"It might be a blessing to her," said Lucia, pettishly, in a whispering tone, meant for Archibald's ear, but he would not appear to have heard it.

"Pretty well," continued Clinton, "pretty well, for a beginner: yes, it might be a blessing to her, and it certainly would be one to her husband, if her voice were not so full—of—of—hang me, if I could ever pay a compliment in my life, when I wanted to."

Lucia turned entirely away from him now, notwithstanding a gentle reproof of her mother, who moved her feet upon the fender in the accent of admonition, and hemmed once or twice, while his nether lip worked, and the light shot through his long lashes, as if not an emotion or thought of a single heart in the company could escape him; and even Mr. Arnauld, when their eyes met for a moment, and flashed a quick interchange of meaning, like electricity, ten thousand times more powerful and expeditious than your vulgar language of sound and syllable, appeared to be thoroughly understood by him. Heart answered to heart between them, for a moment, as if each had a telegraph in his own.

"So then," said Mrs. Arnauld, "you are for a deaf and dumb woman, *vita mia*!"

"O no, not at first, not till I was disposed to be a widower. I should like a wife at first with a head on: in a little time I would answer for her being deaf and dumb too. My voice would make her deaf, my talking dumb."

"You would break her heart, perhaps," said Archibald, without raising his eyes.

Clinton yawned. "Probably," said he, "probably, and, after all, she might as well be deaf and dumb at first; if dumb, the better for me; deaf, the better for her. Yaw—aw—aw!"

"And I dare say," continued Mrs. Arnauld, laying her hand upon his wounded arm very gently as she passed, "that it would soon amount to the same thing; if you rattled away as you do sometimes, you would make her forget her own language."

"Or ashamed of it," said he, putting his hand upon hers, with the consummate assurance of one long familiar with women. The blood rushed over the temples of her husband as he saw it, and darkened his eyes with a terrible shadow and lustre. She caught his look, or rather felt it, for she withdrew her hand, and went to the window in silence, and stood there for several minutes.

"Pray, colonel," said my father, addressing him with a gravity which, if any thing in this world could have awed the licentious festivity of his nature, would have done it; "have you ever seen General Lee?"

"Charles or Harry?" said Clinton.

"I do not know his first name, colonel."

"Pray, old gentleman," Archibald threw down his book and sat upright; but my father's eye fell with a serious rebuke upon him, before he had time to interfere, and he gradually sunk into the same position again. "I must tell you, and all of you, now that I think of it, to call me plain Mr. Clinton; some of the scoundrel enemy have penetrated thus far; and it might hurry us all into trouble, if they knew there was a colonel here. A sharp game has been playing of late—one of retaliation: they have sent Ethan Allen to England in chains, and we have just taken Prescott."

We all assented to the proposition, and he continued—"I should like to stay with you a few weeks longer, till I am well enough to sit my horse, at least, for I like this hospital, I confess, rather better than ours in camp. That letter—"

"Do you really mean to send that letter, then?" said Mr. Arnauld.

"Yes; no—perhaps it would be as well; damn it—I beg your pardon, ladies, a thought strikes me. I'll send for Jasper, and have the lads drilled and taught the broadsword, and then gallop into camp, as from the recruiting service, with a squadron of horse at my heels, and a broken arm. Yes, Mr. Archibald; please to add, that I am recruiting, a little injured in my right arm, and that, if he will order Sergeant Jasper into this quarter, with four of my old troop, we will be ready, at a moment's warning, to cover any of his foraging parties, or cut up any of the enemy's, till there is an opportunity for more serious operations; just as he pleases, for pastime, till—"

Archibald wrote the very words down, and read them to him.

"Now, why the devil—damn this practice of swearing. Ladies, I beg your pardon; I have been too long in camp not to offend, sometimes, where I would wish to avoid it: I am only astonished, that when I wanted to say that in black and white, just now, it was a matter so difficult."

"Would it not be well," said my father, "to give the commander-in-chief some account of your capture?"

"Report myself!—O, no; dead or disabled he knows well that I must be, to be absent for a whole day; yet, you may as well say, Archibald, that I have heard of the enemy, and was afraid of their cutting off my videttes, in detail; put it in your own language—and, that I was taken prisoner, and—"

"Taken prisoner!" said Mr. Arnauld.

"By us, you mean," said Clara, smiling.

He nodded. "No, by the enemy; and, but for that young coxcomb who fell upon them—I—ha!" Archibald shook his head, and Clinton continued: "say that I was taken prisoner, and rescued by—"

Archibald threw down his pen angrily, and Lucia turned about, her beautiful face all in a glow, with her passionate enthusiasm; while my father leaned half out of his chair, dropping the hand of my poor mother, and there was a breathless silence—"by, by, I am not permitted to tell you whom, or



how. There! will that do? and add, if you please, Tinder-box, that, if his excellency pleases, I will stay here till I am wanted; or will, to protect the neighbourhood—”

Archibald finished the letter, sealed it, and received a hearty shake of the hand from Clinton, who lifted his dark, expostulating eyes to him, and said something in a low voice.

“No,” said Archibald, firmly; “no, colonel: remember your word—I shall hold you to it.”

“Pray, colonel,” said Mr. Arnauld—

“Colonel!—colonel!—again. Mister, if you please.”

“Well, then, Mister Clinton, you spoke a few moments since of General Lee; is he popular?”

“Exceedingly, with them that do not know him.”

“A great soldier?” said my brother.

“Yes, but not the man for our cause.”

“They mention his generalship at the south,” said Mr. Arnauld.

“I know it,” was the reply: “the thing is wholly misunderstood. Fort Moultrie would have been given up, Sullivan’s Island abandoned, if the advice of Lee had been followed. He swore that Sir Peter Parker would blow it into the air with half a dozen broadsides. No, that affair is Moultrie’s alone—he ought to have the whole credit of it—and he shall: for ten whole hours he and his raw militia, and Palmetto Wood, held out against the whole British fleet in one uninterrupted roll of thunder and fire.”

“But Lee has had a great deal of experience abroad, and is a man of extraordinary talent, is he not?” said Mr. Arnauld.

Clinton turned full upon him, and answered more seriously than I had ever heard him before. “Yes, sir, it is all true; but Lee is a tyrant, an aristocrat; and if they that wish to see him in the place of Washington will put him there, I will answer for his being King Charles the First before three campaigns are over. No, sir, neither he nor granny Gates is the man to lead our armies. They are fighting for themselves—Washington for us. He risks nothing for popularity; takes all the peril upon himself with the rabble of the army, and puts the strength and flower of it under the command of the very men that would supplant him—but,” standing erect, his noble countenance and haughty lip all eloquent with deep and unutterable reverence, “God is with George Washington!”

Clara, nay, even Lucia, my father, mother, all, all! every living soul stood up, and unconsciously followed his movement; and when the ceiling of the large room resounded to the manly voice of Clinton, “God is with George Washington!” it seemed as if every voice had united in the acclamation; while Archibald, poor Archibald, stood looking, with his high soul sitting in his forehead, on Lucia and Clinton; as if, Heaven only knows if the thought be a true one, but so it appeared to me, as if that burst of enthusiasm in Clinton had wrecked his happiness for ever—for he went up to him, took his hand, and bowed his head upon it; and sat down in silence, as if willing to give up all—all that was dearest to him in the wide world, for the loud and gallant testimony that he had just borne to Washington.

Lucia saw the action; and a strange tumultuous light flashed over her white forehead, stirring her very hair with the rush of her blood, while her eyes

filled: and she came nearer to Archibald, as if she would have comforted him, if she could; but he carefully avoided her eyes, and she was unable to speak.

“But what think you of this system of retaliation?” said my father.

“The best thing in all the world to bring the arrogant followers of his majesty to their senses. After that d——d affair at the Cedars, I wish you could have seen Washington’s face. It was tremendous; and when he wrote his last letter, by Heaven my blood ran cold. I could see, as plainly as I now see you, a hundred or two of fine looking fellows, with epaulets upon their shoulders, swinging in the wind—I—”

“Would he have doze it?” said Arnauld, shuddering. “Would he—would George Washington do what he has once threatened?—yes, though the sun turned to blood while he did it; and the sky fell in fragments at his feet; aye, though it rained fire upon him!”

“But, how would that be possible?” said my father. “How could Washington stand by, and see men butchered, mangled, scalped, and roasted, as they were at the Cedars?”

“O, that was the wisdom of Congress,” said Clinton. “Washington never promised such retaliation; he foresaw that, unless he wished to make his brave fellows as bad as the enemy, he could not enforce an exact and scrupulous retaliation.”

“Yet it was threatened, and it is not wise or dignified for a nation to threaten only.”

“So I say; right or wrong, after you have uttered a threat, fulfil it. Bite; don’t bark—but if you must bark, bite afterwards—right or wrong.”

“That affair at Long Island seemed to have lost Washington a part of his popularity,” said Mr. Arnauld. “Was it not rather too hazardous, to throw all his forces upon an island accessible on all sides to the enemy; where, if defeated, inevitable ruin must have followed?”

“I’ll tell you what it is, Mr. Arnauld: there is a dangerous, discontented spirit among us; we seem to be weary already of the good cause: anxious to down with our natural-born men of America—our old-fashioned republicans, and put anybody, no matter whom, if he has been educated abroad, in their places. I use no disguise. Lee is a favourite with our patricians here, because he is a haughty, over-bearing aristocrat; has been trained in Europe, among their princes and nobility; and because, d—n his impudence, nothing that we do please him. He must have his finger in the pie, or all that is thought of or done is laughed to scorn. He goes about among our women, with half a dozen puppies, of one kind and another, at his heels, growling and cursing at every step; and we are fools enough to think it all an evidence of generalship. No, Mr. Arnauld, if Charles Lee had been our commander-in-chief, we should not have had a battalion in arms at this moment, except his own body guards. I hold him to be the most dangerous man in America, and I know him well, and, between you and me, if they make him general of the American armies, I will make him a head shorter with my own hand, on that day, before he sleeps.”

We looked at him—the flashing of his eyes, the lordly swelling of his chest—and not one of us questioned for a moment, I will venture my life

upon it, that he would have been as good as his word. The girls were in consultation, and had withdrawn to a deep sofa in the opposite corner, where, with their arms intertwined, they had thrown themselves back, so that nothing could be seen in the deep shadow where they sat but an occasional glitter of the eye, or flourish of a white hand, or a languid flutter of drapery, as they changed their caressing attitude. The mother's countenance lighted up to great beauty and expression as she saw them, for there was more of her own spirit of coquetry, enlèvement, and self-possession, probably, in all this, than she had been accustomed to.

"But," continued Clinton, "the affair upon Long Island was not so desperate as you imagine. We were defeated, you know, yet we were not destroyed; so there is fact, in answer to one of your speculations. But what would have become of General Howe, had we whipped him? we should have cut him to pieces. Something was to be done. Our men fought well in their entrenchments as Bunker Hill had shown—it was proper to try them in fair field fighting. We could not give up New York without a blow; the eyes of the whole country were upon us; a victory would decide the cause at once; a battle, if we were not beaten, would be a victory for us, because it would retard the operations of the enemy, accustom our troops to stand fire, and startle the country; and even a flogging would be better than a dastardly retreat without striking a blow; and still better than being enclosed upon the island, or shut up in the city. These were the reasons of Washington; I know all his thoughts, I know that his great heart bled in the trial; that he was moved even to tears when he saw his poor fellows rode down in the marshes, and bayoneted rank after rank; but he had foreseen it all, and prepared for it. You are mistaken in another thing—his retreat was secured. We were in possession of a battery, that commanded all the East river—we had left a force in the city to cover us, and the enemy had not a ship nor a gun to bear upon us. God! if he had only attempted to storm us, we should have played Bunker Hill over again. Just before we embarked Washington rode up to us—"

"You were there, then," said Mr. Arnould.

"Yes," said Clinton, colouring; but, without any change of voice, he continued to relate the alarming incidents that followed and accompanied the embarkation; and never intimated that he had had any personal concern in it, though we found, afterward, that he had been especially distinguished; and was engaged for several hours by the side of Colonel Smallwood and his high-blooded Marylanders, shouting and cursing all the while like a fiend, and dealing death about him through the smoke, and blaze, and thunder of the battle, as if that alone were his element. Nor did he appear to avoid it with any especial care; it was, really, I have no doubt, a matter of perfect indifference to him; for, when put to it, he spoke with the most natural expression of careless concern about what he himself had done; just as if chopping off the heads of men had been about as serious a matter as cutting the throats of so many cattle, or cropping so many puppies.

"But how providential!" said my father; locking his hands.

"The fog you mean," replied Clinton; "why, as

to that matter, every thing that happens is providential. But, I see no especial manifestation of Providence there. We committed, or rather some of our officers committed, some damnable blunders at the embarkation; and we might have suffered, if the enemy had known it; and the fog was certainly a lucky affair. But, while I feel as thankful to God for it as any body, I believe, for I was in the last boat that came off, and the water was all in a foam about it with their shot when the fog was blown away, and they opened upon us: yet, I am never in the habit of believing in any especial manifestation of God's favour, where, if we believe in that, we must believe that he has led us into a scrape, just that he might bring us out of it. Why let us be whipped, and cut up, as we were, if—but you look too serious for me; let us drop the subject: I am not a religious man, but I respect one that is. Seeing death as often as I do, I am afraid, has not made his countenance more welcome to me; and it would be comfortable to me to believe as other men do; but I cannot; that is plain—I cannot. I venerate my Maker—I would die at his bidding; but dam' me if I can bring myself to believe that he is so ready to blow hot and cold upon the same cause, sunshine and fog; or—I beg your pardon, I see that I have offended you all—so let us say no more about it. God prosper the right!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Prepare to guard!—now guard!—assault!  
Now forward! forward! to the slaughter place!

Archibald and Clinton were perpetually together now; Jasper had arrived, and while the troop was forming upon the broad, well trodden ground in front of the house, Clinton would sit at the window, give the order, and direct them in going through the divisions, while Jasper faced toward him, his back to the troop, and went slowly over the whole; and such was their zeal, that, before another week had passed, my brother, who spent the whole of his time in the saddle with Jasper, or in conversation with Clinton, was able to go through the attack and defence with the swiftness and precision of an experienced swordsman. Jasper declared that he had never seen any thing like it—"I shall be no match for him," said he, "with that light blade of his, in another week; he parries, cuts, and gives point, all at the same moment." And so it appeared to me—for when they met, and wheeled, there was often one incessant clatter, and blaze, and sparkle, for two or three minutes at a time, as they went round the enclosure, with all eyes upon them.

"Admirable!" said Clinton, catching Lucia's hand, and then dropping it in dismay, as he saw the alteration in her face—"admirable!"

"What was that?" said I, as I sat upon my horse, near enough to the open window to hear and see all that passed within the room, while my horse reared at the flash of Archibald's sword. "What was it? I saw the light, but my eye could not follow the motion."

"Sword arm protect—bridle arm protect—St.



George—cut in the rear," answered Clinton, leaning half out of the window in his eagerness: "d—n this arm of mine, I am impatient to try that fellow's mettle myself; he is quicker than lightning; he and his mare seem to be animated by the same soul."

As he spoke, the mare leaped, the line broke, and she dashed among them like a mad creature; Archibald's weapon swinging at his wrist by the sword-knot, and wounding her at every plunge. Lucia turned pale as death, and caught Clinton by the arm; but he appeared unconscious of it, for he leaped headlong from the window just as she uttered a shriek, reeled away, and covered her face with her hands. I now saw the reason—Archibald had lost the stirrup, and was almost upon the neck of the mare, who ran straight across the field, turning neither to the right nor left, for hedge, nor ditch, nor tree. There was a mortal silence; the horses were all reined up with a convulsive motion, and Clinton stood with his arms outstretched. There was a large tree in front, an oak, the branches low, and the mare driving directly under them. Gracious God! at the very moment when we expected to see Archibald struck from the saddle, his brains dashed out, we saw the sword fly from his wrist, the mare turn a little aside, and Archibald spring to the ground—bring her about in a broad sweep, and leap upon her back again, like a circus rider. There was a general shout of admiration.

"A winged Mercury, indeed!" said Mr. Arnauld.

"Yes," groaned Clinton, contracting his forehead with pain, as he restored his shattered arm to the sling,—“but d—n such freaks, I say. I would no more have that fellow in our riding-school, than a lighted rocket in a powder magazine; he and his mare would play the devil with our sober Connecticut jockies; the whole camp would be a place of ground and lofty tumbling if they were once among the Virginian lads. But what the devil set him a going, Jasper? didn't he parry your point? I could have sworn that his touched your side twenty times before you parried it—ha!”

Jasper held up his sword in reply; it was broken about six inches from the hilt.

"How happened it? did he parry?"

"Parry—d—n the fellow—yes; and before I could come to offside protect, he gave me a cut that shattered my sword, and made my arm numb to the elbow (shaking his fingers as he spoke). Zounds! I believe the bone is splintered—but here he comes."

Archibald rode up, flushed with heat and terror, and the mare covered with blood. The point of the broken sword had wounded her, it appeared, in the flank. Archibald could have borne any thing better—"Poor Hetty—woa! woa! poor creature," said he (staunching the wound, while the flesh of the animal shivered at every touch, and the blood flew in his face like rain). "I'd rather be wounded myself, but—woa! woa! I knew that something must have happened, and it's well for her," he added, turning to us his white forehead all spattered over with her blood, "that she has a good excuse for such deviltry, or—"

"What would you have done?" said I.

"Cut her throat upon the spot," he answered in the same tone.

"His very nature has changed," said Lucia, as

she stood leaning upon her sister, pale as death, her black hair shadowing half her face.

To which Clara seemed to assent, while she put out her dazzling hand to adjust it—for their eyes encountered, and the quick incessant sparkle of Clara's stopped for a moment with a dash of mournfulness; and her red lips were slightly compressed, perhaps in sympathy with some inward contraction—perhaps with the effort that she made just then to thrust the long comb into the collected mass of hair, which she had just parted on her sister's forehead, and carried back, and curled up in the true spirit of a painter.

"But how, in the name of Heaven, did you get into the saddle again? are you accustomed to such evolutions?"

Archibald continued patting the neck of his mare, while her bloodshot eyes, swelling nostrils, agitated breath, and quivering limbs, showed that she was not wholly subdued. "Woa! woa! Hetty, woa!—ro, it was altogether an accident; the impetus of our motion carried me back to the saddle; woa! woa!—will you; the sword-knot gave way—run, Simmons, and find the sword, there by the tree, somewhere: you will see by the track of the mare. I shouldn't have managed her else—never was I so near a somerser in my life, and to this moment I don't know how—woa! woa!—how I got into the saddle again—my head is giddy with the effort. I remember throwing myself off as soon as I was able to disengage my wrist from the sword-knot, and I lost the stirrup by it; but how I got back again I know not; it appeared to me that I kept on, just struck the ground in a semicircle, brought the mare round, by holding on the rein involuntarily, when she took me up again by completing the circle."

"And so it appeared to me," said Clinton; "it was a d—d dangerous affair though—a pretty diagram might be made of it."

"Handsome, Bill, wasn't it?" said Jasper to one of his own men; "we must try it over in the riding-school."

"You'd better take that tree with you then," said Bill.

"Aye, and the mare too, and the rider, or you won't be able to carry it through, my lads," said Clinton. "But look to the mare, Jasper, you are somewhat of a farrier, or used to be, when I commanded you."

Jasper touched his hat, and then apologized for such an unmilitary salute, by bringing up the hilt of his broken sword square to his face, the flat of his hand in front, with that air of military precision and briskness which is so peculiar to the drill sergeant and fugleman.

"Keep your men in their saddles five hours a day. We shall be wanted soon. Be ready at a moment's warning. I will be your commander till a better one can be had; in the mean time there is Archibald—what say you? shall he be your captain?" said Clinton.

"Aye, aye!" cried the whole troop; "Oadley for ever! Oadley! hourra for Oadley!"

Archibald looked up; all the blood of his heart rushed to his face, and then retreated as suddenly, leaving him white as a drowned man, and his eyes filled. Not a human being had expected it—not one; and from none had the thought been further, I am sure, than from him. He went to my father, looked him in the face, and then round to all the troop, man by man, without uttering a word.

They all understood him; and some turned away their faces; some passed the back of their right hand over their eyes, and fled off, one after the other, as if they had not the heart to interrupt such a silence.

"Clinton, Clinton; I—I—" he tried to add something else, but he could not; his lips moved, and he carried Clinton's hand to his heart.

"I understand you, my fine fellow; say no more about it—you are their captain: I will answer for your confirmation. Work them hard this week, and Monday morning next, rain or shine, we will gallop into camp. Ah! look yonder. What are they? Red-coats, by G—d! Mount, mount your horses!—"

"To horse! to horse!" cried Jasper.

"Into your saddle, Oadley (to me), and stand by your brother. Order out my sorrel, put the holsters on; see that the pistols are in order. I can still aim a ball! Away with these infernal trappings—" As he said this, he tore asunder the sling; but as he did so, and attempted to straighten his arm, streaks of red shot up to his temples, and the sweat started out upon his lips—he could not abide it; he staggered to the sofa.

In a few minutes after a fine-looking young fellow rode up, threw himself from his horse, and stood abruptly before Clinton, without asking any questions.

"How dare you!" said Clinton, scarcely able to utter an audible sound, while Lucia stood aside, looking at him with her hands locked upon her bosom; "there are women here."

The young fellow blushed, bowed, took off his high cap with a gay, rioting air, and presented a letter.

"Read it, Clayton," said the colonel. He read as follows:—"Mustering your men, if you can sit in the saddle; the general was alarmed about you. I was very sad; and, to my notion, you will be dealt plainly with. The New Englanders will not be appeased else; they and the Pennsylvanians are ready to go to loggerheads. I saw him, the general, when your note came. His hand shook on opening it; but he smiled, or rather looked a little less serious than usual. When he had done, and handed it to Mercer, who answered, as he returned it, "you'll never make any thing of him, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not," said his excellency. "So Grafton."—"Hush! hush!" said Clinton. "Read no names, if you please. What else does it say?"

"Something, is in agitation, I am sure; make haste in. All may go well yet. Your's for ever and ever—"

"Well, sir," said Clinton; "where is the main body now?"

"At Newark."

"How many are you?"

"Three thousand five hundred, at the last muster—on the 22d."

"What the devil do you mean, Clayton? How many in all?"

"All: upon my honour. I made the return with my own hand. The whole American army under Washington, now, are only three thousand five hundred men."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Clinton, dropping his arms listlessly over the sofa; "then shall we have to go, as he told me himself, back of the Alleghenies. Well, go where he will, when he will,

I will go with him. Did you see any of the enemy in the wood?"

"No: the farmers are mustering though, all about us."

"I thought,—were there no red-coats on the left, upon the hill, yonder?"

"I saw none," was the reply.

"Any men with you?"

"We are about twenty or so; they halt in the wood there. We are part of a covering party, and have taken some prisoners."

"Mount every man of you this moment. Put yourself under the command of that young fellow that you see there (pointing to Archibald, who was leaning forward and adjusting the curb of his mare). "There are red-coats in the way, follow close upon them, but hazard nothing: on your lives, do not bring them to battle unless you are two to one. To horse, Clayton! to horse, Jasper! and see if we cannot take in some prisoners to our commander: keep out upon their flank, watch them, and cut off any stragglers. To horse!"

"I wish to Heaven, colonel, that you could go with us," said Clayton, hesitating. "I—"

Clinton shook his head: "No, no, it is impossible, I tell you. Don't drive me mad; begone to your duty, sir."

In ten minutes more we were all upon the way, nearly one hundred and fifty strong; our whole family, Arthur and all, for I caught a glimpse of him just before we came in sight of the enemy: our horses full of blood, snorting and neighing, and the very earth, it did appear to me, shaking under them. Even Arnauld and my old father, breathing hard, like old war-horses straining upon the bridle, rode side by side with me, shaming the youthful brief ardour of all the young men, with their awful solemnity of forehead and eyes.

I rode near Clayton, and I observed that he kept his eye, with an uneasy, doubtful expression, upon my brother, and at last, as if impatient to put his heart at rest, spurred up abreast of Jasper, and asked him some questions: to which Jasper returned a reply with a loud oath; and then there was a contemptuous movement of Clayton's lip, that made my blood boil, as he renewed his observation of Archibald.

"You shall see! if we come off well there. You shall see, Clayton," said Jasper, training his heels, and heaving up his chest, with a look of the greatest exultation—"wait a little, my boy, and you shall see what stuff he's made of."

Clayton returned to the ranks with an angry, dissatisfied look that—there was a wrathful movement of my heart for a moment; but I kept it down, and we rode peaceably enough for a whole hour. But our course was soon interrupted—a man on horseback dashed athwart our way, about two hundred rods ahead, in the uniform that my father knew, for he was after him like a blood-hound, without waiting for the word, over hedge and ditch. Jasper followed; Arthur Clayton, and my brother was preparing, when he saw some appearance on the edge of the wood about half a mile off that arrested his eye, and the next moment a boy came up to us all in a foam, with a note which forbade him to advance a step: saying, that the enemy were out on the right and left, his camp broken up, and the country overrun with his light-horse and dragoons.

"Trumpet!" cried my brother.



The rumpet sounded. A martial quick reverberation followed, too far off, and too distinctly for an echo. Our stragglers wheeled with their prisoner, whom my father, it appeared, had brought to the ground, horse and all, with one of his outlandish cuts; and the next moment a body of horse in beautiful style came out from the wood at full gallop, as if reconnoitring us, wheeled in a circuit of nearly half a mile, and then trotted, and then halted—though much less numerous than ourselves, as if in defiance; nay, some of the rascals, after waiting a while, had the impudence to dismount in our faces, as if to turn their horses loose.

"What say you, brother?" said I, "shall we down upon them?"

"Not yet," replied he, keeping his eye upon them, "we are not double their number—my orders are strict—we are now in actual service—I have too much at stake—there is some stratagem there. Fellow! (to the prisoner) how many are there?"

He smiled sullenly, and threw a ferocious glance at my father, who, Heaven bless the old man—sat upon his horse, precisely as he used to do of a Sunday when going to church; with the same substantial deep gravity, a little more sorrow and sternness, perhaps, but with no appearance of emotion.

Archibald soon learnt the truth. Cornwallis was out, Washington had struck his tents, and was retreating before him, bag and baggage. Every moment was invaluable. "Ha! I thought so!" said my brother. "Form!—form! father! brother!—cousin Arthur!—Mr. Arnauld! hither! hither! we must ride abreast!"

The enemy appeared to be preparing for a charge, and one after another came galloping from the wood, until their number appeared rather larger than our own. I looked at Jasper and Clayton, and the regular troopers—their lips were all compressed, their eyes rivetted upon the enemy, their horses reined up, and swords resting, with the hilt just in the hollow of their thighs. I looked at our men—there was no difference—there seemed to be the same promptitude, coolness, and precision in one as the other. Even our old father brought his heavy broadsword to a carry, as if he had done nothing else all his life than carry a sword.

"Prepare to guard!" said my brother.

The swords flashed all at once; and every man sat at the same moment, with his bridle-hand and sword-hand in front of his breast. It made my very heart leap to see it.

"Look to your pistols," said my brother, "but never use them. Take their fire; but don't return it till your swords fail you."

The horses became strangely impatient, snorting, stamping, and straining upon the bits—the enemy, too, as if disconcerted by our coolness, or suspecting ambush, or waiting a reinforcement, held back. Their appearance was beautiful—the ground was all covered with snow, far and near—their dazzling uniform, and large showy horses, full of mettle, and impatient to snuff the wind and smoke of battle—at together it was a sight well fitted to thrill the blood, and give that deep delicious feeling of terror and passion to the young hero, which rouses it, like fire thrown into the den of a wild animal.

One of the enemy stationed upon a hill in their

rear now gave some signal, that changed their course, for they reined short about, and trotted slowly along the side of the hill, while he kept upon its verge, as if watching the movement of some other body below in the opposite plain.

"This will never do," said Archibald, "they may be leading us into ambush; we must take higher ground, and always be prepared to come to battle or not, as we please. Carry swords!—right wheel!—trot!"

"Right wheel!—trot!" echoed behind us, rank after rank as they wheeled from the line, where we stood six deep, and trotted gallantly round to a more commanding elevation.

"What think you now?" said Jasper, falling a little out of place, to exchange a word with Clayton.

"Think!—damn it—I think that you have been humming me—he a raw recruit!—no—I knew better the first time that I saw him in the saddle. He has seen service."

"So they say," was the reply, and Jasper spurred to his place again.

I could not but look behind for a moment, where I saw Jasper's red face shining, with the honest exultation of his heart—his little eyes twinkling, as if Archibald had been his own son: and there was Clayton, now—I began to like him—keeping his horse's head in line; and, whenever he could get an opportunity, trying to adjust himself to the saddle, and sit like Archibald.

For myself, I can hardly tell what my feelings were. First, there was a rush of fierce, terrible delight; and then a brief alarm in my heart, followed by a sort of religious fervour, exceeding wrath and indignation, tranquillised and subdued, as if God and his angels were fighting with us. Nay, at the very onset, when the word had been given to charge, and all the hills round rung with the melody of trumpet, the neighing of horses, and she shouting of their riders, when we had joined battle, and I heard nothing but the shriek of women, saw nothing but the pale, wasted face of my poor mother, and the dead body of Mary, under the hoof of trampling horses, there was no feeling of terror in all this—none! but there was a sublimity that distended my whole heart, as with fire, and flood, and tempest; and when, in the thick of the battle, our ranks were broken, and each was wrestling man to man, with his adversary, on foot or on horseback, the face of my father and brother, and that of the death-struck Arthur, went by me in one rank, as I thought, and all fled before them! After all this I know not what happened, until my horse stumbled among the dead bodies, and threw me into a mass of human blood and trodden snow. God! how the field looked. But stay, I am anticipating. Is it not wonderful? I had stood and gazed upon my brother, not a minute before, after the blood of one man was upon him—and listened to his composed voice, and fancied that there was something preternatural in it, but now I was dripping with it from head to foot, and I felt no other emotion than a little loathing and sickness. Is it not wonderful, that timid and peaceful men, who had never seen the red blood run trickling from the bright blade of a butcher knife, without a quick trepidation of the heart—youthful too, like Archibald, and Arthur, and myself, in the very spring-tide of our gentleness and compassion, or grown old, like my father and Arnauld, in the beautiful hushed tranquillity of a farmer's home,

that had never seen the gleam of a broadsword, nor heard the bugle call, nor the neigh of cavalry, nor the loud, quaking reverberation of heaven and earth, beneath the tread of horses and horsemen, rushing to battle, that such men should sit as we sat, breathing hard, and straining like bloodhounds in the slip, all our veins swelling with impatience for the outcry of death. Oh, is it not past all belief, that such changes should be wrought with such instantaneous suddenness. Yet so it was, the grey hair of my mother whistled about my face, and I felt as if the shadow of Mary rode at my side, with one incessant moaning cry of violation. What Arthur felt I know not; but there was the settled aspect of death upon his forehead wherever I met him; and wherever he appeared, the very horses made way for him, for his riding was that of one commissioned of God—no sound, no cry escaped him; but drugged to the very lips, saturated to the very skin with blood, he still smote his way onward, and wrestled and dealt, giving no quarter, showing no mercy. And my father, too, I saw him only for a moment, after the enemy broke through our little squadron, riding with all his might, breast to breast with Archibald; and oh, there are passions and passionate thoughts in the human heart, veins, and vessels, innumerable and delicate, unseen and hidden, unknown and unsuspected, till a preparation of blood and fire hath been poured into it. Then, like the morbid anatomy of death, the secret and mysterious winding of every channel, with all its subtle and exquisite ramifications, becomes slowly articulate and vivid, with the rush of the infusion.

But let me have done with this, my children, and return to the preparation in hand. We were coming along, in a slow trot, as I have told you, upon the brow of a hill, apprehending no danger, and sure of our power to retreat at pleasure; when, all at once, the man on the hill gave a signal, which we had reason to believe conveyed some unexpected intelligence to the enemy, for he immediately set up a shout, wheeled at full gallop, and approached us in a most gallant style.

"Masterly, by —!" cried Jasper: "rein up! zein up!"

"Gallop," said my brother, "gallop!"

He was instantly obeyed, and we came round where we could only be assailed in front, a high bank sheltering us in the rear, a broad ditch and several heavy broken stone walls covering our right, and the left entirely open to us, if we chose to escape. The enemy grew stronger and stronger as he approached. I saw Jasper throw a troubled look at Archibald; and, the next moment, Arnauld spurred up to him at a headlong speed, pointing to another party that were just dashing athwart the creek, one after the other, about a mile off.

"It is too late now," said my brother; "we have nothing left but to do our duty;" then, in a loud voice, he proclaimed his intention "to conquer or die."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the front rank of the enemy fired their pistols in our faces, wheeled, and were followed by a second, and a third, without drawing a blade.

Several of our men fell; two or three of the horses broke out of line, or ran back upon their fellows; and Archibald, who had never been apprised of this mode of attack, appeared confounded for a moment: when, just at that time, a

covered wall in our front, which we had not seen till then, and against which the snow had drifted, brought up the front rank of the enemy; as they were preparing to wheel upon us, and to follow up the charge with their swords; and a universal confusion and embarrassment prevailed.

"Now is the time!" cried Archibald; "now is the time! down upon them, my brave fellows! remember Mary Austin!"

At the sound of that cry, outleaped a horseman from the middle of the front rank, and the whole troop rushed headlong upon the enemy, shouting: "Mary Austin! Mary Austin! Down with the Hessians!"

We were instantly among them, disordered, it is true, and utterly broken up by our own impetuosity, and the nature of the ground; but the enemy were more so, their horses were weaker, and less accustomed to the snow: they stumbled at every step, fell, and rolled over us, and about us in every direction. Not a shot was fired now; every man joined battle, sword in hand, with whoever was nearest to him: and, such was our tremendous desperation, that twice, before I could suspend the blow, or see my man. I exchanged a cut with one of our own troop. In the middle of this, the whole field, as far as I could see, was covered with horse and horsemen, battling in their saddles, on foot, or rolling over on the ground like so many gladiators. I saw one rank, the only unbroken one, rush by us, and I had just time to see all the faces in it that were dearest to me, when Archibald's voice was heard again, shouting, "Form, form! trumpet!"

"They are rallying," cried Jasper; "in upon them now! — the day is our own! — hurra, my boys — hurra, my fine fellows!" And then, by Heaven, there was a sound afar off, martial and wild. It was the sweetest melody that I ever heard in my life; it seemed as if a rank of bugles had been blown all at once above our heads. There was a general pause of astonishment and delirium. But the pause was only for a breath; a party of the enemy appeared rapidly forming anew, and all at once there came thundering around the hill another body.

"Virginia for ever! Virginia! hurra for Virginia!" cried somebody at the left.

"By heaven and earth," cried Clayton, and another named Crawford, both of whom were wounded, and one unhorsed; "now, my boys, you shall see some fun." I reined up, and twenty others did the same, while the enemy endeavoured to rally in two or three places. But the Virginians gave them no time, for they actually rode down the first party without exchanging a shot, and then divided and scoured the field. It was then that my heart failed me — my head swam. I could no longer distinguish friend from foe. My horse tumbled, and when I came to my recollection I was smeared all over with the blood and brains of a poor fellow upon whom I had fallen. I arose, and attempted to stand. There were at least thirty or forty human beings about me, dead and dying: the snow all stained and trodden. Here a wounded horse, snorting and pawing, and sweeping his blood-red mane over the snow, and shuddering so as to throw the blood from it like spattering rain all about him; there a rider trying again and again to disentangle himself from a struggling animal. A loud groan, a suffocated neigh, a deep harrowing exclamation, a word or two



of prayer, and now and then a shriek that went through and through me, I could hear. I arose upon my feet, astonished to find life enough left for it. I was frightened, too, to find it so late—the stars were already beginning to appear. Merciful Heaven! could it be that we had been so utterly defeated. I stood and listened, but there was no sound of pursuit. Then it was that I would have laid down and died, stiffened and cold as I was; for I began to feel that I had been stunned, and that our party must have been cut to pieces, or we should not have been left to perish in the snow. I was not then aware how late it was in the afternoon when we met, but my disordered memory made me feel as if I had been left a whole day to die. My blood grew warmer, and I saw another man, and another moving, as if they would soon be able to rise. One of them succeeded. I know not what he felt, but all my hostility was dead; I could as readily have struck a knife into the heart of my own brother, in the presence of God himself, as to strike hands in wrath under a sky so cold and blue, in the awful stillness of evening, after such a day of peril and wrath. We advanced: he hesitated. It was one of the enemy. Poor fellow, he was as little disposed as I for another mortal encounter; for though, while he put one hand to his forehead and staggered, like one giddy and blind with pain, the other fell to his left hip by a sort of mechanical motion, yet it was almost as instantly withdrawn and extended. After a pause, I gave him mine. God bless the poor fellow. We were so weak, both of us, that we leaned for a moment upon each other's bosoms, and then he sank upon the snow, reaching his hand to me again, and uttered in a broken, inarticulate voice, "*Um Gottes Willen!*" I had taken him by the arm with a feeling of brotherhood, for that never deserted me yet, blessed be God—but a groan that I knew thrilled my blood, and wrought, like returning animation to a frozen man, ten thousand inconceivable pains. I dropped the poor fellow's hand—it fell like that of a corpse—and followed as well as I could, in the sudden darkness and terror of my mind, the melancholy sound that I had heard.

It was my father's voice—it was. He was just able to show that he knew me—to put out his hands to me, as if with a blessing, when the bugle rang again, and down came a body of horsemen, two hundred at least; friends or foes, I cared not. I never left my father, nor lifted my eyes, nor dislodged his venerable head from my arms, till I heard the voice of Archibald, in a tone of distraction, crying to "Dismount—dismount, and collect the dead."

"Oh! my father, my father! my brother!" he cried, running hither and thither about the field. "Oh!"

He heard my voice. It was very feeble, but he heard it, and we were instantly weeping in each other's arms.

"Unhurt, my dear, dear brother?" said I.

"Oh! I know not," he replied, "nor care. Jasper, Jasper—here."

We soon found, to our unspeakable joy, that our father was not mortally wounded, as we had reason to believe, but was rather faint from the loss of blood, and perhaps a dislocated shoulder, and we were soon on our way. I was unable to ride. We soon understood the cause of the delay. Our party had been victorious, and, while our division

pursued the enemy, taking a number of prisoners, and marking their route by dead bodies, another had ridden about the neighbourhood for carts and carriages to convey the wounded. I was put into one tumbrel with my father. On each side of us rode a horseman, one of whom I knew, but the other was a stranger.

"Archibald," said I to the first, "where is Arthur?"

"Arthur?"

"There!" was the reply, pointing to the horsemen on our right.

"Not in the cloak?"

"Yes; that cloak he took with his own hands from an officer, and hurled him headlong to the earth at the same moment."

The horseman fell back, as if just recollecting where he was, threw off his cloak, passed us in silence, and flung it into the carriage.

"Poor Arthur," said he, "his heart is untouched yet. How has he escaped?"

"Wrap it round his body," said Archibald, coming up as I began to envelope my father with it. "He escaped miraculously; but his roan was killed, and himself a prisoner once."

"And you—"

"I know not. The pistol bullets troubled the mare for a while. I felt sorry for her; the smell of gunpowder is rather unpleasant, when burnt near enough to singe her eyelids. Poor Hetty! woa, woa."

I turned about, willing to make him feel that such levity was horrible at such a time, in one so young, but there was such a mortal lividness in his face, that, struck with terror at the thought of his being deranged, I had well nigh shrieked aloud; but he rode on, the cold moonshine coming down upon our cavalcade with every variety of light and shadow as we wound our way over the dazzling snow, the steel scabbards of the horsemen ringing and glittering at every step, the solemn tramping of the horses, their blowing, the crushing snow, the heavy lumbering of the loaded waggons, loaded with the dead and the dying, friend and foe—the hour, the awful stillness about, and in truth I can well say, that I have never felt, from that moment to this, such an overpowering sense of mortality.

The household were already apprised of our approach; yet, who can describe the meeting? Daughters and fathers, husbands and wives!

Arnauld was wounded too, and very seriously; for he had fought with a desperation that appalled the stoutest of the young men; perhaps from the terror of falling alive into the hands of them, to whose prince he had probably sworn allegiance, as he had taken his protection. His daughters ran to him; but their grief, bitter and cruel as it was, had nothing of the unutterable sorrow of the wife Lucia fell upon her knees; held his pale hand to her lips, wiped away the frozen blood from his temples (for he had fallen near my father, and lain there motionless and stiff till the dead cart came by,) with her own hair, and wept upon his forehead and eyes. Clara sat down by him, and pressed her delicate hands with all her might upon her heart; holding her breath, as if the first sound would be a shriek. The mother, the wife, the beautiful and passionate—O, who shall tell the sorrow of her spirit? She tore open the bosom of her lord, called distractedly upon the surgeon! Clinton! Oadley! and her children!



Then, while the tears gushed out of her beautiful eyes, till they blinded and choked her, she would yield to the gentle violence of Clinton, who sat by her, and held her hands in his until Lucia herself leant upon his bosom, and not as upon the bosom of a brother. Archibald's tread sounded behind me: he had already been with our blessed mother, and I—I had not. I rushed by him; but the hue of his face frightened me. He stood with his eyes upon Lucia, unable to speak or move. I ran in to my mother—I found her calm, patient, awfully collected, sitting by the bed upon which my father lay, and stayed no longer than to hear our surgeon pronounce him in no danger, and to see her, who had been so collected and immovable till then, at the sound of that judgment, throw herself upon his neck, stranger as he was, and sob there aloud, as if he had been her own son—nay, her only son; and then sink down upon her knees, with an expression of the deepest thankfulness, and bury her agitated, altered face in her hands, till I was fain to fall upon my knees beside her, and kiss her wasted forehead, and then leave her; for it may as well be told, the natural yearning of my heart in a measure appeased by this duty to my mother, I had others—another—the whole force of which I knew not till that moment. Poor Clara, poor dear Clara, thou! the haughtiest of women; thou, whom I had sworn in my own heart, five years before, when I was an awkward clown, to humble to the dust; O, now I saw thy proud spirit brought down with consternation and sorrow, tenderness and—and—love? Yes, it was love, it could be no longer concealed. She hid her face in my bosom, and I felt her warm tears trickling into my very heart, her trembling hands giving way, at last, to the convulsive expression of long-smothered feeling; her heart beating vehemently against mine, and her warm cheek unconsciously resting against mine; the same blood circulating, I almost believed, through both our frames at the same moment. I wept too, I will not deny it; wept the more, for having, like herself, so studiously concealed my passion for whole years; and yet, sorrowing as I did, that one I loved should sorrow as she did; rejoicing, nevertheless, to see one prouder than Lucifer—colder, it was thought, than the unshined snow, reposing with the helpless and enchanting confidence of tried love upon my bosom—mine!—where I had never hoped to feel the forehead of any woman reposing; and, last of all, a woman, whose very hand I had not dared to touch; whose very name I never could bring myself to pronounce but with an affectation of dislike, or at least of qualified friendship.

"But where is Archibald?" said Clinton, putting his lips to the forehead of Lucia; by Heaven it is true! and I told Archibald of it, and that the colour did not even rush to it, as if to reprove the unlicensed touch. But he only shook his head patiently and smiled; poor fellow, so that it brought the tears into my eyes.

"He was here a few moments since," said the surgeon, and the next moment, as if the sound of his name brought him into sight, he stepped forward, advanced as if to offer some assistance, dropped his eyes, as if unwilling to meet the eyes of Lucia, who, just becoming sensible of her situation, so young, so beautiful, her black hair all dishevelled, and dashed eyes, swimming in light and tearfulness, and cheeks burning with

shame, was endeavouring to draw her shawl over her partially exposed bosom with an agitated hand—a—

"Archibald," said she, faintly, "you are not wounded, I hope?" without daring to look up. Her hands were just at that moment employed in parting her hair upon her forehead, to keep it out of her eyes.

"Not mortally, Lucia," said Archibald, with a tone that went to my heart (her hands fell into her lap motionless as death), "but deeply, irrevocably."

I know not if Archibald meant it, or observed what I did; but Lucia's head dropped, and I saw the tears fall, drop after drop, upon the dark dress of her mother, upon whose bosom she leant.

He went to her, took her hand—it lay passively in his, and fell not, even when he opened his own as if to relinquish it. "Lucia, Hea—Heaven bless you, farewell!" said he, carried it to his lips, and left the room.

## CHAPTER VII.

And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts.

Not one of the household slept that night, but we had the comfort to know, long before morning, that Mr. Arnould, whose leg had been bruised, arm dislocated, and head cut in two or three places, had little to apprehend; while our sturdy old father, we were assured, would be well enough to mount his horse in a few days at furthest, having escaped with a few flesh wounds, and the loss of about half his blood. I wanted to see Arthur, for I had not seen him to speak with him since he was the happiest fellow of all the world; his loud, clear voice resounding in the cold air like a trumpet, as he parted from us the night of—of—the night of blood and ruin. I found that he occupied a room in one of the wings, which, after some rambling, I found. There was somebody stirring within, some one breathing as if his very heart would break. I knocked.

No answer was returned, but the tread of naked feet approached the door.

It opened, and a woman stood before me. She put out her hands kindly, and then started back, and covered her face with them, uttering a cry of horror.

"Merciful Heaven!" I cried, "Lucia, dear Lucia, do not be alarmed, it is I. Where is Mr. Rodman's chamber? Forgive me, my dear friend, and compose yourself. You have not been in bed?" I turned to go, but she came to me, and put one hand to her forehead, and stood in the moonlight, like some disembodied creature, scared in its quiet element, looking at me, as if to ascertain if I had spoken the truth. "And this was really your object—really?" putting her hand affectionately upon my arm.

"Surely, dear Lucia, you cannot doubt it."

"O, no," she added, dropping her hand upon my shoulder, "I cannot." There was a distant step in the same gallery—she shook from head to foot, and I, terrified to death at the thought of being seen there, stepped back gently and on tiptoe to my room, but started all the way, and particularly at one corner, by a sound like the suppressed breathing of some one concealed. For a moment I stopped, with

the resolution to see if it were a creature of flesh and blood, or only some delusion of my troubled brain; but recollecting immediately that, if it should be the former, my duty to Lucia rendered it a sacred matter that I should pass away undetected, even in my innocence, for the most innocent action is capable of evil interpretation—I went on at the end of the gallery. I paused again, for a distant door opened and shut with a slow, cautious motion, and a figure that at first, from its muffled appearance, I took for my own shadow (and only discovered it not to be so by standing still for a moment)—passed athwart the white wall.

Ashamed of my own feelings, for they were all in an uproar for a moment, with—I dare not utter the thought, the disordered dreaming of my brain, the late terrible events, the death-like stillness of the dwelling where I was, the holy and awful moonlight above me, the figure of the person, I could not be mistaken,—but whither had it gone?

As I stood, another door opened, and Arthur Rodman walked past me. I spoke to him: and he turned with a slow, reluctant motion towards me, and then gave me his hand in silence. We went down into the court, and walked together in a dead silence, for half an hour at least; his tread was measured, like that of men in a funeral march, and his breath labouring deep, and drawn at long intervals. Occasionally, when we turned, so that he was opposite the moon, and my countenance shadowed and hidden, I would lift my eyes to his. O, my children! far be from you and your's that sorrow and desolation, for which there is no comfort—that bereavement, that, O righteous Heaven! which leaves the smitten heart sore to the centre, and bleeding, with no sweet memory to balm it! no tears to fall upon it! nothing but the substantial pressure of calamity. Poor Arthur, but a few days, and his step was a bound, his voice the filled horn—his heart the abiding place of gentle and high thought, festivity, and love. A few days, and God had written, in lividness and shadow, the death of his loved one—the destruction of all his hope, upon his broad forehead. His hair blew about it, now, as if that too had been touched with death; and his sunken eyes had a solemnity and blackness in them that alarmed and awed me; their motion was not unsettled, but there was a strong, rigid lustre in them, as if the fountain that fed them was nearly dry. "Poor Arthur!" said I, pressing his hand, "farewell."

His hand made no reply—

"O, my brother!" I cried, looking him in the face. "My cousin, dear Arthur, you terrify me, speak to me—no: do not speak to me—the sound of your voice is terrible—but show me, by some sign, that you know me." He stopped, his lips trembled, he locked my hand in both of his, and turned to go; but, overpowered by the deluge within him, which had gathered till it would have way, he fell upon my neck, and I believe wept, for my dress was wet about the breast afterward, but whether with his tears or Lucia's I know not; but I felt his heart heave like a surge under mine.

Once more he shook my hand—long, and with all his strength, lifted his head in silence, and returned to his room, while I pursued my way to my own. I found Clinton there, in low conversation with Archibald; and though, from some words that struck my ear, I thought that they were talking confidentially, and therefore endeavoured to apprise them of my approach, by walking heavily, yet, so deeply were they engaged, that I was already at my own bed-side before they observed me. Clinton then

gathered up his cloak about him. I started at the appearance of his muffled shadow: I felt my blood boil, but I dared not utter a sound.

"Your brother has returned," said Clinton to him.

"I am glad of it," was the reply—"come to the bed, brother, I have something for your ear."

I approached, and he sat up in the bed, the collar of his shirt opened, and the fine fashion of his white shoulder and chest all exposed, with a beauty and delicacy almost feminine, in their whiteness and smoothness.

"Sit down, brother; don't interrupt me. You have known something of my thought and doing, toward Lucia Arnauld. I have had some pleasant, some sorrowful dreaming—(his voice trembled)—and there have been times when I thought of doing some noble and uncommon deed, for the love that I bore her. God only knows, brother, how I have loved her—so secretly, that I have not dared to tell it to my own heart; so passionately, so devoutly, that, with an opportunity for years to—to—to take advantage of her warm-hearted, generous sensibility—I—"

Clinton trembled, and turned away his face. "I have never dared to touch her hand, unless she put it into mine, until this night; and that was to bid her farewell for ever. Brother, it is hard to give her up—to tell the tale of our own disappointment—to have loved as I have from my first breath, with an awful feeling of tenderness and veneration, it is hard; but to give her up so suddenly to one that has known her so short a time, that is bitter—bitter! But young as I am, and beautiful as she is, it must be done. We are apart for ever. Give me your hand, brother; your's, Clinton. Another, a braver, and older man, a taller, and handsomer man loves her; not as I have loved her—that is impossible. Would I stand in the way of her prosperity? No! I would rather, had I ten thousand hearts, throw them down for her to walk over, to the arms of him that could make her happier. I am young, and sickly, and weak—of an unsocial make—a blunt, cold manner—and a haughty and forbidding countenance. I have never told my love, never talked about it—I could not; but there is that within me, that which will not bow nor bend. God hath put it there, and God only shall put it out. Woman never shall. How long I may live I know not, and I care as little; but while I do live, and when I die, it shall be worthily—without complaint or repining. He loves her, I know. Do not shake your head—I know it. He has dealt fairly—offered to renounce her—played the game of a soldier with me. What should I do? Fight him! No, that would not put my heart at rest, nor quiet her's. Permit him to renounce her—take advantage of his noble nature? You are troubled, Clinton—agitated. Do not let me distress you. Now mark me—and you, brother, bear witness for me. I am not fond of quarrelling, or blood—am rather young, to be sure; but I can quarrel, Clinton, and can fight, as I have lately learnt. I am a man of few words—you are welcome to Lucia—take her, and be happy with her. Do that and I will love you as a brother—her as a sister. But—but—trifle with her, baffle her young heart, and boy as I am, Clinton, I will never sleep till I have put my sword through your heart. No remonstrance—I have done with her now. Happen what will, our hearts will never unite again. We are not fitted for each other; my nature is too stubborn and haughty; too selfish it may be. A wife of mine shall be my wife, and mine alone. There, brother, good night; Clinton (shaking his hand), good night."



Clinton turned to depart, and had reached the door, when my brother arrested him by asking when they should march.

"To-morrow, if possible," was the reply, in an agitated voice, "but next day at furthest."

"Why so?" said I.

"Because," he replied, "Washington is hotly pressed. Cornwallis, with the *élite* of the whole British army, is at his heels; our soldiers are dropping off by companies upon the march—the cursed effect of short enlistment. By the time that the rascals know one end of a musket from the other they are cut adrift, and are sure to run off with the public arms."

"To-morrow then be it," said my brother; "this is no time for delay."

"No, for if Cornwallis follow him as closely to the Delaware as he has through New Ark, we shall lose our baggage, if not our army, as sure as there is a God in heaven."

"Good night."

"Good night, good night!" repeated Clinton, formally, going back and shaking my brother's hand again for nearly a minute before he departed.

I had half a mind to mention my suspicions, but a little reflection convinced me of the impolicy of it. What could I say?—that he was abused. Shame on my heart for conceiving such a thought.

Yet I could not sleep, and with the first dawn I was in my father's room. He was abundantly better; and when he found that we were set upon moving off directly, he appeared doubly impatient to go with us. But Mr. Arnauld was not so well; the symptoms began to assume, if not an alarming, at least a more serious aspect; and the bungling rascals from the army were so wretchedly supplied with the instruments of their profession, that it was little better than certain death to be pulled and hauled about by them, or lacerated, and sawed into, and cut, as the case might be. By reference to a report in Congress, about this time, you will find that the medical infirmary, and surgical and hospital staff, cannot be exaggerated. In the whole army there were not three complete sets of surgical instruments. I have occasion to remember it well—it had well nigh cost me my life, at a later period, instead of the leg that I lost.

"What shall be done?" said I; "some of our men ought to be left to protect the family. What say you, Clinton?"

"Certainly," he replied, "six or eight stout fellows: and—"

"What!" said Arnauld, raising his bandaged head, and firing with the passion of his heart, "what! leave six or eight such fellows to idleness, when every bone and sinew in America should be in action? No, Clinton, no; much as I love my wife and children—dear as my household and home are to me, by Heaven I had rather see them given to the flames than—"

"And to ruffians?" said Clinton.

"No, no, Clinton, a father's heart could not well bear that; but away with you, away! to horse! to horse! Oadley. You will protect my family best, by helping to drive back these hell-hounds that are overrunning our blessed country. To horse! There are five men of us here, two of whom, Oadley and myself, can do garrison duty—or rather hospital duty (smiling) yet—and I expect a reinforcement every moment. Sampson, with his crooked boy, will be here this morning—a tough old blade; and a very devil the young one; and if Nell come with them, as I expect, we shall have enough to keep us all in heart, and augh, whatever happen. So to horse! to horse!

man and boy! and leave us to take care of ourselves."

"Right," said Clinton, "he is right, Mr. Oadley; if every man stay at home to defend his own dwelling, who shall defend his country? We must take our chance (with peculiar significance, as if he understood where my thoughts were at the moment), our chance, Oadley, with the rest. To camp, to camp! and we shall sooner clear the land of these devils, than if we huddle about in our own hearths. They will always outnumber us at home. Ha! the bugle-call!"

He ran to the window. "Fine fellows! glorious fellows!" he cried, "the men are all in the saddle. Farewell, Mr. Arnauld, farewell. Keep a stout heart."

"Farewell, colonel—farewell, Oadley—there, take my hand—remember—remember!—if any thing happen—you understand me; my family have few friends—my daughters (he was scarcely articulate) none. They are proud girls, Clinton; high blood; generous hearts, Oadley. I don't reproach you. You have not done entirely right; but you could not deceive me; and there is a comfort here—in—al—Young men, it is no pleasant matter, upon a bed like this, the sweat and blood starting from every pore of your skin, to have the thought of—of—rided innocence—beauty—broken-hearted—spoiled loveliness, and—O, God! have mercy upon me—but—no matter, now—it is too late—if I die—(more firmly)—if I die, I say, and you are the men that—I believe, my family will never miss me—my daughters, I mean. My wife—O, my dear wife—"

He could say no more—all his firmness abandoned him. The tears ran down his cheeks, dropped as if wrung from his very heart; and when we embraced him again, the bed shook under him. The thought of his wife—the beautiful and pure of heart, that had left him powerless, and we dared not—no, we dared not utter a sound to disturb the sacred stillness that followed, and we left the room; but his sobs were distinctly audible upon the landing, where I had stood the night before. We were passing the very spot where I had heard the low suffered breathing: it was a recess, and still in shadow. I could not forbear lifting my eyes to Clinton's forehead, as we passed it; and, it might be fancy, but it appeared to me that there was a faint paleness, like that of one taken suddenly sick at the heart, upon his ample forehead, and that his arm contracted a little within mine, as he met my look; yet he walked firmly, steadily, and there was a haughty self-possession, not very becoming at such a time of sorrow and tenderness, nor called for by the occasion, and rather, I hoped that I did not wrong him, rather like that of preparation, where one dares not abate one jot of his utmost stateliness, lest it may invite a freedom of observation that might disturb it.

We came to the landing. "I shall meet you in the yard," said he, taking out his watch.

I bowed, and hurried to the apartment of my father. Archibald I found locked in my mother's arms; my father sitting by, with the same unaltered, unalterable countenance; and she, wretched woman, weeping like some widowed one—nay, like some dishonoured widow—I—

They were the first tears that I had seen her shed openly; and when she came to me, I felt the inward lamentation of a mother, the inaudible, deep feeling of a woman, unable to utter a sound against my bosom, like the rush of waters. "My son," said she, "O my son!" pressing her cold lips to my forehead



and eyes, which were all wet with her tears, "do not thou abandon me."

"Abandon thee, mother!—no, though the heavens should pass away. Come what will, I will never abandon thee!"

"God bless thee! my child."

My father arose, and stood up, and laid one hand upon the shoulder of my mother, and one upon mine; they were the hands of a giant, and a prophet:—"O, God! father of all mercies! have compassion upon us! We are old and sorrowful; and about, it may be, oh! our father, to be childless. The parting that we now take, may be for life. Do thou sustain us. Pour into the mother's heart a tenfold consolation—stiffen the sinews of the father, and the husband, and make his children strong and terrible, that they may avenge their mother, though we perish. Farewell!—my boys!—farewell! The voice of your country is waiting for you!—the shriek of a dishonoured people—the cry of freedom! the broken heart of your mother about to give you up—that of your father about to follow you. O, my wife, my wife! (my mother had fallen into his arms, speechless and death-struck, as if that were all that was left to her—the presence of her aged husband). Boys! embrace your mother once more; you will probably never see her again. Do it with a stout heart; bear up against it like men. Do not wake her: it may be better for her, much better, if she never open her eyes again."

We did as we were commanded—we knelt before her, and carried her lifeless hand to our eyes, and lips, and heart; unable to speak, unable to weep, took the blessing of our father, and were hurrying through the house, blinded and stunned by the rush of darkness and emotion, our arteries all distended to aching, with a strange, awful sorrow, like that of men going voluntarily to martyrdom and sacrifice.

There was a carriage in the yard, out of which leaped in succession a young boy, a savage-looking, distracted creature as I ever saw in my life, with a spring like a panther; and stood licking his hand and lip, with a tongue like a calf: then a finished romp, for she bounded, with her hair all flying in the wind, out of the carriage, without waiting for assistance, and ran laughing and skipping into the house, and then a rigid, choleric-looking, little old gentleman, in a claret-coloured coat, lame of one leg, growling at every step he took, in a low voice. At any other time I should have smiled at the strangeness of the association, and their wild, unnatural aspect; but this was no time for smiling. The men were all ready, and I turned to look for Archibald, but he was gone; and I, willing to find some companionship, followed in the direction that I supposed he had taken. I entered the house with a hurried step, and saw my father and Arthur parting, the young man still bearing the same implacable steadiness and solemnity of aspect—his dress and manner utterly unlike what it had been—thoughtful, yet careless, like that of a premature old man, suddenly put into possession of some fearful secret, the secret of his own hidden strength. Voices were near me, and I stopped as I was passing the window of the very room where, a few weeks before, Archibald and I had seen the two sisters. Lucia was leaning upon the shoulder of Clinton, pale, pale as death; but, with a vehemence of passionate, bashful endearment, that sent my blood back with a start to my heart. I thought of Clara, and, half distracted with the thought of never seeing her more, by any possibility, I went through room after room, heedless of every body, till at last I found her with her mother. She

arose, as I entered, came to me, and put her two hands into mine. Her mother looked at her with amazement; her lips moved, and she would have expressed her astonishment, even in her sorrow; but Clara turned to her, her bright eyes shedding not only light, but sound. It appeared to me like the Indian gem, that gives out beauty and brightness, and low music, for ever.

"Mother!" said she, "the secret has been well kept, thanks to your admonition. I have done rightly. When you know all you will approve of my conduct. At present, I am above all disguise; Mr. Oadley and I are about to part, perhaps, for ever—I cannot bear to conceal it longer—I love him!"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried her mother, "are you distracted, Clara? at such a time as this! a proud girl, to—to—" (she covered her face with her hands, and burst into an hysterical sobbing).

"Leave me, Mr. Oadley; farewell, Heaven bless you. You knew something of my temper. What I do, I do openly. You must not presume from what has happened here. My mother may blame me, but my own heart shall not. Alone, away from my mother, who is weeping at my indelicacy, I should have parted with you less tenderly; now, farewell!"

I would have put my lips to her forehead, but she coloured: "What!" she exclaimed, "have I to tell you again, Oadley, that there is no mystery in my nature. There is my mother, while her face is covered there shall be nothing done that is capable of an evil interpretation."

Her mother arose, and her hands fell at her side powerless; but her beautiful eyes were full of tenderness and surprise.

"Clara," said she, "it is my own fault. But I believed this affair at an end. The secret has been well kept. I love your noble nature—I respect it; the thing is sudden now, but he is an honest man. God for ever bless you!" putting her hands together, and kissing us as she did so.

I lifted my eyes to Clara's face; her red lips trembled, but there was no reproof, no affectation; and though I would have given the world to touch her sweet mouth, yet I dared not, and contented myself with kissing her white forehead.

The next moment Archibald's tread was heard; he looked in, and beckoned to me.

"Come in, come in, my dear Archibald!" said the mother, throwing her arms about his neck. "O my poor boy! my heart would break, did I not know; but bear up, bear up, my brave fellow; there are few women worthy of such a man."

Archibald gently released himself from her arms, wiped off the tears from his temples and cheek; tears which had fallen from her eyes in the embrace.

"How pale you look! oh, Archibald, Archibald, your own mother cannot love you more than I do. Farewell! farewell! I feel that I shall never see you again! remember, however, happen what may, that I am your friend—that will you not see Clara?" (Clara was standing at the window.)

"Yes," said Archibald, bowing his head; "with all my heart, Clara." (She gave him both her hands; there was a rush of blood to her temples; and her voice, always mellow, smooth, and rich, like her father's—for a moment was touched with the unsteady and passionate modulation of Lucia's); "dear Clara, I have said and done many things, my dear friend, very many, to pain and distress you. Believe me, dear Clara, they were never unkindly meant, and I should have told you long before, that I was sorry and ashamed of them; but you know my temper (her

eyes gushed out with beauty and brightness—the tears ran down her pale cheeks, as if her heart were breaking, and yet she stood upright, without concealment or shame; her red lips pressed together with an expression of fervent and deep delight, homage, pride, and admiration, as he continued)—“I never loved talking; and had we never parted in this way, but lived all our lives hereafter, as we have hitherto lived, I never should have told you, in words, how inestimable dear you are to me. Actions, actions, Clara—they would have shown it in time; but farewell. My actions henceforth are afar off, and not among women—you may never hear of them—I therefore tell you, with my lips, what there is no other mode left of telling you; that there is one, nay two, come forward, my brother—who know your great value, your constant nature, and the deep sincerity of—Why, how is this? Do you understand each other?—you do—Heaven be thanked! Brother, take her; be to her what she deserves, the best and truest of men. Clara, that brother, you do not know him well yet, he does not know himself; he was not born for a sluggard—it is for you to say whether he shall die one. I have studied him; I know him well, better, I believe, than any other person. He will always rise with the occasion. You may make of him just what you please.”

I was thunderstruck, abashed—and Clara stood, with a proud smile upon her mouth. I had no leisure to see or hear more, for the sweet-voiced Lucia was heard as in deep conversation, near the door. Archibald coloured, and so did Clara, but a mortal paleness followed in his face.

“Can you not see her? can you not—for one moment, Archibald?” said Clara, in a tone of expostulation.

“No,” he replied, and then, as if a new thought had struck him, he added, “Yes, I can, I will; it were a pity to part unkindly, for the last time.”

“How, for the last time?” said the mother: “you speak as if you were resolved.”

“I am—you will hear no more of me, after I leave the house, except in one event.”

“And what is that, dear Archibald?” said Clara. He shook his head, but would not explain, but I had reason to believe that he alluded to a change of name, perhaps her marriage, or death, for after he had left the house he announced his determination of entering the service by an assumed name.

He continued, (while the bugle rang in the courtyard, the horses neighed, and the voice of preparation sounded through all the apartments, like an army broken up in the house of prayer, so awfully hushed had it been an hour before), “I am going to battle, Clara; not for fame, not altogether for vengeance or hatred, nor for ambition, except it be the ambition of my own heart, for the deeds that I do shall die with me, whatever they be: no! but I shall go into the thickest and hottest of it, I am sure, with a composure very uncommon in one so young and inexperienced. I shall do my duty, Clara, wherever I may be put; weak and boyish as I am, my thought will be steady, my hand firm, my eye true, in the commotion of battle—for that, Lucia—for that, (pressing her hands upon his heart,) will be nothing to the commotion here.”

“Oh, Archibald, I do pity—” said Clara.

“Not me, I hope,” interrupting her.

“No; but I pity her.”

“So do I,” said Archibald, “from my soul I pity her, the dear enthusiast.”

“My heart misgives me, Archibald; there have been too much hurry, rashness, precipitation here

—a brave man, an honourable one I do believe—yet it is not wise or temperate. What think you?”

“Clara, I cannot say that here, which I would not say to her face and his face.” (A tear ran down under his shut eyelids, and he turned away.)

“Well, Archibald, you I know; my father knows you; my mother; Lucia; and, whatever you may think, depend upon it we shall always love and revere you. In distress we shall turn to you—in sorrow and in trial—shall we turn to you in vain? ask you in vain?”

There was a convulsive heaving of his chest, as the mother came to him, and stood side by side with Clara, watching the troubled beauty of his eyes, and the frightful lividness of his lips.

“You are young, Archibald, younger than your brother there; but when all other men fail us;—all—all! we shall turn to you, youthful as you are, sure of your power and strength.”

Why was I not hurt at this? was it that I felt the truth of it, or that the amazing honesty and openness of Clara, and the certainty that I possessed her whole heart, reconciled me to all other manifestations of love? The mother bowed upon his neck, and he lifted his deep blue eyes to Heaven, locked their hands in his, whilst, almost for the first time in all his life, the bright tears trickled down from his open eyes, with an expression of heroic joy.

“Archibald,” said the mother, “I am afraid that you are not blameless in this matter; but it is too late now: she is a proud girl; a proud, impatient spirit; watch over her—be a brother to her—she may want a brother—look to her.”

“Wretched, mistaken woman,” said Clara. “How she has trifled with—”

“Hush! hush!” said Archibald, with unalterable solemnity; “I will never hear a movement of her heart condemned in her absence. I may have my thoughts too; thoughts that I may tell her, or keep here—here, till they kill me: but I have that love for her, and all that she loves, that inward unresistingness to whatever wears the pure countenance of love, that I cannot bear to hear it spoken lightly of.”

“Well, then, farewell! farewell!” said the mother and daughter; “you must see her.”

“But keep your eye on Clinton,” said Clara.

“I will, night and day,” he replied, seizing my arm and hurrying me along, till I found that we were now approaching the same sound of voices in earnest, broken conversation.

He tapped at a door, which was immediately opened by Clinton, who had risen from the sofa where Lucia sat, with a disordered, strange aspect; the apartment was exactly under that in which we had been: a fact which accounts for the sound of their voices appearing so near to us, in every interval of conversation. Clinton appeared a good deal disturbed; and poor Lucia, there passed over her white forehead, white as the driven snow, a hurried emotion, but barely visible in the dim light of the apartment, every window of which was yet darkened; and objects could only be seen, after we were within, for a minute or two, by a pale crimson illumination, thrown by the blood-red curtains, through which the day poured in, with a beautiful waywardness; a sort of voluptuous light, rather like that of a summer sunset, than a bleak wintry morning.

“All ready?” said Clinton, hooking up his long sabre, that rattled at every motion of his body.



"Yes, sir," said Archibald; "in ten minutes. Ah! they are impatient"—(the bugle sounded again); "we are to be in the saddle. But, before I go, I have taken my brother here, to bear witness for me—your patience."

He then went up to Lucia, who put her hand timidly, but haughtily too, into his, and attempted to rise.

"No, Lucia," (standing before her, and holding it,) "do not rise. I ask for no such evidence of respect. I know that when I am gone, you will remember me in spite of yourself; the time may come when you will find—(come hither, Clinton; come nearer, brother)—that you have been rash—it may come, I say—not that it will God knows how fervently I pray for your happiness, and you will know it too, Lucia, when you are older and wiser. Not—no, it is impossible that you should ever know the full value of the heart that—nay, Clinton, do not interrupt me; I deal plainly with her, I deal fairly. Surely it is no unreasonable indulgence, for one consummately blessed, as you are, to permit one—so—I will not say so wretched or so humbled; but so disappointed—Clinton, by—! I will not be interrupted (striking the hilt of his sword) and if you interfere again, man as you are—tall as you are, I will bring your forehead to the dust."

Clinton retreated a pace or two, tapped the hilt of his sabre with his fingers, and smiled! d—n him, I could hardly keep my own sword in its sheath, but Archibald heeded him not, and continued, though Lucia sat like one terror-struck.

"What I say now, is the last that I shall say—what I do, shall be done openly. I do not come to you, Lucia, lamenting that I have not been less cold, and cautious, and rational—for I sought a woman for a wife—and no wife of mine shall ever be made speedily. I do not come to prejudice you against Clinton secretly, for I will do nothing that either he or you may misinterpret, or think unkindly of me for, when I am gone. My honesty to both of you at this moment, will be the best guarantee that I shall never profit of any advantage that may hereafter fall in my way, to poison either of your hearts against the other—No, Lucia, no! But I came to say, with all my heart and soul, God bless you both! There, Clinton, take her hand—and I do say, God bless you both! If you ever want a brother, a friend, an avenger, Lucia, remember me. If you never do—if you are happy—blessing and blessed—forget me—you will be none the happier for remembering me. You have been imprudent—very imprudent—there is something in Clinton that I cannot bring myself to like—he is too easy and confident—has too much of that fascination, seductiveness, and self-possession with the young and beautiful; too much of that profligate manner, which has made your own father the destroyer of—forgive me, Lucia, I have spoken plainly, too plainly, if it were to be repeated—but I would say to you, beware; and I would leave a lesson upon your heart that should sink into it, deeper and deeper, to the last moment of its heaving. Be prudent, I anticipate no evil—I predict none—I pray for none—I appeal to my God for the truth of what I say; and, however you may both doubt me now, you shall see that I have spoken the truth, when all our hearts are uncovered before the judgment-seat!—farewell!"

She arose, parted her black hair with both hands,

and stood looking at him for a moment, as if struck with sudden blindness; then carried his hand passionately to her lips—flung it away; and threw herself into the arms of Clinton.

My brother could not stand that, with all his noble preparation. He staggered like a drunken man to the door—rushed into the yard—and, ere twenty minutes passed, Clinton and all of us were in full trot for the camp of Washington.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The trumpet's dread hurra!

The stirring minstrelsy of the camp, the martial aspect of the mounted Virginians, whose brown, manly faces, athletic frames, and weather-beaten furniture, showed plainly that they were men to be depended upon, and had been, ere then, put to the proof: the trampling of the horses—the pressure that I still felt about my bosom, whereon Clara had leant—the affectionate, strange Clara! All these things, and the deep tumult within me, could not so utterly employ my senses, but that I would sometimes start, like a man waked from a dream, by the challenge of some distant sentry—the sudden pistol-shot—the word—the rattling of scimitars and chains, or the quick trumpet blast, and almost wonder for a moment to find myself on horseback; and then my mother!—father! But while I was pursuing this train of reflection in a dead silence, like that of our last trooping, though the sun shone hotly upon us now, I heard the noise of horses' feet pressing behind me, and the next moment Clinton's voice, addressing some one with a sort of sarcastic mockery.

I turned, and saw him, just abreast of my brother, who slackened his trot, and fell behind with him. I was alarmed for a moment, by hearing (for we had actually forgotten his situation till then,) him say, "You forgot that I was disabled in the sword-arm."

"In truth I did," said Archibald, in a louder voice, rather of surprise; "but you look angry, Clinton. Are you disposed to quarrel?"

"Yes."

"Wait till your arm is well."

"Never mind the arm," said Clinton, turning his horse aside. "We can ride into yon wood, there. I am a tolerable shot with my left hand."

My brother followed him, and I, indignant at such wickedness, struck the rowels into my beast, and was at their side in a moment.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Clinton, imperiously. "Back to your place, sir."

"This is my place," I replied.

He reined short about, looked me in the face a moment, and then said, "Young man, I have half a mind to order a brace of Virginians down upon you. What! do you menace me? Jasper! holla! Jasper!" flourishing his sword with his left hand. The troop instantly halted, and down came a rank of horsemen full gallop.

"What do you mean to do?" said Archibald, eyeing him haughtily.

"Order him to be bound, hand and foot, to one of the trees there," was the reply, "or hewed limb from limb where he sits."



"There will be two swords to that bargain, Clinton," said Archibald, taking out his pistols coolly. "Remember! we are not in service yet. Brother, look to your pistols."

"Would you shoot a wounded man?" said Clinton, reining his horse. "Woa, Rocket, woa. Fire, if you dare!"

"No, you are safe; but look ye (taking a silver whistle from his pocket), "my men know the sound of this: we are too many for you. The first sword that is drawn, Clinton, in wrath, will bring every man down upon your Virginians. A pretty figure you would cut, then, wouldn't you, before the commander-in-chief?"

Clinton bit his lip, waved his sword for them to go back—they obeyed, and we followed slowly after them.

"Archibald," said he, "this is a damned foolish affair. Will you forgive me? there is my hand. These cursed women are eternally in my porridge. I—"

I reined up, expecting to hear the report of a pistol; but Archibald went by me, showing no sign of agitation, except a vigorous swelling of the nostrils, and a little more steadiness of eye.

"I never was out on a foraging party in my life—curse it, Rocket, stand still, can't you? Have you been among the idiots too, hey?"

Rocket leaped out, almost from under him, and Archibald I saw, with his hand, riding abreast of Clinton, nearly at a gallop, upon Rocket's mane. Their ill blood was not quite down I saw, and therefore I took the liberty to dash along-side too.

"Hold in a moment," said Archibald, through his shut teeth, "let the troop pass out of sight. Brother, leave us a while."

"I will not," said I.

Archibald looked astonished; but, seeing that I was determined, he waited in a dead silence till the last man had turned the road in our front, throwing his head around as he did so.

Archibald then wheeled short, and came up to Clinton, so that their horses' heads touched. "Well, Gunpowder, what's the matter now?" said Clinton, with a laugh, "you seem quite as ready for a shot just at this moment, as I was ten minutes ago."

It was a minute before my brother could speak, and twice before he uttered a sound,—his hand was upon the holster, and twice, as if the wounded arm of Clinton had not been thought of, till he was ready to bring him from his horse, was it withdrawn. "Clinton!" said he at last, "do not make me shoot you—upon the spot—hate you—curse you, and despise you—do not!"

"Why, what the devil is all this about?—a drivelling girl. Dam me, when you have been in the army as long as I have, you will laugh at such Quixotism—pho—pho. I love the wench—that's the truth on't, but damn it, you are not in earnest, Oadley. Mr. Oadley, don't let him murder me!"

I had just time to lay my hand upon Archibald's arm, when, struck himself at the peril of his own temper, he turned as pale as death, took out his pistols, and discharged them at a tree. The bark flew at each shot, and Clinton changed colour—and well he might, for there wasn't such a marksman in the state.

"Clinton," said my brother, in a low voice, "I am unwilling to believe that you are a fool or a scoundrel. I am trying hard to persuade myself

that this is all a sham. Tell me, Clinton, if you wouldn't break my heart—tell me that you do love her."

"Love her!" cried Clinton, touched by his manner, till his feet shook in the stirrups. "Yes, I do love her, Archibald, more than all the women upon earth—more than I ever thought that I was capable of loving any woman on earth—anything."

"Thank you," said Archibald, "but—"

"Anything but Rocket; I mean," said the incorrigible Clinton.

I was obliged to speak. "This levity, colonel," said I, "to say the least of it, considering my brother's situation and mine, in regard to that family, is neither thoughtful nor generous (his eye kindled); but I have no disposition to quarrel with you. I am principled against duelling, and prefer spilling my blood, and seeing your's spilt, for our common country, and—"

"Mighty fine, Mr. Oadley; but I shall find a time—"

"When you please," said my brother, striking his hand upon his thigh, and looking up in his face. "Country, or no country, when you please;—where you please;—how you please. Across a table—left-handed."

Clinton stopped a moment, for the troop, it appeared, had halted again upon a rising ground, where they could see our movements, and their's seemed to indicate that they had discovered some signs of hostility in our countenance or deportment: for they separated, while we were looking upon them, man after man, until they occupied two different and distinct pieces of ground; our men on the one, and the Virginians on the other, facing; partially inclined to the direction where we were—as if but a word, and they would have galloped, sword in hand, upon us—or upon each other.

"Not now," said Clinton, "not now; blood will be spilt, if we waste any more time. Give me your hand, Archibald; your's, Oadley. Mark me—I hold you both answerable to me, and myself to both; but let us do our duty, first, to Washington."

The proposal was accepted: and on we rode, in a sullen, terrible silence; until at last my horse reared with the sound of Clinton's loud voice and unaffected laughter. "Come, come, Archibald," said Clinton, "no more of this; we have carried the matter far enough."

Archibald contracted his forehead, and replied nearly in these very words; for they made a strange impression on me, being delivered with a cool, deliberate expression of sagacity, as if his whole opinion of Clinton had changed, and could never be changed back again:—

"Colonel Clinton, I can bear to lose her—bear to see her wrested from me, after a three weeks' acquaintance, by a stranger; but I cannot bear to hear her affectionate, noble nature, treated irreverently. No man that ever knew her worth, no man that was ever worthy of her, could do it. Pshaw! do not menace me, Clinton. There is not that man alive, there never was, whom I would permit to speak lightly of Lucia Arnauld."

"You are certainly under some mysterious obligation to her, sir. I—"

"Your sneering, Clinton, doesn't disturb me—if it be true, as you think it is, that I have loved her, even unto death, and been put aside for you, that does not, and shall not, give you a title to make one profligate allusion to her. I am no longer her lover.

Ride slower, if you wish to hear me through; it is the last time that I shall name her name to you. I shall never be her husband; but I am a brother, and as her brother, sir, whatever she may wish or say, I shall hold you answerable for every word and deed, said or done, in relation to her. You are amazed to hear a boy talk in this way. Sir, men have grown old in a single day, grey-headed in a single night, very wise in a single hour. Attribute all that you see strange in me, to what has passed within the last forty-eight hours. In that time, I have lived an age of agony and horror, passion and disappointment, sorrow and humiliation. She that I loved, has abandoned me—he that I would have died for, speaks of a woman, whose very name, if he knew her, with all her frailty and infirmity, he could not pronounce aloud, for his life; speaks of her as if she were the hireling wanton of a camp—some polluted creature—the abused strumpet of a whole army. I do not ask if this were pleasantry; for if it were, it would make me tremble and weep for her. Men that love truly, can no more trifle in that way with the sacred, and beautiful, and tender relationship of love, than they could stand and assist in dishonouring their own mother. But it is not true, Clinton. It was not pleasantry, it was no premeditated contrivance; it was the expression of habitual profligacy, a constitutional and settled irreverence for women; an utter incapability of loving, except as a sensualist or voluptuary. So, no more of that—here let us part. I shall take care, with my own hands, to inform Lucia of this conversation; she may then judge for herself. You appear disturbed: I am glad of it. I would fain see you moved, Clinton, to tears—that might be some expiation for the outrage that you have done—not to me—not to Lucia, but to the sequestered, timid, and holy image of Lucia that I bear in my heart. You were never worthy of her, Clinton; you never will be. I have been deceived in you—I have assisted in deceiving her. But, as I am a living man, it shall not be my fault if she be not undeceived! You needn't smile! Archibald Oadley yet has a place in her heart, to which your image will never penetrate—never! It is the best, and the least visited spot there; and when she dies, my name will be found there. I could have told her this, but I feared, mistaken boy that I was, to thwart her pleasant dreaming with you. Farewell, Clinton. With my consent we shall never meet again. I shall do my duty; nay, I understand you, but I have thought better of it. Whatever you may think of my courage, I will never meet you, for any thing that has yet taken place between us, until your arm is well, and our country has no further need of us. Not then, Clinton; not even then—whatever you may do to provoke me; if you should be the husband of Lucia—the—the—father of her child. That smile! O God, Clinton! is not the very thought of being the father of children, borne by Lucia, enough to purify your whole nature? if not, Heaven have mercy upon you!"

His voice was inarticulate with emotion; and, whatever Clinton may have thought, I am sure that he felt awe-struck in the presence of the intrepid boy. Soon after, we joined the troop; and, about an hour before sunset, fell in with the advance of Washington's army. Signals and salutes were exchanged, and a general hurra was uttered at the sight of Clinton: (yet the name that they hailed him by was not Clinton, though I shall continue to call him so;) and his noble horse pranced, and stamped about, as if impatient to rush anew into the battle.

"Halt!" cried Clinton, putting his horse at speed;

"to your place, Captain Oadley; that is the baggage coming ahead. We shall meet the commander-in-chief in half an hour."

"Yes, sir," said an officer, facing about, "he is with the rear-guard; and Cornwallis' advance is constantly engaged with it;" (and off he set at full speed.) "We must cross the Delaware to-night, or all is lost!"

"Masterly! by Heaven," said Clinton, his noble face blazing outright at the noise of the distant musquetry and drums. "Jasper, he has kept him at bay for ten days."

Our horses grew impatient: but we were soon relieved, for a young fellow rode up, his horse all covered with foam and sweat, made his salute without stopping, said a single word to Clinton, who gave the word to gallop, and then set off toward the sound.

We followed; but as our course was on the side of the road, for the whole centre was taken up with waggons, artillery, baggage, and the hospital stores, (including sick and wounded) we could not go beyond a slow trot.

"Hurra! for Washington!" cried Clayton, rising in his stirrup; "that's his trumpet! I should know it among a thousand."

My blood thrilled at the sound; my brother fell back, inconceivably agitated, to where I was; and Arthur, his horse keeping time proudly, to the cheerful roundelay of the trumpet, came upon my left, so that we occupied, precisely, our old relation to each other.

A tramping of horse was now heard; a solemn stillness followed: and at the end of about five minutes Washington appeared, a little in advance of several young officers, superbly mounted upon a magnificent white charger, whose hoofs rang, when they struck the frozen ground, like the blow of a battle-axe. I heard Archibald catch his breath, and saw his head droop as Washington approached, with Clinton at his side, in earnest conversation. They rode directly up to my brother: who, whatever might be his thought, for I looked for something terrible—had the presence of mind to sit suddenly erect in his saddle, fasten his keen eye upon the eye of Washington, and make his salute, in a manner that made the whole line of horses start back. It was beautifully, gracefully done; and Clinton, I could perceive, was proud of it.

"Captain Oadley," said Washington to me, in a voice that made my heart sink within me; I attempted to stammer out some reply; but I could not.

"No, your excellency," said Clinton, spurring to his side; "that is Captain Oadley," pointing to Archibald.

"Indeed!" was the only reply, after a pause in which you might have counted twenty; while the commander-in-chief, with that sublime, stately serenity which is to be seen even now in the picture of Stuart, although taken at a much later period, turned his large, steady eyes upon my brother, till I thought that he would have fallen from his horse, abashed and overpowered with veneration.

"So very young! Colonel Clinton, you will put them upon duty to-night—we have no time for refreshment—and to-morrow bring Captain Oadley to me." Saying this, he put his handsome horse into a slow gallop, and passed on.

"Captain Oadley," said Clinton, dropping behind, and assuming all at once the air of command best fitted to his countenance, the occasion, and the place—he sat his horse royally indeed, and the superb



uniform which he wore laced athwart the breast, gave all the properties of his full chest and broad, square shoulders to the eye—"you will keep your men upon the wing yonder," pointing to the right—"take what prisoners you can, without hazard; cut down every straggler and deserter without mercy, and give notice of all that drop from fatigue."

Captain Oadley made the salute as if he had never seen his face before, gave his orders, and immediately took his position, scouring the plain ground, far and near, till past eleven o'clock that night, having been nearly twelve hours in the saddle.

Our army was now in full retreat to Princeton, having left Newark and Brunswick, before Cornwallis, with a light body of picked men, amounting to more than double the number of ours; and so hotly pressed was Washington by the unexpected vigour of the enemy, just at the time when he was supposed to have gone into winter quarters, and the term of enlistment was expiring with our troops, that the van of the enemy successively entered Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and Trenton, while the rear of our army was leaving each place. But at last, blessed be God! we left the banks of the Delaware, at twelve o'clock at night, just as his van appeared upon them.

My children! I must pause. I would have you realise the tremendous peril in which your father and uncle—all his family and friends—nay! all the hopes of America, were placed at this hour. Cornwallis was dashing after us, with all his strength and zeal, at the head of six thousand men; and every man that we could count made only twenty-two hundred, on the day that we crossed the Delaware! Nay, in a few days after, we were reduced to about fourteen hundred and fifty! Think of this—a broad river in our front—scarcely men and horses enough to drag our military stores—no possibility of resistance, or retreat—the whole country struck with terror and silence. What would have become of us, had we been overtaken but a single hour before we embarked? God only knows—but it is my belief that we should have been at this moment, with the gallant men of Ireland, the vassals of England, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, to a patrician rabble, and a profligate king. But why was not Washington pursued further? The shores of the Delaware were encumbered with materials for the construction of rafts and platforms; and he himself, in a letter to Congress, declared that nothing but the insatiation of the enemy saved him. Some have pretended to say that Sir William Howe was not seriously disposed to destroy Washington; but the truth probably is, that he was a cautious commander, knew not the strength of our army, or rather its weakness, and was unwilling to cross a broad and rapid river, with a division that could not be readily supported, if Washington should turn upon it, supported by a general rising of the country. Sir William Howe has been blamed for his circumspection—Bargoyne for his impetuosity—Cornwallis for one can hardly tell what—any thing, in short, that would exonerate his country from the disgrace of being beaten, by men who wanted only to be slaves, to be the best troops upon the earth.

Yet, after all, there was something inexplicable, not only in the movements of General Howe and Lord Cornwallis, but in those of Washington, at this time: for the former, but for the destruction of a little bridge over the Raritan, would certainly have taken our baggage; and when the latter did not move from Princeton until Cornwallis was within

three miles of it, yet Cornwallis consumed seventeen hours there! actually sleeping on the way before he advanced upon Trenton, which is only twelve miles distant. There is only one way of accounting for this. Cornwallis must have had positive orders, and Washington must have known it: or, becoming careless and desperate of the result, which is possible even in Washington—he loitered upon the road; and the enemy, taking it for a stratagem, were intimidated into extreme precaution.

Soon after this General Lee was captured, and Congress abandoned Philadelphia. It was a general season of darkness and dismay—but let me not anticipate.

Place yourselves with us in the boats, my children; imagine that you see Archibald and myself holding our horses by the head, with one foot upon the gunwale, looking into the black, deep water—the enemy just coming in sight—flash after flash—shot after shot sent after us, with a loud word or two, in laugh and scorn, from the enemy; and now and then a horseman dashing, at full speed, along the bank before the torches. It was a magnificent night, but very dark, except in a part of the heavens which were all on fire, with a storm just rising. The opposite bank we found in possession of a small body that had been thrown over in advance: but such was our timidity for a while, that when some fellow shouted—"the enemy!"—we were all thrown into disorder for a moment, without reflecting on the impossibility of such a thing. There was a strange, cold hurry of my blood, when the water, and foam of the horses at windward, as they fretted upon their bits, and shook their wet manes in the wind, blew in my face. And when I landed, wet through, and chilled and stiffened in all my limbs, I cannot deny that somewhat of the generous enthusiasm for liberty which I had felt, appeared extinct within me. Ours was the third or fourth boat; and I recognised Washington immediately—and he, my brother; for he rode down, directing him to form upon the right, saying, as he did so—"I have heard of your good conduct, young man. You have joined a sinking, but not a desperate cause; and I am sure that the brave men with you will live to experience the effect of their example. Remember me to every individual, at your leisure, and give me a list of their names. Where so many are leaving me, the country ought to know who are coming in."

"By all the stars of heaven!" cried my brother, flourishing his light weapon in the wind, as Washington rode off; "how a few words from such a man as that can agitate a human heart. Brother! I am no longer a boy, no longer weak. Washington has spoken with me face to face, and hereafter, mark me, I give way to no man upon this earth."

I was carried away with his enthusiasm. And now, being safe from pursuit, we were thrown off into a separate covering party, while the Virginians, saluting us as they passed with something more than a military feeling (for hadn't we been in battle together?) filed off in a contrary direction to join their companions.

The next morning, at an early hour, Clinton joined us, still with the air of a superior in command, and addressing my brother, who was smoothing the mane of his beautiful mare, said to him,

"The commander-in-chief has confirmed your appointment, sir, and permitted you to select one hundred men, for a while; hereafter they will be reduced. At present they are too numerous for your command: you have the liberty of naming your own officers."



"My men shall choose for themselves," said Archibald.

"No, sir, that will not be permitted; the service has been too long the sport of that shameful practice. It leads to indulgence, carelessness, and neglect of duty. Whom would you name?"

"Arthur Rodman," said my brother, bowing, "and Jonathan Oadley, and whom you please for the rest."

"Your recommendation will be attended to," said Clinton, facing his horse; "but I would have you know, gentlemen, that the eye of the general is upon you. He expects the greatest vigilance, and severest discipline. You are now in service, and subject to martial law."

There was something sarcastic in the tone with which this was said, as if meant to irritate; but my brother took no notice of it, observing only, after he had gone—

"His manners mend apace, brother; but that arm of his seems wonderfully improved in camp. (I had observed that it was no longer in the sling.) Do you know the surgeon that attends him?"

"No," I replied; "he came very opportunely to the house, and I believe had been in service."

"Did you ever see the arm? were you ever by at a dressing?"

"No; but I remember hearing Mr. Arnauld say to him that his movements were wonderfully easy for a broken limb."

"I do not believe that it was broken," said Archibald. "It was bruised, and perhaps dislocated, for I know that the wrist was terribly swollen. But my notion is that it will soon be well."

"So be it," said I; "the sooner the better." We understood each other, and shook hands upon it.

In this manner, with some little alterations of incident and command, several days had passed, during which short time our spirited little troop, out early and late upon hazardous and fatiguing, if not dangerous service, began to attract the admiration of the general's staff. La Fayette, in particular, then in the prime and beauty of manhood, full six feet high, riding a dark bay horse of superb carriage, frequently passed by us at our exercise, and threw in a word or two of incitement to my brother, which fired his very heart.

"I told you," said I, when he had left us one day, after addressing him with that princely air which yet characterises the ancient nobility of France—"I told you that you would never be able to pass off upon an assumed name."

"No," he replied; "I had not reflected upon it then. A little timely precaution, before we met the Virginians, might have done it. But it was a vain thought, after all: a secret cannot be well kept by one hundred. I have abandoned it. Let our old father have the comfort of it."

"It is said to have been a masterly retreat," added my brother, "this of our commander, through the Jerseys. I just heard that rough, honest, weather-beaten man (pointing to General Knox), and that tall one there, with the fiery grey eyes (pointing to General Cadwallader), in conversation, as they halted at the left of our troop, say that it beat Xenophon's retreat all hollow, and that nineteen days had been consumed on it."

"Wonderful!" said I, hardly knowing why so, except that other men called it wonderful, whose judgment and truth were authority with me.

"The country have taken the alarm, too," said my brother. "They came pouring in on all sides,

and the talk is of a speedy battle, if we can get enough about us to make a stand. Let us be prepared. Arthur, I find, is melancholy as ever. Does he sleep at all?"

"Very little," I answered. "Wake when I will, he is always lying in the same position, with his eyes half shut—in the saddle, too, night and day."

"So much the better," said my brother. "Jasper says that my troop are better horsemen, in all but running at the ring, than any troop of cavalry in the service; and I—"

"Do you improve?"

"Yes; I am more than a match for him now. He confesses it himself. A French gentleman here—that thin, sprightly fellow that you saw talking a while ago with the Marquis—"

"La Fayette?"

"Yes. He has promised to teach me small-sword. He says that Clinton is the best man in the army at that. But, patience—patience, brother; a small sword is a safer weapon than a pistol; worth accomplishing myself in; and I am determined to be first or nothing. I have played three or four hours a-day, and my master predicts wonders."

The British troops were thrown into cantonments, extending all along from Brunswick to the Delaware, and presenting a front towards Philadelphia.

This began to agitate our commander, till he could neither eat nor sleep. We could perceive that his manner was more solemn and thoughtful than ever; and one day, when I was detailed upon duty, and paraded in front of his quarters, I remember that, as he came out, there was a handsome, florid-looking young man, named Wilkinson (since then general, then major), with him, on whom the eyes of Washington were turned with an expression of mournful, but intensely deep resolution. Wilkinson appeared a good deal affected, and as he passed me, walking with his sword, he had the air of one who was willing to have it known that he had been dining with the general-in-chief. His eyes were full to overflowing.

"Now, then, to clip their wings, while they are so extended," said Washington to the poor boy who brought an account of the enemy's situation and numbers, Jemmy Rice, the idiot, as he was called; and soon after a blow was struck that startled all America from her sleep, like the trumpet of resurrection.

It was about this time that a damp had fallen upon the very heart of our people by the capture of Lee. He had been an universal favourite. His talents abundantly over-rated, his achievements at the south magnified beyond all belief, and all his faults, his domineering, arrogant pretensions, forgotten or forgiven; and, somehow or other, the people took it into their wise heads that he had suffered himself to be surprised, as the handsomest way of abandoning a desperate cause. They were mistaken. Lee was surprised, and had no good reason to wish himself out of our hands, or in the hands of the British, for he and Lord Stirling were for a long time kept in confinement as rebels and traitors, rather than prisoners of war. But more than that, his capture was providential in the extreme. Look at his position upon the map. See where he was taken; entirely out of his line of march. No; if the truth must be told, it is this:—Charles Lee was willing to sacrifice Washington to his popularity. He loitered upon the road, and went aside from it under the illdest pretence, at the time when Washington was vehemently pressing him for succour, with no other object, or at least

is difficult to imagine any other, than to strike out some such brilliant *coup de main* upon the extended outposts of the enemy as Washington then meditated, and afterwards performed upon Trenton. And had he succeeded—merciful Heaven! my blood curdles at the thought—he would have been in the place of George Washington, commander-in-chief of our armies, and the Cæsar of America.

But let me return. Just before the battle of Trenton, on a most beautiful evening, while we were walking in front of our troop, that had been out on a fatigue party through our cantonments along the Delaware, there was a fine martial-looking young man halted near us, accompanied by another of a stouter, more substantial, and farmer-like aspect, one of whom we found to be Colonel Reid, and the other old Put, or General Putnam. "Well primed," said Put, "well primed." (Returning a large rusty horse pistol to the holsters.) Reid, we are in troubled times. I wouldn't sleep without a cocked pistol in my hand. Dark times, dark times, Reid."

"The darkest time of night," said Reid, "is just before day, general."

"Ha! by heaven and earth," cried my brother dropping my arm, "there goes our father."

He was right. The old man had come at last, stout and terrible as ever, passing with the indifference of a veteran through all the paraphernalia of war, with fifty-nine horsemen and nearly 200 foot at his heels. Washington mounted, and rode down to receive him, and gave the old man his hand before all the soldiers.

There was our reward: there it was. Who wouldn't have spilt blood for his country, to see the hand of his old father so taken at the head of a whole army?

The old man bowed his grey head upon the general's hand, and I could see that his knees trembled, and his eyes were nearly shut and quenched when he lifted them. A word or two passed between them, when the general pointed to Archibald, who stood patiently awaiting the issue, and then rode off.

Our father got leisurely from his horse, embraced us affectionately, told us that all were well—all. Spoke of Clinton and Lucia. I was amazed at my brother's self-possession. He showed no weakness, no emotion at the name. My father bore a letter for Clinton, which was sent to his quarters; but not an hour had passed before a messenger came with orders for Captain Oadley.

I arose to accompany him.

"At your peril," said the messenger. "I am ordered to keep my eyes upon you. He must go alone."

"Tell your master, sir, that I shall not go alone. If Colonel Clinton would see me, he must come to my quarters; or wait till I am under his command."

"That's my noble boy," said my father, "but—hey?—how's this?—you look pale, Archy. Can't you forgive him yet?—pho, pho! never mind the girl—she—"

"Hush, father: I can bear any thing but that!" They then walked away till the canvass was rudely thrust aside, and Clinton stood before us, his eyes sparkling with rage, his lips bloody.

"Is that your work, sir?" said he to Archibald, throwing down a letter.

My brother smiled darkly: but took it up without any sign of trepidation, keeping his eye upon him for a while, and then running it over the page.

"Yes, sir, it is," said he.

"And how dared you?"

"Dared!—O, it was no such daring matter. I told you that I should do it, and I always do what I promise."

"Fool—madman!"

"Colonel Clinton, these are my quarters. I should be loth to strike you, my superior officer—but—"

Here Clinton's eyes fell upon my father, and his manner instantly changed to the same careless, unthinking levity that he wore when we first knew him; captivating all hearts, yet confounding them at the same time by the violence and suddenness of its transitions.

Archibald went a step nearer, as if distrusting his own eyes.

"Damn it, Oadley," dashing the back of his hand over his eyes, I don't half like this affair: I have been very like a villain—and—will you give me your hand, and forget what has passed?"

"No," said my brother, "no. When Colonel Clinton has explained two or three little matters—reformed in two or three, not very important particulars—repented, deeply and truly, of two or three matters of no moment—if he want a friend, here stands one that will be his friend—his friend indeed. Till then, never."

Clinton looked disturbed; but, finally, the natural wild levity of his character prevailed. "Done! I subscribe to your terms; I will be what you desire, my little chaplain. I—"

Archibald looked, and I felt deeply offended. He felt that he was no longer a boy, and he would not be treated as a boy.

## CHAPTER IX.

By torch and trumpet sound arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade;  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry!

"We shall keep our Christmas in a serious way, father," said I, in answer to some remark of his, the evening of his arrival, respecting the preparation in our neighbourhood.

"No more so than they will," answered the old man, passing his hand athwart his eyes. "This will be the first one, for twenty-six years, that your mother and I have passed away from each other, or abroad from our own roof. God help the aged, who, in the dead of winter, are driven asunder, as we are. The winter of the year plays bitterly upon them that are exposed, in the winter of the heart, for the first time, under such a miserable contrivance as this"—(the snow was blowing through the rent canvass at the moment, and sprinkling the table, upon which my brother lay, with his arms stretched out, and his face lying upon them, as if spent and overpowered with fatigue) "for the first time in their old age. It is no merry Christmas to them."

"Nor will it be to the enemy, I'm a thinking, father," said Archibald, lifting his head for a moment. The traces of weeping were yet upon his eyes, and a quick confusion passed over his face, as he saw our eyes glancing, where the moisture and breath of his wet lips had frozen upon the table, and the tears had fallen like rain, and dashed his arm athwart the whole, exclaiming, "If we are to remain here much longer, we shall be weather-proof indeed."



"What mean you, Archibald?" said my father to him. "Your countenance was fuller of expression than common; are the enemy in any peril?"

"Hush, father, we are not permitted to talk aloud of such things. All that I can tell you is, that a double portion of rum has been issued to the soldiers; several days' provision ordered to be kept constantly cooked; all the surgeons kept busy in preparing their instruments and bandages; and that something, I know not what, or if I did I would not breathe it, is in agitation. Let us be prepared then, at a moment's warning. I have not taken off my clothes for these six nights; and the saddle has almost grown to Hetty's back; and, besides, I can tell you further, that Washington has not shut his eyes for the last forty-eight hours. I saw him, at three o'clock yesterday morning, pacing the hard ground in the rear of his quarters for an hour together. Council after council has been called, at which only two or three of his most intimate and confidential officers have been admitted. So let us be prepared. Whatever it is, I feel assured, from the bearing of our commander, that it is a desperate matter. Let us be on the alert—silent as death, and prompt as the angels of death."

"Amen!" said the old man, putting his hand upon Archibald's head. "Verily, verily, thou art the child of my old age."

I was startled at the sudden reply of Archibald. There was a peevishness and impatience in it; and he talked with that hurried earnestness, which is common with them that talk to drown their own thought. I wondered at it. I had wondered too at the strange communicativeness that he had just manifested, and began to study him with more attention, to discover, if possible, what it was that so wrought upon him.

"You are disturbed," said I, at last. "What has happened to you?"

He lifted his deep, beautiful, intelligent eyes upon me—attempted to speak—dropped the lids two or three times, and opened and shut his lips, with that dry, peevish expression, which shows the unquiet nature of the spirit within more forcibly than any words; and then, as if ashamed of his own weakness, stooped to the floor, or rather to the trodden earth, for we had no other floor, and picked up a letter, which he pushed toward me, and then turning suddenly to my father, while I began to read it, asked him how Mr. Arnauld was.

"Bad enough, poor gentleman."

"Not dangerous, I hope?"

"No, we hope not; but his hurts have been followed by a fever and derangement, during which he raved incessantly of Mary Austin. Don't frown, Archibald; the hand of God hath fallen heavily upon him, but his proud spirit is humbled to the earth. If ever mortal man was truly and deeply penitent, sorrowing, ashamed, and submissive, Robert Arnauld is so—and when I left him, sick and sore as he was—bereaved and darkened as they all were. I have good reason to trust that they were all happier with him, and prouder of him than ever."

"And my mother?" said Archibald, choking.

"There is no consolation for her. Lo!—earthly consolation I mean. She is going to her grave; and I am prepared to go with her. May it be God's will that we shall sleep together, in the same grave!—our bridal, and marriage, and death should be the same. I could pray to die first, and away from her; but that would be unnatural, selfish. I am better able still than she to withstand the wintry desolation

of survivorship. Her heart is sick and sore yet, even unto death."

"Let it not be agitated then," said Archibald, 'for that would be a death to it now perhaps, which at another day it would resist for ever,' pressing his own hand upon his own heart with all his strength. "Well, brother, you have finished, I see; what thank you of it?"

I shook my head.

"Mistaken girl," said Archibald, "how little she knows her own heart."

"Read that," said I, giving him a letter that my proud Clara had written me. It was as follows:—

"We had hoped, dear Oadley, to see you for a few hours at Christmas; and, sad as the prospect is, we shall not give up the hope until the night has passed. We feel, it is true, when we hear of your movements, for in one way and another, while you are near us, we seem to hear of every thing that is done by our little army—we feel strangely as the thought comes over us, that near as you are you cannot be with us—sick or well, living or dead, without the permission of others that never heard of, or care for us. I have no time to write more; your father goes sooner by three days than he had meditated: in consequence, though he will not own it, of a dream that a little malcap here had respecting him and his reinforcement. My dear father, blessed be Heaven, is in the way of restoration—but you cannot well imagine my delight and gratitude—his heart is not the heart that he fell sick with. Our Heavenly Father hath touched and purified it. Your mother has consented to sit with the family now, and we hope to make her feel more comfortable after a while.

"Ellen Sampson, who arrived just as you were setting out, and caught a glimpse of Rodman and your brother, is strangely infatuated about him. She is the life of the whole family, and vows that, solemn and strange as he is, and wild and frolicsome as she is, he shall be her true knight, and bids you tell him so, sending a lock of her bright hair for an amulet."

"Here it is brother," offering it to him.

"Pho, pho! read on," said Archibald, without looking at it, "read on: what says she of—of—"

I lifted my eyes to show him that I understood of whom he would inquire, and glancing at my father, whose loud breathing announced that he had fallen asleep; while Archibald threw off his watch cloak, covered him with it, and sat by his side so as to support his head upon his bosom; I read as follows:—

"Remember me to Mr. Rodman, who, we are told, as well as yourself (bad English, but I cannot help it in the hurry of my feeling) is an officer; and tell him that the stout-hearted never despair; that it is unmanly to be stricken to the heart by any sorrow, any calamity, any humiliation; tell him that a woman says so; and bid him awake, stand up, bear his forehead to the sky, and shake off the fetters that encumber him. His Maker will not hold him guiltless of his own blood, if he rashly, presumptuously, or with a feeling of despondency, let it out, no matter in what cause.

"And now, as for you, dear John, allow me to address you so; it is an endearing appellation, and may be a comfort to you, if any thing should hereafter happen to sunder us—"

"To what?" said Archibald, starting.

"To sunder us!"

"She writes very composesly," said he, in reply



with a sort of bitter pleasantry, "as if such an event were in her contemplation; but proceed."

"I never used it to mortal man except to you—I have reserved it to this moment. I have been thinking much of you since you left us, and I have come to the conclusion—impelled to the inquiry, perhaps, by what Archibald said when we parted, that we have all misunderstood your true character; that, sedate and quiet as you are, you have a slumbering earth quake in your breast. Beware of it in time. Things lightly done, with such a temper, may convulse and shatter the whole constitution of your happiness. I may be mistaken, but my belief is, that, once put to it, your temper will be more terrible, more implacable and tempestuous; your wrath fiercer than that of any creature about us. Beware of it. No fitting occasion has yet happened for the development of your power; I almost pray that one never may happen: for I tremble when I think what else may start up with it. And now, let me tell you, that when we meet again, I have something for your private ear; a matter of little importance I endeavour to persuade myself, but, possibly, of sufficient to—no, I will not frighten myself with such anticipations. I allude to it now, that if your own heart unite you, you may be prepared against our next meeting; and that you may not attribute the kindness of my manner in this letter to ignorance, but rather to an unshaken principle of my nature, which leads me never to withdraw my confidence, in any degree, from the heart where it has once been placed, without proof—proof like holy writ. Whatever it be, therefore, dear, dear John, let not your heart be disturbed, unless you are deliberately guilty. Then, it may be, we might as well never meet again. But if innocent altogether, or in a degree, or only surprised into that, which manhood and delicacy made you conceal from me, you may be sure of my forgiveness, blessing, and, perhaps, of my unalterable affection. Meantime, you may be assured that there will be no change in my deportment toward you till I see you confronted, face to face, with your accuser; and if,—for oh, my friend, in the peril of war and the vicissitude of chance and life, such a thing may well be, and it is our duty to be prepared for it—if it be, that we are never to meet again, never! let this consolation abide with you, that I shall hold you innocent, and love you, venerate you as so, until you are proved to be guilty—face to face!

"Christmas is at hand; we have agreed to leave a vacant seat for each of you—yet, oh! merciful Heaven; my heart hurries and stops at the thought; my assumed calmness all deserts me; apprehension and darkness rush in upon me, and my tears will fall, in spite of all my strength and preparation. Yet, who can tell but that seat may never be filled again! You, or your father, or Archibald, or Arthur, or Clinton. No, no, it is not only possible, but probable, that we shall never all assemble again about the bright hearth and bountiful table of the season. But faint not, nor sleep. Remember us, me, and do your duty. If you can be with us, if you can, without any sacrifice of duty, I shall be the happiest woman upon earth; but if not, remember, on Christmas next, if you are out on duty, where you can see the sky, and feel the wind, that others are watching and praying for you, all night long; for that will certainly happen. Our mother's love to you, and Archibald, whose name agitates her to tears whenever it is mentioned; and Mr. Rodman, our father's too. We expect great things of you all. Farewell! your country first, Clara last."

"What! not one word," said Archibald, dropping his hands with a sick and despairing helplessness upon the table.

"Yes," I replied, reading on:

"Poor Lucia does nothing but weep all day and all night; she is so altered, that you would scarcely know her. Why she suffers more cruelly than I, is naturally to be accounted for: she is younger, and her swain is pesterer her continually with letters that would make any heart bleed; never more than a line or two, and written as if he were on horseback, while the pen is never out of her hand. Poor, dear Lucia; I like not the commencement of this affair; but her happiness is in the keeping of Heaven; of an honourable man, though an imprudent one; and of your brother Archibald, tell him this."

"God bless her," said Archibald, covering his face, and bowing his head religiously, till it touched the grey locks of our father.

"Tell him also that he is properly appreciated, his honesty, I mean, and good intention in his note to poor Lucia. It appeared to jar her a good deal at first; but she pronounced his name, with a benediction when she had read it, and then turned deadly sick; but, as she did not offer to let me see it, I have never importuned her about it, feeling assured that I may trust the dear creature to Archibald now, as I would if he were her twin brother."

The tears trickled through his fingers, and fell, drop by drop, past the light, so that I could count them where I sat, though little did he think that they could be seen.

"What! did you write to her?" said I; "is it a secret?"

"No," he replied, taking a paper out of his pocket. "That is the very note. She returned it to Clinton; "but finish the letter."

"I have finished it," I replied.

"No—there is some writing athwart the outer page." I turned the letter, and found the following words written, as if after the letter had been folded—"What is Clinton's real name? Lucia knows it, but father does not, and he is a little angry and sore about it. Tell the colonel, if he be a colonel, to tell his name quickly—if he have any—or—" (the rest was illegible.)

"But why did she return your note?" said I, opening it, "and to you?"

"She did not. I wish that she had kept it, and sent Clinton a copy. Pshaw! what drivelling tenderness is this. Why should I wed the wife of another man—his wife—(his voice died away into a low muttering sound, as he continued)—aye—let me believe it—let me accustom myself to think of it—Lucia—Lucia Clinton—ah—well, well—"

The Note.—"Clinton has spoken disrespectfully of you: you best know whether you have merited it. My notion of the man is, that he is a dissolute, unthinking fellow; a tyrant in temper—changeable as the wind—and utterly unworthy of your love. I have told him so. I have told him that I would inform you of it. But I did not tell him, as I do you, that there are noble qualities in his nature; that much of his profligacy is of manner rather than heart; that I believe he may be, in time, worthy of the unutterable happiness that—no matter, Lucia—I only pray that you will be firm; such men are only to be taught wisdom by their suffering. Make him suffer—be firm—they value nothing, but in proportion to the dif-

faculty of attainment. Would you win him? Beware how you let him see his power over you. Would you keep him? Set a guard upon your very pulse, thought, and eyes. Would you charm away the licentious spirit of his nature? Banish the evil one that abides in his heart, and settle him down into a hero; for that he may be, if you deal aright with him. I would not hurt your innocent heart, Lucia—you know that I would not—be wary, unyielding, prepared, and let him have nothing to boast of, in any event; something to hope for, whatever may happen. You understand me; I know your noble, unthinking, pure and lofty confidence; but he is not the man for such confidence—not yet, I mean—what he may be, must depend upon you.

“ARCHIBALD OADLEY.”

Having copied this for your eyes, my dear children, from the original, which is yet in my possession, I will now endeavour to give you the substance, and indeed much of the very language (for I had that till the house was burnt) of her's to Clinton, which enclosed Archibald's to her.

“DEAR CLINTON.—Am I never to see you again? Where are you? We hear the noise of artillery, and, night after night, the sky is reddened with the blaze of some farm-house. Heaven only knows what will become of us; I am very wretched, very—need I tell you why? O! Clinton, there is a yearning here, an unsatisfied, dreadful—I know not what to call it—it is as if my heart had been exhausted in a receiver—it is very terrible. And sometimes, when I catch a glimpse of my haggard face in the furniture, for I dare not look in a glass, I—I—cannot but weep. Do come to me—we are not safe—I am sure that we are not. There is nobody but my poor sick father, and four or five men, chiefly servants, to defend us in case of another midnight—gracious God, Clinton, can you bear to think of such an event? But why need I ask you—what have you at hazard? what have I now? Ask your own heart, mine cannot answer. It would die to meet your face. I know not how I have been able to write thus much; there is a rush of shame, and horror, and indignation through my whole frame. Clinton, is that true? read that note.

Have you dared to—not to outrage my name, I hope, ere the print of your lips had left my forehead; but have you dared to speak of me lightly? dis—yes, that is the word, but I cannot write it; read the note for yourself, read it, is it true? If it be, hear me, Clinton, hear me. You little know me, but you know something of what I may be able to do, by what I have already done; you little know me, if you believe me tame or spiritless. Ask Archibald—that stout-hearted boy, Archibald, whom I—O. do not flatter yourself, Clinton: it was not all love—so sudden, measureless, appalling—O no, it was not; but I sacrificed him to you, and—I rave strangely, Clinton, and cannot for the life of me retain, even in conversation, the ordinary coherency of life. Perhaps I am disordered—I could almost pray that I may be: but let me see you first, once more, only once. Yet what do I say—he is honest, so honest, that I cannot doubt him; so fearless, that I am mad to put his godlike spirit in such peril, and therefore I must be-

lieve him. Hear me! my thought is steadier for a moment. Hear me! what I say, that will I do. Much as I have loved you—do love you—if you have spoken disrespectfully of me (yes! that I the very word; I have written it at last), farewell, for ever! farewell! farewell! There is no hope for you—none. Depend upon nothing that has passed; place no confidence in my weakness, nor in the recollection of it—you understand me—the heat that thawed in your breath will have been frozen to adamant, never to melt again—never, never, if it be true. I know what your hope will be, but you will be disappointed—sorrow-stricken. Young as I am, beautiful as they say that I am, passionate and tender as you know me to be, that, even that, will have no weight with me. Shame I can endure; death, death, Clinton, but not indignity.”

I heard my brother gasping for breath, but I dared not look up, and continued to read—

“I believe that Archibald tells the truth—I believe, therefore, that this is a final adieu, and I think that I can see you smile; but my early hope, and you can estimate its lightness, when I tell you that I myself, I—a woman in love to distraction—believe it to be a desperate one: for I have known Archibald for many years, you but for a few weeks; I think that I can see you smile, haughtily and confidently, while you read the threat, as if assured in your own heart that one word or look of your's will bring the love-sick girl, now that she is so utterly in your power, upon your bosom again. You are mistaken. If it be true, farewell for ever! But beware of my father—of John—of Arthur; and, most of all, of Archibald; your blood, Clinton! I would not have it spilt for me, but I cannot prevent it. I foresee that if Archibald tell the truth—if—do I say if? O! God, that that should be my only hope: falsehood in Archibald Oadley! Do not believe that I doubt him, because I enclose this letter to you—No: it is because I would show my confidence in you. If you are innocent, put your sword, not through his heart, not—no, no—let him alone—let him perish in his own way: if guilty—God for ever bless you, Clinton, but I have done with you.”

My tears, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, now ran with a feeling of insupportable heat and soreness down my cheeks. I folded the letter, and reached it to my brother without lifting my eyes; but having held it for a moment, and not observing any motion to take it, I spoke.

“The letter, brother—”

He returned no answer; and in turning round, for he was a little at my left side, I found him with his head and arms hanging lifelessly over the body of my father, as if his noble heart had stopped for ever. For twenty minutes that I employed myself in chafing his temples, our father standing over him like a dead man, helpless and horror-struck, he gave no sign of life. But at last—O! it was the happiest moment of mine—he opened his eyes, moved them about faintly for a moment or two, rested them upon our father, and then put out his hand with a slow, reverent motion. “Do not weep, father, do not: nor you, brother. Help me out into the air a while, and I shall be well.”

“It snows violently, dear brother, and you are all in a sweat,” said I, putting out my hand through the canvass.



"It matters not, lead me out," he replied; "I can bear the snow, but not the heated atmosphere of this apartment—it chokes me."

Poor fellow! our breath was congealed upon our cloaks within that heated atmosphere.

We led him out, therefore; and the wind whistled, and the fine snow was driving through and through his beautiful hair, and into his bosom; yet it melted as soon as it struck his forehead, and his patient eyes shone out so brightly, that we were terrified.

At last he stood up, knit his brows, brushed away the snow from his coat, and turning to us, said that he was ashamed of himself; but while he spoke, evidently with the desire of proving that he was altogether restored, he fainted away again, and would have fallen into the drifted snow, but for my father. We were justly alarmed now, and sent for the physician of the corps.

He came, and ordered Archibald to be brought immediately to his own quarters, which were rather better furnished than the others, and fitted up as a sort of hospital. All the next day he never opened his lips, nor the next night, except to ask the time, and order the horse to be out at the exercise, an hour earlier than usual, intending to be with them, but he could not; and it was not till almost noon, when the stirring about him, as we struck our tents, awoke him, that he seemed to recollect himself, for he immediately arose, and with a little assistance dressed himself, in spite of the remonstrance of the physician.

"You do not understand my malady, dear doctor," he said, buckling his scimitar upon his side. "It is inactivity—thought—ha! Clinton, what are they doing?"

"First, let me ask you," (giving him his two hands with the utmost cordiality and frankness) "are you able to undergo another night's duty before sleep?"

"Yes; but I hope that it will be the last."

"Nay, do not flatter yourself—weary so soon? Ha! what do you mean, Oadley, are you desponding?"

"No, no; what's to be done? tell me," said my brother, repeatedly, setting his foot upon the table, which shook with the unsteady pressure, and belting his spurs with a faint, trembling hand, and a sick aspect.

"You are very weak, dear Archibald," said Clinton, taking the strap out of his hand; "but if you can sit your horse you must. Washington has spoken of you in council not an hour since, and you are to be intrusted with serious duty. I knew that you were ill, but I kept it a secret till I had seen you. Can you keep your saddle?"

"Yes, for a while. What is to be done?"

"About an hour before dark," said Clinton, all on fire with the thought of battle, "you will put your men in motion secretly, and come in by a circuit at McKoukey's Ferry, there to cover an embarkation, which will take place at dark. You will be particularly wanted—Sullivan and Greene have no horse there; and my notion is, that after taking your party, we shall have to dismount all the troops, and take their horses for our light artillery—but that is not yet determined upon. Do not interfere with Knox's men; they are jealous as the devil of the Southerners. Keep clear of them, and consider yourself under Washington's

command alone, and move only for yourself, when he is away."

"But whither are we to march?" said my father: "I feel rather awkward."

"New levies always do," said Clinton, laughing. "But we shall soon put you in training; not a man knows the design yet. First, we are to cross the Delaware—that is all that we know yet. Cadwallader has moved off in beautiful stile—not a man knows for what; and Irving I saw, a few hours ago, putting him in motion. My thought is—God bless Washington for keeping the good old fashion!—that we are to give the enemy a Christmas ball and dance—

"Christmas?" said I, involuntarily glancing at Archibald.

"By Heaven!" he replied, walking to the door of the tent, "so it is; who knows what may have happened at the appointed hour. Brother, brother, the chairs may be empty of our bodies; but which of our spirits may not be among them at the hour of their fullest revelry?"

I was inconceivably affected; his manner was so solemn, settled, and the tone of his voice so inward and prophetic. But we had no time to exchange either congratulation or encouragement, for every moment was precious. Our men were paraded in the light of the setting sun—the whole camp under arms, tents struck, and a general, but beautiful celerity, full of strictness and precision, gave evidence that something momentous was in agitation. Washington came out just ahead of us, and mounted his great white horse, with that air of absolute authority, which began to distinguish all his movements about this time, for Congress had made him little less than a dictator at last; and Archibald, when once upon the back of his spirited little mare, seemed to forget, in the presence of his commander-in-chief, all sense of infirmity, if not of mortality: for when Clinton raised his sword, while he rode by the side of Washington, as a signal to my brother to set off, it was done in such a gallant, soldier-like style, that Washington pressed his white charger forward at least twenty yards abreast of my brother, utterly regardless of the young cavalcade about him, as if carried away for a moment with enthusiasm; and well he might have been, for my brother's eyes shone intensely bright, and his pale, boyish face was illuminated with a strange, settled sternness, well calculated to startle the boldest. For my own part, I forgot his age, and moved after him as if I had been the junior: but so it has been through my life; that boy, after the first twenty years of his course, during which I had passed by him, regardless of his eye or attitude, took his position, all at once, and was never afterwards driven from it. I tried, again and again, to recover my ancient sway—that was in vain; my equality next—that was equally so; till at last, wearied out with a perpetual warfare, against a spirit that always would keep in advance, through all his arteries, heart and veins had been ruptured and burst in the effort, I silently abandoned myself to his steady dominion—acknowledged his supremacy, and slept quietly ever afterward.

The night was intensely cold, and we were delayed many hours longer than had been anticipated, by an accumulation of ice in the river. And here, if you would get a good notion of the countenance of Washington at this time (the most eventful and

trying moment of his life), I would recommend that you study a picture just painted by a Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, upon this subject. He has been singularly happy; and when I recollect the face of Washington, as he reined up for half an hour within pistol-shot of me, it appears to me that some man must have painted it who was with us at the time. Before we came down to the ferry there was an awful solemnity, darkness, and repose in it. But there, when in sight of the troops, as they were severally embarking, every man of whom, so long as the face of their commander could be seen, even after the boats had put off, kept his eyes upon it, was full of a loftier, more animated, youthful, and heroic expression of encouragement and confidence.

You have heard of General Knox, then colonel, and of his stentorian voice. I assure you that no justice can be done to him or it. My ears rang for a fortnight after at the same hour of the night; and do yet, when I remember how he galloped about, cursing and swearing, dismounting every five minutes, and lifting at his own artillery like a giant. He was a gallant fellow: full of blood, with all the blunt, strong New England hard hood. And Greene, too, he was there; the only man of all our armies capable, I believe, in case of any disaster, to take the place of Washington. There he sat, full of deep, religious composure, his broad forehead fronting the fires that were kindled near the place of embarkation.

At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed upon the Jersey shore, and by five had taken up our line of march. Clinton was every where, riding through the horsemen, along by the infantry and artillery, carrying orders, cheering the men, and infusing, wherever he moved, the very spirit of chivalry. But my brother—poor fellow, and my father too, were silent as death. I saw them, while the division was forming, meet, shake hands, and part; but I, alas! had no opportunity to embrace the old man before we were upon the march; but he saw me, and holding out his sword, shook it manfully, as if to encourage me. I answered the signal. I saw no more of him till the affair was all over.

"It was very remarkable," said my brother in a low voice. "Rodman, take the command a while (Rodman leaped forward, and as he passed me I heard his loud breathing, as if now he was about to be happy indeed). It is very remarkable, my dear brother, that they should be, at this moment, sitting about a table with three or four empty chairs at it, for three or four living men—a father, two sons, and a cousin; is it not awful to think what may happen?"

"It is impossible," said I; "you forget the hour: it must be near morning."

"True," said he, as if awakening all of a sudden; "and it is not till to-morrow night, Christmas night, that the chairs will be set for us—dead or alive. I had forgot; I had half persuaded myself that, at this moment, their eyes were fixed on a serene blue sky; it may be in prayer for us, little dreaming that the snow, and rain, and darkness, are driving in our faces, and that—"

"Hush, brother," said I; "we are overheard."

"I care not, thought it beby Washington himself," continued my brother; "nay, do not trouble yourself to look behind; whoever it be he shall see that I am not the worse fitted for death, for having prepared myself for it."

"Death!" said I, and would have added some word of reproof, had not a tall, majestic figure, on a horse, that even in the rank of white horses appeared unusually white, rode slowly athwart our rear, followed by ten or twelve other horsemen.

"By Heaven, brother! you will have lost his favour. It was Washington himself," said I.

"I care not," he replied. "George Washington himself (if he be the good and great man that I think him) has a heavier heart than I at this moment, is as sorry at the thought of the blood that he is about to spill—and altogether better prepared for death."

"Brother," said I, after a moment's pause, "we are strangely disturbed by our disorderly watching and sleep. Last night was Christmas eve, after all—this morning—I feel it at my heart—yes, I am sure of it! eyes that we know, lips that we love, hearts that we would die for, are all in prayer for us at this blessed moment. As I live, the thought rushes in upon me, distending my own heart, till it aches with fullness."

"And so it is, as I hope for mercy! Well, Heaven be praised—farewell, brother—let us do our duty, and commit ourselves to God. I see the light breaking in there, and a movement. Hush—hush! farewell!"

"Farewell!" said I, "brother," and just then our whole army passed softly and silently, by two or three officers, one of whom I knew to be Clinton, posted upon the road side, continually waving their swords, with a motion as if to enjoin the most deathlike stillness; and deathlike it was, for nothing could be heard but the blowing of the horses, a jolting sound now and then in the wet snow, where the artillery-waggons and gun-carriages cut through into the ground, and a general rush as of deep, heavy water.

A few moments after a troop of Virginians, under Captain Washington (afterwards so distinguished at the south) paraded, in beautiful style, through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival we had hoped (as I afterwards found) to surprise the enemy at Trenton while yet overpowered by the festivities of the preceding night, and make his morning sleep the sleep of death; but now that hope was abandoned, for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shot, and left him prepared, for what it is remarkable that he had already heard a vague rumour of—our intended attack. Yet this very affair, which at first threatened to be so disastrous, the frolic of Captain Washington was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for, as that was not followed up, he retired to quarters, after waiting a reasonable time, as we afterward found, thinking the whole a Virginian ruse.

Our troops were now thrown into two divisions. We were separated from our father, who was detailed under Sullivan and St. Clair, to take the river road: while we, under Washington himself, Greene, Morris, and Stephens, pushed onward through what is called the Pennington-road.

A few moments afterward, just while I thought my heart had lost its motion entirely, for I felt, in looking about me, and seeing the dark array of substantial but noiseless creatures, horses and waggons, as if the whole army were an apparition—a cavalcade of dead men, marching from one place of burial to another. I heard a shot so near me, that my horse leaped out of the rank. This was



followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their posts, had suddenly started up, one after the other, fired off their pieces, and run in.

Our advance were well furnished with bayonets, and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death with our horses—riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done when we heard the firing of the other division at the opposite quarter, so admirably timed had been the arrangement, and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, horse and foot, determined to ride the enemy down, or bayonet them before they had time to form. Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack of the same little skirmishing party that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm; and the outposts, though they fought most gallantly, retreating step by step behind the houses, disputing every inch, and presenting their bright bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them, so that we could not, with all our cutting and spurring, force our horses upon them; and then, the moment that we faced about, blazing away upon us, and running to the next house, were driven in.

At last we had an opportunity for fair play; the Hessians were formed and forming, their whole front glittering with bayonets. A tremendous struggle was going on at our right, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery, which was taken; when, with a troop of horse, in which I fancied that I could see my father—nay, I am almost certain that it was he, by the disorderly movement of his horse, for he broke out of the ranks, and was twenty yards ahead of the other men. Archibald rode down, his cap off, his sword flashing, like a firebrand, in the light and smoke of the musketry. "Charge! charge!" they cried, "charge! my brave fellows! and provoke them to fire." Another troop! another! and another thundered down from the right and left, but with no effect at all upon the invincible Germans; their front rank knelt all around, while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets without firing a shot.

"By Heaven!" said Archibald, shouting as if his heart would break, to Captain Washington, "I will try them again!" and, as he said so, he rode at full speed, so near, that it appeared to me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword, and fired his pistol into their faces. Our front rank followed the example, and the next moment all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us. I saw my father fall; Arthur reel in his stirrups; but Archibald (as if prepared for this very thing) shouted "Wheel and charge!"

"Wheel and charge!" repeated a hundred voices in our rear; "wheel and charge!"

We obeyed—and the snow flew—and the swords flashed; and the next moment a hundred of the enemy, the whole of his first rank, were trampled to death before us; and twenty human heads rolled upon the ground, under the feet of our horses.

The infantry under Green poured in volley after volley at the same time; and Knox, having brought round his light field-pieces to bear, as if

they had been blunderbusses, played in upon them with an uninterrupted roll of thunder and smoke.

It was impossible to stand it; no human being could have endured the hurricane of fire and bullets longer. They threw down their arms—about one thousand men in all—and then it was, then, when it was necessary to move about the quieter operations of strife, that we felt the intense coldness of the night, the keen air cutting into our new wounds like rough broken glass. Several were frozen to death, and two of our own men. But my agony was for my father. Heedless of the reiterated commands of Arthur, and Clinton, and Washington himself, who was impatient to be away with his prisoners before a rescue, I continued riding over the field, and examining the bodies. At last I found him, the good old man, flat upon his back; his great heart heavy with the bullets that had been poured into it. I wondered at my own calmness when I first discovered the body, at my own unspeakable collectedness. At first there was a darkness and dizziness about my eyes, and then I began to doubt if I were in my right senses; but Archibald and Arthur rode up to me, the latter with his white pantaloons covered all over with blood and dirt, and we alighted, and tearing open his bosom, discovered that there was no life in him; that his aged breast was literally blown to pieces; and the trumpet blowing, we took the dead hand in ours, successively, without looking at each other; cut off, hurriedly, a lock of his grey hair, saturated and stiff with frozen blood—mounted and left him, with an inconceivable calmness, for it was not till our wounds were dressed, that we thought of our mother—our poor, dear mother.

"One of the chairs," said my brother, passing me, and pointing to a litter in which I could distinguish a wounded officer, "was not vacant, although it might not have been given to mortal eye to see with whom it was filled; and another had well nigh been at the feast of the dead."

"God be thanked, brother," said I, "that it is neither you nor Arthur. But whom do you mean?"

"God's will be done," was the reply. "I spoke of Clinton—he had two horses shot under him, and was brought down at last by the same volley, with Captain Washington. I saw him when he fell; he waved his sword to me, and if ever man's face spoke without sound, his said, 'Archibald, I repent: God bless the woman of my heart!' I hope that he is not mortally wounded. He was a brave fellow, and—and—I have been very hard upon him; I could not have borne so much, I fear—a generous fellow, for—"

"Are you not grateful, brother, for the protection of Heaven?"

"Grateful, brother!" he replied, smiting his breast; "that were a poor word to express the unutterable thankfulness of my heart. Washington is safe—you are safe—Arthur is safe—our country is safe, and I—I have not been cut off in the blossom of my pride."

## CHAPTER X.

Thou, land of the free!

Thou hope of the nations; what trance is in thee!  
Thou parent of heroes; the bravest and best,  
That ere smote the plumage from tyranny's crest.

"Brother," said I, as we stood side by side again, holding our horses by the bit and throat lash, to steady them under the movement of the boat; "this is the third time that we have been upon the waters of the Delaware in darkness, with horemén and horses about us. What fearful vicissitudes for men like us to have experienced within so short a time."

"True, true, brother," he replied; "the water here, that ripples along our boat side, shining like broken silver, drifting against it, may run blood yet, under the burthen that is now upon it. We are growing old apace. If years are to be numbered by events and trials, we are already aged men!" He stopped, and a long breath showed how deeply he had been employed.

"They fought gallantly," said I.

"They did indeed, brother, and Wilkinson—you remember Wilkinson—he was close at my side during a part of the hottest fire, cheering us on in the finest style (it was the present General Wilkinson, my children,) and Washington—the captain—his voice and sword were every where."

"But who was that young man that I saw rushing forward, his face blackened with the smoke of the enemy's cannon, just under your horse's hoofs, as you charged on the left? Some young officer, was he not?"

"You probably mean Lieutenant Monroe: once I was so struck by the solemn, undisturbed earnestness of his countenance, that I reined up, in the middle of a charge, to look at him."

That same Lieutenant Monroe is now the President of the United States.

"Have you learnt the enemy's loss. It must have been considerable, for our fire was like one continual clap of thunder," said I.

"About forty, I heard General Greene say, as I passed him, to Archibald, and among them their gallant leader, Colonel Rahl—God have mercy upon him. It is a fearful thing to die so suddenly in a foreign land, where we have gone to let out our blood for money, or for glory. Every man has his price—the soldier is little better than the bravo, if he be paid in the same coin—among strangers—poor fellow! and yet—who would wish to survive a blow like this?"

"I should not," said Archibald.

"His officers, I am told, complain that he would not permit them to entrench."

"Nonsense, brother: his officers, like all other men, will not take more than their own share of humiliation and shame, you may depend on it. The truth is, that they did not expect us—scorned us—and Cornwallis himself, so it was said yesterday at Washington's table, had once gone back to New York, intending to embark for England—regarding the war as all over—our power extinct. But, it may be, that his lordship was very discreet—very—in postponing such a communication. Washington, it is said, dark and desperate as it was on all sides, listened to the story, and repeated it with a pleasant countenance, as the harmless vanity of a young man, who knew not the spirit with which he was contending—a spirit, that iron could not bind, nor fire consume, nor darkness, wind, nor rain extinguish."

"I saw poor Rahl."

We were now in the deepest part of the river, where the new ice had rushed together, and piled itself up like a snowdrift upon the black water, yielding nevertheless to the pressure of our boat, as by some unskilful management, she was brought against it, in the eddy, and surging all under the water, as if it had been a frozen spray, light as the very vapour. We were jarred, horse and man, by the contact, for a moment, as if our boat had suddenly foundered; but after a brief, violent struggle our horses recovered their foot-hold, braced themselves anew, with their instinctive sagacity, against the ridges purposely provided in the bottom of the boat, and my brother continued,

"I saw him, poor fellow, while his officers were gathered round him—his nostrils swimming in blood—his dark eyes hardly yet extinct, and his shoulder absolutely shot away. There was a calm terrible darkness in the aspect of death then—so suddenly—hot with the festivities of the night, dreaming, but one blessed moment before, of his babes and his dear one. Brother, say what you will, this trade of war demands a tremendous preparedness—a heart of stone—an eye of fire—a hand of iron. A trade that—O, we may yet live—till the rush of our blood is done—the eddy of our heart frozen—the foam and froth of our arteries lushed, in a repose more awful than death; when, for the very deeds that we have done this day, tears from the eye, and blood from the heart, may be no expiation. Brother, I tremble."

"It is the night wind, Archibald."

"No, brother, not the night wind; that could not penetrate to my vitals, or make me feel so coldly—so like death, just here."

Our boat struck just then, and so unexpectedly, as to make our horses stumble upon us. We were in some danger, but Archibald's presence of mind and my bodily strength prevented any disaster. He leaped out of the boat to avoid the hoofs of the mare, and she plunged headlong after him, followed by half a dozen other horses, that had been first thrown upon their knees by the sudden jar, and kept there by the boat swimming round. It was not deep, and Archibald had the self-recollection to abandon the bridle, and dive under our boat, while I, leaping into the rotten ice and half frozen water, kept off the horses from the shore till he had secured his foot-hold. We had then little difficulty in bringing out all of them but one: and he, poor fellow, was of such prodigious strength and temper, that we feared to approach him. Several times he swam up to us, and stretched out his head, as if to bring the bridle within our reach—but we were too far from him. He then attempted to mount the ice, and plunged, at least fifty times, into the deepest part of the river, blowing and snorting the while, so that we could hear him all along the shore. And now and then, through the sleet and darkness, we could see the noble creature throw himself half out of the river, place his fore feet upon the newly-formed ice—make a desperate effort—the ice would give way—we would hear the rush and plunge—he would go under—and rise. Our boats were such great, unmanageable things, we were utterly unable to assist him; at last he grew desperate—the rattling of his nostrils became incessant—his blows upon the ice—one uninterrupted struggle—then, poor creature, a long, loud, half suffocated neigh—a few more struggles, and he passed under the ice, as we supposed, for we heard a sound as if it came from the bottom, long afterward, afar off, and dying



away in the distance and darkness. I declare, strange as it may seem, that men who had been in battle, and seen their own father dead, without shedding a tear, should be so overcome by the death of a brute—yet, I declare to you that our hearts were heavy, even to tears; and either of us would have risked his own life, I have no doubt, for the safety of the noble animal—when we heard his last loud, convulsive sobbing, and saw the amazing strength of his blows, as he broke through the ice at every leap.

We were instantly formed; and all the prisoners, to prevent the possibility of recapture from a desperate enemy, stung to madness at the nature of the blow he had received, were marched off to Philadelphia, under a strong escort, composed of all our horse, and the chief part of our light infantry—so called, not because we had any heavily-armed infantry, but because they were in a measure provided with guns and bayonets. This step was a wise one, for the enemy had a force along the Delaware far superior to ours; and, at Princeton, a battalion of infantry.

This was the first time that I had ever been in Philadelphia, and I rode along, street after street of noble buildings, side by side with my brother: who seemed, I know not for what reason, except that his face was remarkably pale, and full of a noble, uncommon expression for one so youthful, to attract universal attention. The streets were thronged, but whether in congratulation or not it would have been difficult to say. The women certainly looked pleased, and some were beautiful indeed; so beautiful, that many a stout heart rode unsteadily by them; and so I remember particularly, as we wheeled from Sixth into Market-street, a throng of girls—among whom was one who laughed as we passed, and one that uttered a cry. I heard the voice, but did not see her—by Heaven, I thought that Arthur would have fallen from his horse. I dared not look at him, till the animal, surprised by the loose rein, dashed over the pavement, as if he had been shot through the heart, the length of two or three squares, before Arthur could bring him to his place again. And now and then, too, as I passed along, I could see a broad-brimmed hat, a pretty little bashful face, with the hair parted smoothly upon the forehead, a something in a drab-coloured dress, conscientiously scrupulous against being seen to look upon military parade in the open street—here and there peeping with scandalous, but not impious eagerness, through the half-open curtains, or shutters of a high window, or door standing just upon the jar.

For several days after the battle we were kept in continual motion, scarcely eating or sleeping—marching and countermarching in all directions; first, after collecting a body of Pennsylvania militia, under General Mercer—as brave a fellow as ever stood fire—and leaving our prisoners at Philadelphia, we immediately returned to the Delaware, and re-crossed it again, making the fourth time that Archibald and I had gone from one shore to the other, with swelling hearts and mournful thoughts; alike in that, yet how unlike in all that shakes the sinew, or shortens the breath of men! At first we were adventurers, untried in battle, going to camp, and flying in consternation before a scornful army, that lined the opposite bank, and kept squibbing at us in derision; the second time, upon a matter of such peril, that, if we failed—and that we did not was miraculous, as two out of three of the divisions did fail (I speak of those under Cadwallader and

Irving), the pulse of all America would have stopped—perhaps for ever: desperate men, going, in darkness and storm, upon the sleeping and dreaming, like the angels of death; the third time, conquerors, high in heart, covered with blood and glory; with all the sleepers and dreamers in our power; the fourth, which was the present time, with a complicated feeling of apprehension and thrilling delight.

We marched to Trenton, and took possession of it, with an army of only eighteen hundred men. This was on the twenty-ninth of December; and, of this number, twelve hundred were to be discharged on the first of January!—Tremble, my children; read the history of these days, and tremble! God fought with us, or we had perished again and again, in our blindness and infatuation. Bounties were offered, enormous for the time, two dollars a-head; they were taken, pocketed, and carried off; but at last, the Pennsylvania militia came in, electrified by the shock at Trenton, which had caused the enemy's heart to contract, and his extremities to be drawn in; and our force was augmented to about five thousand men.

One day, while we were in this situation, my brother came to me, with the traces of—what always astonished me, when I saw them upon his face,—tears upon his countenance. "I have just left Clinton; I have wept with him; I shall love him, I fear, better than ever."

"Fear—why so?"

"Because if I once love him, my hand will tremble, I am afraid, when the time of judgment is at hand: I—"

"What mean you, brother? There is that in your eyes which I would fain see dissipated: you are not the man, I hope—I believe—Archibald, to spill the blood of a human creature, for any lighter cause than the salvation of your country. You shake your head. Archibald, my brother! have I not heard you denounce the duellist, duelling?—You do not deny it—then why—"

He interrupted me impatiently; "Let us talk no more about it now—I shall do nothing rashly—be assured of that; but we are exceedingly earnest to get Clinton away. I think that—what say you to it? if he could be nursed tenderly—very tenderly by—by—I cannot well utter my thought, brother. But what need of words? You understand me; will you escort him to Mr. Arnauld's? I see that you are surprised; but if you will not, I will, and deliver him with my own hands into the arms of Lucia, and help him to make his peace with her."

"That is my noble Archibald!" I cried, embracing him; "that is what I looked for. Yes; I will go—or you—or—"

"No, brother; I prefer that you should go. I shall never enter the door again, if I can help it: but you may—"

"You have forgiven him, then—relened?"

"No; but Lucia may, if she please. I have no concern with her. I have done my duty, and I leave it to her to do her's. My opinion is, that there is only one course for her to pursue—but that—O, it is only one star in a midnight firmament of total blackness."

I looked at him for some time without opening my lips. A strange thought darted, like a startled eagle from the high place of her abiding, athwart my mind; but ere I could look to her place in the sky, or her shadow on the earth, she was gone, unseen and unheard—and all was hushed and beautiful, as the pale, blue air of a warm day. I dared

not life it back—I dared not mention it—it was a flash of unutterable brightness, and I dropped my eyes when it passed as if blinded by it. I don't know you will understand me, my children, but I have been endeavouring to be very fine—after the fashion of the day.

“You will go, then?” said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, and looking me affectionately in the face—“you will go—and you will see—her—her whom you love—and you will be happy. Forgive my perturbation, brother—it is not envy—no! but it is a far deadlier feeling, to a heart like mine—it is hopelessness—God bless you and her—and (hesitating) her too!”

“Are we to have another battle?” said I—“there are mysterious movements in camp—and midnight councils.”

“I believe that we may begin to look for one,” was the reply. “Washington cannot retreat—all the eyes of America are upon him—he is supposed to be five times as strong as he is, and if he should retreat with his augmented force, the people would fall back into their old despondency. The enemy are cruelly exasperated, and bent upon retaliation. Cornwallis, I know, has abandoned his design of carrying out the news of our destruction—for a few days longer, joined his men in the Jerseys, concentrated his whole power—left a body at Princeton, and is now moving upon us at this place. The firing that we heard just now was the advance of his army, encountering that of our's under Greene.”

While we were yet speaking, several horsemen came in at full gallop; and it was soon known, for we were in our saddles before the noise of their hoofs had ceased ringing in our ears, that Greene, who had been sent out to reinforce a small advance, placed about a mile in front—had met them in a disorderly retreat, and was himself thrown into confusion by their rascally impetuosity, to get away from the enemy.

There was only one way to arrest them. Knox and Greene advanced four capital field pieces, to the bank of a little stream before us, called the Suspink Creek, and played upon them with such a blaze and tempest, that they fell back, and left us at leisure to arrange nearly forty pieces, some of which were ready to open upon them at their first approach. It was a beautiful night—

“Would that I might communicate with Lucia for a single moment!” said Archibald, as we drew out our whole cavalry, to the left of the line of cannon, from which an uninterrupted roll of thunder, smoke and brightness, was kept up, while we were conversing—“but—my heart is heavy, brother, not, I believe, with apprehension or doubt, but with—do not smile upon me, with a foreboding. I may not see Lucia again. I have treated her harshly—We are on the eve of another battle—that little creek is fordable—the whole force of the enemy is assembled on the opposite bank—our's upon this. Cornwallis—look! by Heaven, the whole sky is in a blaze!”

I turned about, and saw the heights at the westward of the town all alive with bustle and light—Cornwallis displaying and extending his columns with narrow intervals—(whence the artillery thundered upon us, incessantly)—as if to gain our rear—outflank us, and put us to the sword without mercy. Yet it was beautiful, magnificent. The very earth shook under the roar of the cannon—and the air was loud with a perpetual reverberation, the sky black with smoke. Add to this, that we were not one thousand yards apart.

“A battle is inevitable,” continued my brother—“it may be fatal to one of us, and if these feelings may be trusted, it will—they are not those of fear or despondency, but rather of a solemn religious belief, that I am not to survive it. If I fall,”—(drawing his bright weapon, and severing a lock of hair from his temples), “give that to Lucia; tell her that—that—I loved her to my last breath; and bid her love another, if she can!”

His manner was awful, really awful; my blood ran cold at the sound of his voice; and his lips, it appeared to me, were motionless, emitting sound in some inward preternatural way.

“I accept the hair,” said I, “but I am ashamed of my brother—ashamed of him for the first time in my life.”

He smiled mournfully, took my hand, and holding it for a moment to his breast, said, “I do not blame you. You have no such feelings. Heaven doth not vouchsafe them to you—to any but the weary and wasted—to them that pray not to live. Ashamed of me! are you? By to-morrow night, John, when the red sun hath gone down, your feeling will be more of sorrow than of shame—perhaps for these words; if it should be—remember—remember that Archibald forgave you, and blessed you!”

He fell upon my neck, and kissed me, while his soft hair was blown into my eyes, and over my lips.

“But, if I survive—if—why then, brother, you shall be welcome to feel ashamed of me, and of what I have said—the weather is very moist and warm—I am sweltering under this cloak.”

“But keep it on, nevertheless,” said I, “we have sudden changes along here, and before morning you may want more cloaks than one.”

An officer here rode up to my brother, and ordered him to trot his horses loudly about the rear, while the baggage and three pieces of ordnance moved off to Burlington.

“They are in council,” said the officer, “and we know not what will be done—it is getting very cold.”

“Yes,” said Archibald, “the most sudden change that I ever felt. It is not five minutes since I was complaining of the strange closeness and warmth of the air.”

“I felt the same half an hour ago. Ha! what means that? some stratagem I suppose.”

I looked, and found that our troops were doubling their fires the whole length of their line.

“It will be intensely cold, I am sure,” said I, “the iron tread of the troop rings famously already upon the ground; a single hour since it was a soft, noiseless blow. They will want all those fires before morning: look. The north wind has got among the smoke, and the dark blue sky can be seen in patches over us. Another hour, and I will answer for it, that we have a bright, unclouded starlight over head.”

“And a wind that you could sharpen razors against,” said the officer; “these Norwesters are mighty keen and wholesome to people (lowering his voice) in a well-built house, before a roaring fire.”

“Shall we fight?” said Archibald.

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and replied, “Yes, or retreat by the Jersey side, and cross at Philadelphia; either of which is, speaking after the manner of men, damned hazardous.”

Archibald turned away in displeasure. He would sometimes, when violently heated, suffer an oath or profane word to escape him; but never—



of late, in a serious moment, and never at all, with out deep penitence and shame.

At length, however, we were directed to gallop along, as silently as we could. And the whole army, upon a road like the solid pavement, now filed off toward Princeton, crossing the creek in a death-like silence, behind our double fires, without disturbing the enemy, who deserved to be broken, man and horse, for permitting it, and arrived at Princeton a little before day-break.

This, as you will perceive in the event, was a masterly manœuvre, and is said to have been proposed by St. Clair, a lion-hearted fellow, when all were looking in each other's faces, dreading to speak. "Right!" answered Washington, after a moment's consideration, "that must be the blow. Cornwallis, it is probable, impatient to retrieve the disaster of Trenton, has pushed on us with his main body; and left, it is also probable, a weak rearguard at Princeton."

For eighteen hours had we been under arms; and for two whole days constantly employed in marching, countermarching, and fighting, without an hour's interruption, except at the creek.

No sooner said than done, our army was in motion; we crossed the creek, as I told you, in a silence like the wind of midnight, and arrived at Princeton, almost without having spoken a loud word, just before day-break. The weather was intensely cold, but the whole sky was luminous and beautiful; not a bird could have hurried over it, like the scared swallow, or the drifting eagle asleep upon the high wind, without being seen. We were already about to join battle; yet, wonderful as it may seem, I felt little or no emotion, certainly none of terror, but rather a profound repose in all my faculties, as if they had been overwrought and slept, as men will sometimes sleep upon a rocking precipice, loosened by the turbulent ocean. General Mercer was a little in advance, when Major Wilkinson, who first discovered the enemy (three regiments), about a quarter of a mile distant, on the march for Trenton, dashed athwart the advance, and communicated the intelligence. At the same moment, an order was given, and Archibald wheeled off to the left, leaving us to follow; and as I approached, giving me his hand for a moment—"Farewell, brother, farewell!" said he, stretching his bright weapon at the full length of his arm, and heaving out his chest in the starlight.

"Farewell," said I, striking the rowels home, and leaping past him; I could not bear it. Colonel Mawhood, on account of the ground, saw us, but partially, and taking us for a light party sent out to harass him, gave himself no trouble about us; neither halted nor formed, but came down upon our infantry with a steady countenance and quick tread, till the very bayonets clashed, then poured in a volley upon us, and charged. Our men had scarcely a hundred bayonets with them; most of their pieces were rifles, and they instantly broke, and fell back in disorder. It was a moment of the extremest peril. Washington saw it, and leaped into the space between the two parties, while our men were forming, reined his magnificent white charger like a madman, I confess, short upon the enemy, and received successively the whole fire of the two parties, without losing a hair of his head. At the same moment Mawhood, sword in hand, mounted upon a superb animal, with two little spaniel dogs barking and yelping at his heels, wheeled, and galloped hither and thither among our men, and finally cut his way

through them, and escaped over fields and fences with a few, a very few of his men, towards Pennington. At the moment when this charge was made by our troops, in consequence of the desperate hardihood of Washington, the result of which was that sixty of the enemy were bayoneted upon the spot, our little troop darted in upon them in one uninterrupted blaze and thunder. Never did I hear such a trampling of horses and clashing of swords. We broke our way literally through the disordered rabble. A party of them escaped to the colleges, but we pursued them at full gallop, hewing them down at every plunge, and entered with them, some of us on horseback, and others at the head, of whom was Arthur, on foot, and soon dislodged them. Greene, we found afterwards, had a slight brush with Cornwallis, who alarmed at what he took at first to be thunder, in the direction of Princeton, had pushed forward, with a desperate eagerness, to the protection of Brunswick, where lay his whole baggage, and where General Lee was held prisoner. We would, but human nature could not hold out longer; we would have set fire to the one, and released the other, before his lordship had recovered from his consternation, but it was impossible. Our men actually dropped from their horses upon the road; and at every step some poor fellow threw himself down, praying permission to sleep—what must have been, in the heat and delusion and exhaustion of the moment, the sleep of death, undisturbed, upon the drifted snow. Our horses too, during the remainder of our pilgrimage, dragged their very limbs after them so feebly that, while their flanks ran with blood, and their flesh quivered at the touch of the spur, they were enabled to keep in a trot for more than fifty yards at a time; and, finally, we were obliged to dismount and lead them, some dropping off by the way, and our men employing themselves all the while in destroying the bridges and breaking up the road, until we arrived, on the sixth, at Morristown, with our prisoners, nearly three hundred in number.

Two of the British regiments escaped—the fifty-fifth, by the way of Hillsborough, to Brunswick; and the fortieth, after a little scuffling, to the same place. But the enemy were panic-struck. They fell back, shaking in every joint, concentrating at every step, and successively abandoning, in their trepidation, without firing a shot, every foot of ground that they had gained south of New York, except Brunswick and Amboy; while the American militia awoke all at once, overran the whole country with whatever implements of warfare they could lay their hands on, cutting the enemy up, whenever he dared to show his face in small parties, till at last he was obliged to forage with his main body.

Within thirty days, my children, this mighty deliverance had been wrought. Within thirty days, the whole of New Jersey, lying between New Brunswick and the Delaware, had been lost and won, and lost and won again—won first by a gallant and well-appointed army, from a shattered and flying rabble, and retaken from the conqueror, wrested from him in a clap of thunder, by the ghost of an annihilated militia, who had suddenly leaped out of the ground, as it were, at the noise of the cannon at Trenton; as if the trumpet of God had been blown over the buried nations and the battle field; and each that slept, as he leaped into his saddle again, while the skies were passing away, the stars falling, the sun going down in a rain of blood and fire, had sought his enemy anew, as he was emerging with the dark

population, and thundered upon his crest as he arose.

There, my dear children, I have been willing to forget the battle and the subject for a while, and amuse you, for I know your taste and that of our people, with a few rockets, and—but let me return—

“Where, in the name of Heaven, is Archibald?” cried Arthur, galloping by me, about four hours after the battle—it was the first time that I had heard his voice for weeks—“I have ransacked the whole field, I have asked every human being, I—”

For a moment I felt as if I were shot through the heart; I remembered Archibald’s farewell; I remembered too seeing him, a little before, dashing among the enemy when they stove into the college; and, “God of Heaven,” I exclaimed, dropping the reins of my horse, and reflecting back the terrified paleness of Arthur upon his own forehead, as I recollected where I had seen him, “that must have been he.”

“Where! where!” said Arthur, his voice ringing through and through me, like a strong trumpet.

“O, it was he! it was he!” I repeated, “no other living man could have done it; his horse reared as they faced upon him, and fired a volley into his bosom.”

“Gracious God,” said Arthur, “did he fall?” “I know not,” said I, “I did not think of my brother then, but I remember reining up and holding my breath, as the smoke rushed out of the college doors and windows, and a man on horseback appeared leaping amid a perpetual blaze of powder, and whistling of bullets.”

“That was in the college, was it not?” “Yes,” I answered, catching at the eager light of his wonderful eyes; “yes! what hope is there?”

“He escaped! he escaped! I saw him leap down the high steps, firm in the saddle, giving a cut in the rear as he went, and our party broke in upon the enemy just as a whole platoon was levelled at him; nay, I am sure that not a ball struck him then; but I know nothing more, I have not seen him since. The piece that was brought up was so well served, that the enemy surrendered after three or four shots, and I saw no more of your brother!”

“He is safe! he is safe!” said one of the troop, riding up with my sword, which I had dropped without knowing it, startled at the cry of Arthur, I suppose, as if a dead man had broken silence, while I was standing over him—for he was on foot.

“Who is safe?” I cried, striking my spurs into the lacerated flanks of my poor horse, and determining to return to the battle-ground at all peril, and continue the search.

“The captain—the captain!” he cried, and true it was, for the next moment Archibald himself appeared, coming in with five of his men at his heels, driving ten or twelve prisoners before them. His action was menacing, and his look frightful. I should hardly have known him—his whole uniform was saturated with blood, as if he had been bearing wounded men to the hospital. Upon his white forehead were spattering drops, and his beautiful hair itself stood out, stiff and frozen, under the pressure of his iron-bound cap, as if that too were full of blood. I shuddered as he passed me—I could not speak: I tried, and my lips moved, but I could utter no sound—I felt as if a spirit had gone by me; the hair of my flesh rose, and my flesh itself crawled. Nay, but for me, I verily believe that he would have cloven the skulls of two or three of the prisoners, as

they drove them along like wild beasts before them, pricking them at every step with their swords, and flourishing their sabres round their heads—heads that disdained to duck in the whistle and blaze of the sabres, but looked with a steady eye upon them. Archibald, in particular, seemed as if he could hardly keep his hands off.

“For shame,” said I, “brother—O, for shame!” leaping forward and catching at his arm; I had half a mind to strike it down with my sword, such was my wrath and horror,—“warring upon the prisoned and the helpless!”

“Brother!” he replied, wiping the blood from his forehead, and looking at me sternly—“brother, you know not what you do. Were I prone to bloodshed, this foolish interference had cost every man of them their lives; and you, perhaps—nay, I do not say it jestingly, I am in no humour for trifling now—it might have cost you, yours. Brother, these eleven men are murderers; they have just put all their bayonets, again and again, through the bravest heart that ever beat—”

“Whose!” I cried; my blood running cold at the look of his terrible eyes—“whose?”

“Mercer’s!”

“What, have they slain him—how? tell me—I never shall forget him. I saw him but once or twice, but I shall never forget his carriage or voice!”

“He had leaped to the ground, and was leading on his men to the charge, when, by some mistake in the evolution, he found himself a prisoner—surrendered, by the living God, I saw it! I saw him surrender! I saw him throw down his sword; I had just escaped, with about twenty of my troop, from the cottage; yet, before I could get to the spot, thirteen bayonets were in his noble heart—”

He suddenly stopped, “Why how is this?” said he, “Arthur! dear Arthur!—I have never seen that smile upon your broad forehead since, dear Arthur; speak to me—are you wounded? do you feel that it is mortal!”

Arthur shook his head, and a shadow went over his face.

“What! so cheerful, Arthur, and yet unharmed—afar from the place of sleep, and quiet—and deep, deep loveliness and innocence.”

“Are you wounded, brother?” said I, seeing the blood bubble over the top of his tight boots, as he rose in the stirrups, or pressed upon them with the movement of his mare—

“Yes,” he replied, smiling—“yes, and if it were not to be a tedious affair, I should not be sorry if—if it should be seriously—or even—pardon me, brother, but I cannot forbear the truth—even mortally!”

“It is impious,” said I. “Impious, Archibald: whatever is, is right!”

“True,” he replied, locking his hands, and reeling a little in the saddle, “true, brother, and God be praised, that in the heat of battle I remembered that, and thought of Him—Him, the Everlasting—and felt that inexpressible awe and devotedness that—I cannot well express it—it was, in a measure, as if to rouse one of his angels, I had heard him give Washington in charge.”



## CHAPTER XI.

I never loved a tree nor flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

But I am strangely altered now;  
I love no more the bugle's voice,  
The rushing wave, the plunging prow,  
The mountain's tempest-clouded brow;  
The daring, the exulting flow  
Of all that made me once rejoice!

We had now been at Morrystown four days: the enemy had fallen back, fold upon fold, coil upon coil, like some vast serpent, whose development had been suddenly checked by a furnace. My brother sent for me, and desired me to write a letter for him, which, he added, "you are to take to-morrow to its destination. The general has consented that you, with twenty picked men, shall convey Clinton to Mr. Arnauld's, and stay there for two weeks—"

"But will you not go?—can you not?" said I, embracing him.

"No, I cannot; nor would I, if I could, except to see my mother. You will say to her all that I could, and I shall give you a line or two."

"And Arthur, what shall be done with him? You are too ill to keep up his spirits."

"You are mistaken: upon a sick bed, or the bed of death, men are apt to become very companionable. I am better company for Arthur than you. You are too happy, too blessed, and of too steady and serene a heart for one that sorrows like Arthur Rodman. But let us say no more of him; he will not leave me, he cannot. When will you set out?"

My heart beat hurriedly, stopped, beat again, with a sort of whirring motion, like a partridge rising. He smiled; but, after a moment's pause, added affectionately, "You are a stout-hearted fellow, John; blood does not appal you, quiet-eyed as you are; the flash of musketry, the ring of bayonet and bullet, cannot disturb you; yet, man, there is what—"

"Will eat the heart of valour through."

"You smile to hear me quote poetry at such a moment, but so it is. Beware how you put yourself in the power of woman, no matter who she is, no matter how long you have known her, loved her, or been beloved; no matter how passionately, never put yourself in her power. But if you should, as you value your immortal happiness, your own, your dearest feeling; the concealed and pure, do not let her know it. The first is nearly death; the latter worse than any death. It is dying of a trodden and scorned heart; a bruised and bleeding lip; a cancer of the soul."

I was unable to reply; for though, at another time, I should have rallied him upon such a display of peevishness and eloquence, because his heart had been roughly visited by the ungentle wind; yet my faculties had begun to fall down abashed before him, of late, whenever he opened his lips, and I was silent.

"Give that to our mother," said he, handing me a letter. I opened it, and read as follows:—

"I do not pretend, my beloved mother, to pour any consolation into the widowed heart; nay, nor do I dare to attempt it. There is one Being, and

only one, fitted for that office:—the Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow.

"But there is comfort for us. Our father died, foot to foot, face to face, with the enemy; [red with the blood, of men, shed in sacrifice.

"His hair I cut from his temples with my own hand; the smell of the powder is yet upon it; it was scorched in the blaze, and washed with the heart-blood of the enemy. Remember that.

"I do not pray the widow to be comforted; the wife to weep no more; the mother to forget the desolation that is about her; but, oh, my mother, let us turn our eyes upward, and lay our forehead in the dust, for whom the lord loveth, he chasteneth."

"My father died, preparedly, in the loud thunder of battle. May his children die like him!—

"Farewell!

"My own dear, dear mother, farewell!

"ARCHIBALD."

"The other," said he, as I finished, handing me that which is subjoined, "you are welcome to read."

"I fear, Lucia, that you have attributed too much importance to the language of which I spoke, and to the word that I used, with no very scrupulous regard to the consequences. That Clinton spoke lightly, irreverently, disrespectfully of you, is true; but so would every man, that should speak of you, in my estimation, I mean, unless he spoke of you as something not lawful to be mentioned at all. I do not mean to flatter or deceive you. You know well what my feelings have been. They are changed. I love you now as a sister; and, as a brother would, parting with his sister, do I now address you. Clinton is dangerously ill; the army have gone into winter quarters, and here, where there are so few comforts, and none of that attention, that, which none but women, and women too that love, devotedly, tenderly, can bestow, if he remain, we may as well bid him farewell for ever, at once. He is deeply troubled about you; altered, I do believe, essentially, in his habit of thinking. Have I any influence with you?—then let me entreat of you, my dear sister, to forget all that has past, all but your love to him, I mean; and be to him his nurse and beloved one. Can you?—will you? No matter what he has been. You love him. No matter what he has done. You love him. All men have their faults; and, generally, in proportion to their virtues. Remember that, and, whatever of evil you may discover, or imagine, in his nature, be assured that there is a heroic quality at bottom to counterbalance it. What say you? you are not vindictive—nor are you light of heart, or irresolute. I have warned him not to look for easy terms. He thinks that he knows you better than I. He does not. He is mistaken. In some points, it is possible that he may; but for your character, your character, Lucia, there is no human being, not even your own father, that knows it so well as I. Nay, for I would disguise nothing from you; rash and precipitate as you are, I have prayed him to be prepared for the worst. He smiles, but his fine eyes fill, at the same time, when I tell him, that a reconciliation is by no means certain; that an everlasting separation is by no means impossible. He does not believe me. He cannot; for he knows not of what women, that love, are capable—and you, of all

women. Lucia, had you been my wife, at the bidding of my hand, I know that you would have thrown yourself under the hoofs of a whole squadron, leaped from a precipice, into a furnace, into the sea. I know it; you may not believe it; he cannot, but I do. Yet, I know too, that were your nature roused to all its preternatural display, you would have done the same things, contrary to my bidding, prayers, and tears, and cries.

"Forgive him, Lucia, forgive him, for my sake, and be happy. For my sake. Am I presumptuous?—perhaps you may say so, to him, Lucia, while he is sitting by you, his strong arm about your slender waist, your soft voice murmuring upon his eye-lids—— No, no, I am wrong; you do not permit such things. He dare not, by Heaven, he dare not embrace your waist, till Heaven hath bestowed you upon him for ever. Dare he?—tell me, Lucia. If he dare you are lost. Yet what right have I to ask you? I! who never dare to put my lips to your hand. I! who, when you opened your mouth, felt my heart stop, and the room grow dark with the rush of blood to my temples?"

"Am I presumptuous? tell me—as a brother, have I offended you? Tell me—I—"

"Farewell—I would write for ever—if it might be; but no!—you are another's already, in the sight of Heaven—and I!—Well, well, may you be happy, very happy, sister.

"Your friend and brother,  
"ARCHIBALD."

"P.S.—Clinton is the favourite of the camp, and astonished all eyes at the last affair but one. The whole army are loud in praise of his conduct and intrepidity; it is said that, in the very heat and whirlwind of the fight, he was full of the same pleasantries that we have seen—Nay, I cannot, cannot continue in this strain. It will break my heart. But—sister—forgive him—forgive Clinton, and bless him?"

"And would you send that?" said I. "Are you aware of the consequences? Clinton will certainly cut your throat, whether he marry her or not."

He smiled, and shook his head, with a mournful, gentle seriousness of manner, that was new to me. "That," said he, "will depend, in some measure, upon myself, and I have no particular inclination that way."

Our horses were now at the door, Clinton in the litter; and, dispatching five of my men in advance, to prepare the family for our reception, we set forward, and at the end of the second day, near sun-set, while the western heaven was running together, like rough gold, and thia, drifting, blood-coloured vapour, we had just come in sight of the house, and were descending a steep hill, when, on lifting up his head for a moment, and throwing his eyes about, he appeared to recollect the place, for he motioned with his hand to stop, and beckoning to me, I came up to him.

"It was there," said he, "there, exactly where that horse is passing now, that they first fired upon me. I set off at speed up that hill, but, finding nine of the party there, I determined to dash over that elevation in front; I attempted it, but shot after shot was fired after me, until I preferred making one desperate attempt, sword in hand, to being shot down, like a fat goose, upon a broken gallop. I wheeled, made a dead set at the son-of-a-bitch in my rear, unhorsed him, and

actually broke through the line. It was then that I first saw Archibald, and but for him—but no, I am not permitted to tell that—I have promised not to tell, that he saved my life, and brought down a fellow, at twenty yards, with a pistol ball, at full speed; and I am very scrupulous, very, about my word! so, if you should ever hear of any such thing, you will do me the justice to remember that I refused to tell you."

I smiled, and would have replied; but, just then, a loud bark at my feet made me look down, and there was poor Fidele, a favourite dog of Lucia's, tumbling about the light snow, and yelping like a devil. We had been descried, long before we approached, and found all the family, all that were able to meet us for the first time, ready, with glistening eyes, to meet us at the portico.

"Where is?"—I would have uttered the name of Clara, but I could not. My heart sank in my bosom, and my poor mother threw herself, sobbing violently, into my arms. She had heard the tale. Her manner was enough to convince me of that; and, when I kissed off the tears from her shut eyes, and felt her strong heart beating against mine—I could have fallen upon my face before her, and wept aloud.

"My dear, dear John!" said a sweet voice, and Mrs. Arnauld, flushed with beauty and emotion, embraced me, still—still there was one absent; I rushed past them all—encountered a man in the passage—just took his hand at passing, and felt that I was welcome indeed—it was Arnauld himself—and ran to where my heart told me Clara was to be found. I entered—she attempted to arise from the window; but she could not—she staggered and fell. I put my lips—I did—and they thrilled, as if they had touched a coal of fire—to her blessed mouth, before she had sufficiently recovered to reprove me. A haughty flash went over her brow, her eyelids fell, a colour, deeper than any crimson, it was a transparent flame, followed; and then, after looking me in the face for half a minute, she sank gradually upon her knees, and remained there for a minute, in unutterable humility and thankfulness. She arose then, and when I sat down, overpowered by the deep tumult in my own heart, the proud Clara stood by me, and suffered my arm—by Heaven she did—to encircle her waist, and press her bosom to my forehead as I sat, without any other reproof, than that of laying her hand gently upon my head, and murmuring "I am satisfied!"

For the first time I turned pale; for the first time I remembered her letter. What could she have meant? I asked her; but she smiled, and her glistening eyes swam anew. "I am satisfied!" she repeated. "You are returned to me. And you have dared to put your lips to mine; you are innocent—she is innocent."

"She! who! who is innocent?"

"Lucia."

"Lucia!" I echoed, colouring to the temples, I am sure, and trembling under the touch of her soft hand.

Her beautiful eyes stopped all at once, her lip quivered a moment, and as if, in spite of all her confidence in me and Lucia, the emotion that I betrayed had been a natural confirmation of all that she feared, her hand gradually, and without design, slid powerless from my forehead, and rested upon my shoulder.

I put mine upon it; it was cold as death, yet I



felt it beat unsteadily. "Lucia," said I, "dear Clara," recovering my self-possession, and drawing her more closely to my breast, "speak to me, dearest; what have I done?"

It was a long time, a long breathless time, before she could utter a sound, and when she did, for a moment, all the hushed sorrow of her heart came out with it, and she sobbed aloud upon my bosom. And then, as if that were the last, last weakness of which she was ever to be guilty, she released herself, with a firm hand, from my arms, retreated a pace or two, fixed her eyes steadily upon mine, and when she saw them sink, as they did, abashed before hers, would have left me, probably for ever, had I not detained her by violence.

"What would you?" said she, severely. "Have you any defence? any?"

I was fully sensible now that no time was to be lost; but how could I speak of what I had seen? how account for the fact, that Lucia had opened the door, at the first tap—how—shame on me! I was so disordered by the beautiful apparition before me, so full of tumult and delight, notwithstanding her fearful wildness, that I forbore to urge any defence, willing, Heaven forgive me, to prolong the enjoyment a while, and a little provoked too (though fluttered by her jealousy), at the imperious severity of her bearing.

Would you believe it, this artificial embarrassment of mine continued so long, that I could not open my lips at last, and stood before her, like a guilty creature; nay, when she moved away from me, I had neither the power to arrest nor detain her, with hand, or voice, or supplication.

Nay, she was gone, absolutely gone, before I was sufficiently master of myself, to be sensible of what had happened; and when I was, it was with a feeling of pettishness, as if I had been ill-treated; and there mingled with it immediately the ancient leaven of my nature, and I struck my hands together, and swore, as I had ten years before, to bring down her proud spirit to the dust.

How long I stood so I know not; but I know well, that I had matured my plan, before I stirred, or breathed; and felt sure that, as my innocence was in my own keeping, the proof of it always at hand, and that, as I could restore myself whenever I pleased, to the place that I might appear to have lost in her affection, by a single word, I—How long I might have continued in the deep reverie that followed, I know not, had I not heard a soft foot passing over the apartment on the tip-toe, in the further end of it, where it was so dim, with the twilight lustre of evening, that a body would have appeared like a spirit.

I knew the step; every pause, every foot-fall, every accent; and was already planning a triumphant expression of my countenance for the haughty girl, when she stopped, and I could hear her breathe, as if her heart were full. I stood more erect, without turning about or appearing to heed her approach—

Gracious Heaven! how readily the heart may be deceived.

The apparition—a beautiful little creature, with hair the colour of raw silk, very light blue eyes, dancing in tears—was not Lucia Arnauld! O, no—

I caught my breath, and she, overcome with confusion, and trembling nevertheless, addressed me after the following fashion:

"I pray you, Mr. Rodman—I—bless me! don't look at me so—you terrify me—I pray you—I—pshaw! I never could make a set speech in all my life, except to the giddy creatures about me; I have something to tell you—I know you; knew you before I came here; have wept for you—don't let that flatter you—I've wept for many men before, and blushed for hundreds, and laughed at thousands, so—as I was a saying—I've—yes! I've wept about you, not for you—did I say for you—Lord! how you stare at a fellow!"

In truth I did stare at her; her roguish little face, parted lips, and spirited eyes; her very attitude, was so full of comical expression, the very manner in which her pretty little foot, with a broad paste buckle, rested in advance, as she leant toward me, was full of coquetry, frolic, and expression.

"There's my hand," said she, "take it if you dare. You are very wicked, I see you are; any body might know it by your face; now tell me, are you an honest man?"

In spite of myself, I fell into her humour—"Upon my honour I am!" said I, and took her hand, and would have carried it to my lips; but she caught it away, with a look of angry surprise, and measured me from top to toe, like an insulted princess.

"Well, well (shrugging her shoulders), O! the taste of some people, and then! the impudence of others, a melancholy, desolate creature—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

She would have left me, but I detained her; and she stood wiping her hand where I had touched it, as if a snake had crawled over it; her red lip agitated like a transparent rose leaf, with an insect under it.

"Sir, you are not the man that I expected to find you; you never deserved such a blessed creature; it would be a sin and a shame to tell you—but my heart will burst, and you know it, I see it plainly, by your saucy eyes, if I don't tell you, I—I—are you sure that you are the same Arthur that—"

I grew serious immediately, aware of some unaccountable mistake.

"O yes! that now, that will do! Look so, till I have told you all about it; and if your wicked heart don't leap out of your body, you are, I won't say what; I haven't mentioned your name since I've been here—I was afraid to—asked no questions—waited till I could see you; but how came she to fancy you—you a melancholy creature! pho, pho! you are ready to laugh in my face at this moment, arn't you?"

"Yes," I replied, nodding.

"How long do you remain here?" said she. "Two or three days, perhaps. But stop—for whom do you take me?"

"For whom do I take you? a pretty question—for Arthur Rodman, the talk of the whole country, the lover of—"

"I cannot hear you another moment," I replied; "I am not Arthur Rodman."

"Not Arthur Rodman!" she cried, turning deadly pale, "pray, (recovering herself, and curtsying) who the devil are you?"

"Jonathan Oadley, otherwise John." She started back three paces, and dropped another profound curtsy.

"And who the devil are you?" said I.

"Ellen Sampson, otherwise Nell," she replied.

I gazed at her with a strange feeling of astonishment, delight, and terror; might not she be mad?

The troubled beauty of her pale blue eyes, their delirious brightness, the intensely vivid red of her lips, just parting playfully, her white teeth glittering within them, like—like—by Heaven there never was anything so white, as they appeared to me, for a moment, contrasted with the gushing crimson of her swollen lips, the ethereal, eager delicacy of her attitude. Really she stood like some creature of the bright element, just emerging for a moment, upon the tranced eyes of some one, that had been gazing, till he was blinded, upon the setting sun.

"Ellen," said I, "I—"

"Upon my word! you don't breathe often, I imagine; hush, hush, not another step. I am glad to find that you are not Arthur Rodman, because I could not, giddy as I am, bear to see—" (swinging her arms, and clapping her little hands before and behind her, while her tongue ran as fast as she could speak, and her bright hair danced like a quivering halo about her head at every swing, and the tears ran out of her eyes full gallop, at the same moment), "bear to see a creature like him, after such a deplorable a—a—O, hang it, I can't talk about it; but if Arthur Rodman had kissed my hand, he never should have heard another syllable of the matter—"

"I suppose not," said I, laughing, attempting to catch her arm.

"Hands off Pompey—Arthur Rodman, I said, not Jonathan Oadley; what a name! Lord, I should die a—haven't you some other name? what do they call you, when they are not laughing at you, nor angry, nor—"

"John—"

"Well then, John. Do you love Arthur?"

"Of a truth," said I.

"I believe you," she cried, skipping about, and looking at her delicate feet all the time, as if they belonged to any body but herself; "let me see you cut a pigeon wing—pho, pho, in this way, I mean—take care—why, John, that's your name, you know—you dance like a man a-skaiting."

All this while she was practising her steps before me, just as if we had been brought up together all our lives; but she suddenly stopped, tripped up to me, stood a moment on tip-toe, about a foot from my face, staring me in the eyes.

"I know what you are thinking now, just as well, as well as if I were in your own heart—mind!—you think I am a fool, I am not," laying it down with her little fore-finger very emphatically, "I am not. You think me crazy. You are mistaken. What did they bring me here for? to mope in the corner, to kill spiders, pinch the girls, and cry my eyes out? Stop, come here; there is somebody listening, now mind me—"

My heart fluttered again; I remembered, all at once, how Clara had left me, and I could have wept with shame and vexation.

"I have something to tell you about Arthur; nobody knows it but myself; you shall know it, if you'll be good—so, when shall I see you again; as you live don't disappoint me—hush, hush."

"To-morrow evening, at the same hour, in the same place," said I, hardly knowing what I had said.

"Bye now," she replied, "bye, John," shaking her hand with affected awkwardness, like a fat infant, "day-day!"

She had been gone ten minutes, before I recovered my senses; and when I did, there was a strange sensation at my heart that I had never experienced before—a restless, dissatisfied, aching spirit. I determined to pursue Clara; but it was already so dark, that I could not, and I descended—Merciful Heaven! I had forgotten my own mother. Oh, shame on the prodigate heart of her son—a grey-haired mother, widowed and broken of heart, had been forgotten by her first-born. I ran to her. I found her, troubled with my arrival, and expecting me, in a remote apartment, hovering over a dim fire, like something unearthly, her withered hands pressed upon her temples, and her eyes looking through her disturbed hair, as if they had been turned to stone. "Mother, dear mother!" I cried, throwing myself upon her neck.

She suffered my embrace, without any apparent emotion; and then put me aside, and stood—her stately form, once eminent for beauty and stature, unbowed, unbent, with the pressure of all her woes—and riveted her old eyes upon the dark entry, which could be seen through the door that I left open, as if she expected some other—what other I know not—to follow me.

I was afraid to interrupt her, and, after a moment, in which she stood, like a priestess about to receive some preternatural augmentation of power—she shook her head mournfully, turned to me, bared my forehead with both hands, looked into my eyes for a moment, and then, gradually, her face wrought up to such unutterable horror, the blood flashing over her forehead, and the light streaming from her eyes—that I could not endure it—I covered my face with my hands, and shook from head to foot.

"Ay, shake, shake!" she cried—"the tree was uptorn, the old man shattered, and, and, oh! my dear, dear boy—(falling upon my bosom and sobbing like a child)—where have you been? I did not know you for a while; where is father? some how or other, my son, I have not remembered of late that—ah! Archibald?"

I started, as if Archibald himself had stood before me. It was Lucia—but O, how altered!

I went to her, and took her hand. God bless her! God for ever bless her! She was a ministering angel to my poor old mother, kind to her all the day long, watching by her, and nursing her, while her own heart was breaking, till her beauty had waned, and her wonderful eyes were dim with the death dew.

I was unable to speak, and she then bore the silver cup to my mother, holding upon my hand, as upon that of her last friend.

"Poor dear Lucia," said my mother, putting her old arms about her white glittering neck—"he will never return."

Lucia shuddered; but I—I—immediately exclaimed, "Do not believe her, Lucia; he will return, he has returned, he is here at this moment." I thought only of Clinton.

Madman that I was!—my mother's arms dropped, and she stood for a moment, as if the spectre of my father had started up, all at once, before her.

And Lucia—O, she shut her eyes, and pressed her two hands upon her heart, as if it were



bursting—just whispering; so audibly that I could scarcely hear the words:

“Heaven forbid—O, heaven forbid!—here, Archibald! O, heaven forbid.”

It was some minutes before I could command myself sufficiently to prepare her for the arrival of Clinton, after having undeceived her, but she cut me short at once, with a sweet, mournful smile—her breast heaving at the same moment piteously, and, as if the swell would never, never subside, “I saw your brother,” said she, firmly.

I stood, holding her hands, but struck by the strange solemnity of her manner, as she said this, I dropped them—“What do you mean, Lucia?” I said, leading her to a seat.

She sat down, my mother on the one side of her, watching every emotion of her pale, beautiful face, as if for life and death, while I sat listening like one disturbed in his own senses.

“I always lock my room—of late,” said she, (faltering and averting her eyes)—“I locked it last evening. About this time, or about an hour before, I returned, and found it locked—yet the shape of a man was sitting at the further window, with his face leaning upon his hand. I could not be mistaken; it was Archibald. I know not what followed—I attempted to stagger to him, but a sudden sickness of the heart, giddiness and blindness followed, I—ah—that’s Ellen’s voice—another time, my friend—I am very sad, very heavy at the heart, another time—dear mother, what can I do for you?”

I was yet unwilling to leave to another, a duty so perilous as mine—that of announcing the arrival of Clinton, wounded, perhaps mortally, under the same roof of this passionate girl; and had revolved, again and again, a hundred methods of doing it, without startling her too abruptly, asking myself how they had kept it a secret from her alone? and waiting to hear her mention his name. But we were interrupted.

“Colonel Clinton will not lie down—he swears he will not, child, till you run to him,” said Ellen Sampson, skipping in.

Lucia arose calmly, and said, “Then will I go to him. Miss Sampson, Mr. Oadley.”

I was amazed and struck at her tone. Where was that inward depth, that impassioned music, that, to have heard once, would set your heart thrilling—the very vibration of which, upon the ear, convinced you, with a speed like electricity, that she who spoke, loved and loved desperately—where was it now? My eyes filled before I knew it, and when she put back her raven tresses, and departed, with the air of something regal, in sorrow; and, I may as well speak it, for so it appeared to me, in humiliation—I did involuntary homage to her, by bowing my body, and almost touching my forehead to the floor.

They departed—and my dear mother’s eyes, were already heavy. She kissed me affectionately and putting her head upon the pillow; slept, as she sat, leaning against the bed while I stood over her.

The supper bell rang, and in following the sound, I encountered, successively, a little lame old man, a savage-looking boy, Mr. Arnauld, a stranger; who was afterwards a source of great comfort to me, Mrs. Arnauld, and—all but Clara.

“She will not appear,” said I, to myself, “she would lose her self-possession; she knows it; and dare not trust herself.” How little I knew her;

Before we were seated, she entered the room, with a firm step, a little paler, I thought, than usual; but very firm, as if nothing had happened.

I observed that all eyes were upon us, and I faltered out her name, bowing. She returned it.

“Why how is this?” said her mother, colouring, “I—” “We have already met,” said Clara, endeavouring to smile, but carefully avoiding to meet my eyes.

It soon came to my share; but why tell such things? our supper was comfortless, and I—I was wretched, yet stung to the quick, angry with myself, and provoked at the composure of Clara.

My children, these were trifles only; but beware of trifles. A light blow, the lightest, may render a priceless jewel of less value than the dust beneath your feet. To them that love, little matters are important—important ones, little. Hearts that could bear to be torn asunder by death, smitten with palsy, when they had grown together, bruised and trodden on, without bleeding, will madden at the petty exasperations of life; a little neglect, a little unkindness will be death, because, they reason wisely, a little unkindness is the failure of only a little kindness, and who can pardon the omission to do, what may be done with so little trouble? It is these little things which show most directly the alienation, habitual alienation, and antipathy of the heart. Remember my words. And remember my story. ’Tis the last drop, that runs over; the last breath that starts the ship; the last word that breaks the heart.

After supper we collected all—with my dear mother, around a blazing fire. Even Clinton was trundled out, perilous as it would seem, and sat as near as might be to Lucia.

Her lashes were wet, and he would have held her hand, as he leaned his noble face upon the high cushion at his side—pale as that of a dead man, but with a beautiful timidity, as he thought, for I could see his fine eyes sparkle through the half-shut lashes—though I thought it another and more awful feeling. She withdrew her hand twice from his, without looking him in the face; and, each time, a dark convulsion passed over the lower part of her face; like a spasm—perhaps a contraction of the heart.

The idiot boy, for so he appeared to me, sat on a low stool in the very corner; his wolfish eyes, blood-shot and wandering; incessantly glancing about, like those of some wild animal at the sight of fire. He sat bent nearly double—licking his knuckles continually with his enormous tongue; and his sprawling hands, and red wrist—which, in consequence of his shirt sleeves, and the position in which he sat, at times holding upon his knees, and rocking to and fro all the while, appeared more like the claws of some monster, than the hands of a boy. His teeth were very large, and of a dazzling whiteness, so that, when he smiled—which was very rarely, or spoke, which was still more rare, there was something very frightful in his appearance. Had such a creature started out suddenly upon me in a lone wood, I should have shot him dead upon the spot, without asking any question, I am sure; and even now, when I saw him, pouting his dark lips, and licking them, as he looked at Clara and Lucia by turns, I could not forbear: shuddering, and, with a curdling horror and heat of my blood, recalling the story of baboons and orang outangs, who had carried off

the planters' women—even to the top of inaccessible rocks and trees. Nay, though my nature is not blood-thirsty—and the sight of human blood, at any time, will give me, to this day, a convulsive start, and sickness like death—yet, I really felt uneasy in the presence of this obscene and abominable shape; and wanted to strangle him.

His sister saw me watching him, and probably read the expression of my countenance, for she coloured—rivetted her pretty eyes upon me, and shook her head, saying audibly—"you are mistaken."

I started—coloured, I suppose, and fell into another reverie.

Near her, with his lame leg swathed in red flannel, and lying on a cushion before him, sat her father, Mr. Amos David Sampson—his sharp, pimpled face looking as if the blood were about to start through it—his little gooseberry eyes shining sideways, through lashes like a wisp of hay, at every speaker in succession; and his lips moving, all the while, as if he were gnawing the inside of them—a snappish, disagreeable old gentleman as one could desire to meet with—so I thought.

"You are mistaken," said the same voice—again. And I lifted my eyes, in some confusion, I confess, for it had not occurred to me that, as I sat, with my hand over my face, under pretence of shading it from the great lamp just over my head, studying all the faces about me, that another eye was studying mine, if not my heart also, at the same moment—with unsparing accuracy too.

I was in the middle of the circle, leaning upon a heavy round mahogany table, which creaked aloud at every movement.

Near me, bolt upright, in a suit of thunder and lightning, as it was called—a material of domestic manufacture, of different colours, and woven clouded, then much in use—with a long red waistcoat, and a cocked hat, too small for his head, which, it was said, he had worn night and day for half a century—sat a tall, thin gentleman, all legs and arms, it appeared to me—who, as I afterwards observed, had the pleasantest way in the world of tacking his thoughts together, and re-compounding all the disordered fragments that others happened to throw away—with an infinite variety, like a kaleidoscope—without ever turning his head—smiling, or winking. His eyes were rivetted upon a picture that hung over the fire-place, which, I was told he had been in the habit of studying, with precisely the same expression, for a week at a time (his visit never lasting more than a week) during nearly sixteen years. He was an ancient friend of the family—and had been so long accustomed to eating, what he called his Christmas dinner, at Mr. Arnauld's, that he began to regard it as a sort of annuity, to be paid when wanted; and it was therefore no uncommon thing for him to stalk into the room, in the middle of the dog days, without stirring a muscle, and announce his intention of eating his Christmas dinner with them, which meant—boarding with them for a week or ten days. I had been prepared for his manner—but no preparation could have prevented me from feeling surprise. He talked all the while, like a man in his sleep—or one conversing with spirits, always in the same tone, without emphasis, accent, or modulation; and to the last hour of his visit, he could not have told the subject of that very picture, upon which he had gazed so long—nay, when it was turned once, with the backside

out (in consequence of a death in the family), he never appeared to observe the change—yet, while studying it, his eyes would wander from one side to the other, and involuntarily adopt the expression of them that were painted, so that a stranger would take him to be the profoundest of connoisseurs.

"You are mistaken!" said the same voice. I almost started from my seat. How could I be mistaken? was it not evident that she was mad, her brother a fool, and a beast—evil as evil could be; her father a most choleric, wicked old fellow, and Dr. Hastings a learned, pedantic, disordered simpleton? such were my convictions. But I will try to give you, as well as I can remember it, a part of our conversation on that evening, which I shall never forget, and leave you to judge for yourselves. To save the constant repetition of said he, and said she—I shall give the names at first of each speaker, as in a dialogue.

Arnauld—(turning slowly about, so as to front my face, and occasionally watch the change in that of Clinton)—"Well, young man, you have seen powder burnt seriously again? what will be the effect, think you?"

Mr. Sampson. "Of what? seeing powder burnt? make the young dogs too saucy—no living with 'em, the rascals—make my house too hot for them."

Young Nick showed his teeth, and rubbed his hands, when his father said this.

Mrs. Arnauld. "O, my dear Mr. Sampson, *caro amico*—too severe, too severe indeed—these young men ought to be admired, welcomed every where; it is they that protect our daughters, and—"

Mr. Sampson. "Humph."

Mrs. Arnauld. "In short, Mr. Sampson, but for them; O, you are much too severe, *beaucoup, beaucoup!*" (pronouncing the final consonant), while the husband bit his lips, Lucia dropt her eyelids, and I saw my mother's lips move, as if she were trying to repeat the word to herself.

"The battle of Trenton, battle of Princeton—*ancora una volta*, only think; while all the young men of the country were flying away from their deliverer, Washington, the great—*le grand* (pronouncing it *lee grand*) as we call him abroad; and you are all about your fire-side, *bonvivyans*—our young men, sword in hand, nay, our old men, fell upon the enemy; God bless me! I beg ten thousand pardons," running to my mother, who had fallen back in the chair, without motion.

Nell. "This would be well enough, Aunt, mighty well; but, now and then, some worsted colonel" (her brother's teeth chattered, and he peered through his black hair at the colonel, and chuckled, good-naturedly, I confess; but, curse his teeth, they made my blood run cold—I could think of nothing but a young Cannibal, tearing human flesh), "a teasing lieutenant, comes down upon us peaceable creatures, and carries all before him."

Mrs. Arnauld. "By a *koop dee mane, cappo di disperazione.*"

Mr. Arnauld. "*Coup-de-main*, my dear, if wholesome English won't do," (shifting his position), "*disperazione.*"

Nell. "Aunt, did you ever learn French, or Italian?"

Lucia. "Cousin!"

Clara. (Turning her eyes full upon her, in silence.) "My mother, Ellen, is—pray dear Ellen,



what think you of a sleigh ride? to-morrow afternoon."

Ellen. "Afternoon! what time?"

Lucia. "Toward evening."

Ellen. "O, yes," clapping her hands; "O yes! of all things in this world, a sleigh ride;—O, no, no, no! bless me, I can't—I'm engaged."

Mr. Sampson. "The devil you are! to whom?"

Young Nick. "To that chap," (nodding at me).

Mr. Arnould turned, and looked at the boy, and then at me, and then at Ellen, who coloured all over.

Here Doctor Hastings began to mutter to himself, gradually raising his voice at intervals, until it became sufficiently audible for us to distinguish the words, "odd fish, battle like that! poor creature! *Caro amico*; wounded, very good; no, no, couldn't bear it; engaged! bless me, so young—very bloody, very."

Arnould. "Gentlemen," his deep mellow voice coming, as it were, from the most inward place of his whole heart, while it fell, drop after drop, like molten iron upon my own—and, if I might judge by the compressed lips of Clinton, whose face was in shadow—into his also, while it was evident that Mr. Arnould did not wish to be understood by others.

"Gentlemen, the man who goes out to fight the battles of his country, loaded down with prayer and benediction, he who goes out to bare his bosom to the bayonet and bullet, should have a clear heart as well as a stout one. Woe to him, woe to him! if the wail of innocence be ringing in his ears; if the curse of the widow hath fallen upon his heart; and woe to him, ten thousand times over, if the hand of a brother or a father be ever placed upon the hilt. There are men—not many, it is to be hoped, beautiful as Apollo, their hearts breaking out, as it would seem, at every word that they utter; men that, trespassing rudely upon the innocent and lovely, the generous and noble, would dare—oh, there have been such men; and there may be more of them, whose word is death, whose approach is dishonour; men that would dare, in the wanton revelry of their spirit, to tread upon naked hearts, yes, drive their very horses over the torn bosoms and trodden beauty of woman, that they might have it to tell of, when they had escaped the wrath of the abused father; or—"

I dared not look up; there was a mortal silence, but somebody, I felt sure, was dying near me; and when I turned, I saw the face of Lucia buried in Clara's lap; one hand held in Clinton's, as if to assure him that he had no share in this; his eyes flashing fire; and himself trying, in vain, to arise and walk out of the room, as if to order his horse. Poor Mrs. Arnould, there, sat like one struck with thunder, at the moment of song and dance, entreating him, almost on her knees, not to move; the idiot boy's eyes glistening with tears, and his lip writhing; his father quivering all over like a stall-horse reined in too long, while the trumpet was blowing. Clara sitting upright, pale as death—

The silence that followed was unbroken, till, in a soft, distant voice, as if to change the conversation, Ellen demanded, if any of the company had ever heard of a man in the neighbourhood, by the name of Frederick Crawford?

The answer was general and immediate—but the change of expression in the face of Arnould

was instantaneous and terrible. He turned his searching eyes upon Ellen; but either she had no meaning in the question, or she had a wonderful self-command, for her countenance did not change in the least; but his! heaven and earth! the sweat burst out upon his forehead; his dark, luminous eyes were suddenly quenched, as if in blood; and several times he attempted to put his hands to his throat, while gasping for breath, but they fell, several times, powerless, into his lap—with every symptom of a fit.

His wife was inconceivably terrified; and a general bustle took place, till he quelled it, sternly, by asking Ellen, if she knew aught of Crawford?

"Yes," she replied, innocently, "yes, uncle, I know that he is a scoundrel."

Arnould's face became livid, but he added, "do you know him; who he is, or what?"

"Who he is!" answered Ellen, her face changing, all at once, to horror, as she caught his eyes, and her lips turning white, while she came near him, and said, "Yes, uncle, I do know him, now."

Clara, I observed, was writing, and the next moment, with a sweet, noble composure, she handed a slip of paper to me, on which was written as follows:—

"Treat me as usual. My father knows nothing, but he is all awake. Do not stay long. Farewell! I have given you an opportunity. I shall never give you another. You could not deny it. I respect your honesty."

I looked at her, but it was impossible to catch her eye; and Clinton, just then, put his hand into mine, giving it a fervent pressure—"Let us go," said he.

"Yes," I replied, "with all my heart; the sooner the better."

"What means this, young man?" said Arnould. "Beware how you trifle with an old man. Do not be rash. Things done in a breath, a whole life has been too little to atone for."

"Clinton!" said Lucia, rising, with a beautiful undauntedness, and standing before him, "I see by your eyes what you meditate. You are wrong. If you have any regard for us, for me—for me, I entreat you to stay." The mother joined in the persuasion, and Clara and Ellen.

"And you," said Clara to me, "You have been very dear to us."

"Have been," said I, in a low voice, "since when, Clara?" She trembled in replying—

"You will not surely return till you are wanted in camp!"

There was an accent of kindness—affectionate entreaty in her voice, that almost brought tears into my eyes; but a temper, a new temper, had arisen in my heart, stubborn as death, implacable as hell, one that I never had dreamt of, and I replied—

"I shall go to-morrow at day-break."

"At day-break," said Ellen, running up to me; "you are a pretty fellow!—is this the way you keep your promise? I s'pose you'll come back again by sunset."

Clara, before she knew it, glanced at me, and then at Ellen, as if doubting the evidence of her own senses; but she disdained to speak, and I was far too haughty to explain.

I turned to go, but Mr. Arnould interfered; "My friends," said he, with great solemnity, "what the meaning of all this affair is, I cannot pretend to imagine. But I am jealous of appearances. Sleep

this night quietly under my roof, and go away to-morrow, with God's blessing upon your head. Whatever happen, I will never pursue, nor molest, nor thwart you. He hath taught me humility and forbearance. But go to night—to-night, Clinton—to-night, Oadley, and at the risk even of his displeasure I will pursue you, till I am at the bottom of the whole, yea, to the furthestmost extremities of the earth, and then, if there be aught that a father could not bear to see or hear, that father's blood you shall be wet with, or he shall wash his hands in that of your hearts."

"Let us go," said Clinton, composedly.

"No mercy, Clinton, no mercy!" cried the distracted Lucia, falling upon her knees before him—"Oh, do not go."

"Is there any hope?" said Clinton, tenderly—putting his hand upon her shoulder, while her father stood, as if irresolute whether to trample her down upon the spot, and complete her degradation, or to uplift her, and curse him to his heart.

"Any, for the man that you have loved?"

"None," said Lucia, recovering herself, and standing up, while her sweet voice came, like an echo issuing from her heart. "Before you came to me you knew it. You pretended to know me—no, Clinton, no! there is no hope; I cannot deceive you. I have loved you; I love you no longer, but I cannot hate you; I cannot hate the man that—— Clinton! look me in the face, do not deceive yourself; there is no hope for you, not even that which now thrills at the bottom of your heart. Remember, remember! nothing that can happen will bring me back to love—— Are you a man? Forget me. Are you a man? Do not leave this house in anger. I appeal to your heart. You have done that—that, for which there is no reparation; Heaven forgive you. I do forgive you! (putting her hand in his). From my soul, I forgive you, and pity you. You have done that—do not leave us in anger. Remember our love."

"Mr. Arnauld," said Clinton, rending away the cloth from his bosom, his eyes gushing out, for the first time in all his life, with unutterable love, and tenderness, while he leaned against the high chair. "Strike! drive your sword through my heart—up to the hilt; I deserve it; I—"

"Clinton!" said Lucia, dropping her arms—

He saw her eyes, bowed, turned away his face, and buried it in his hands.

"I cannot go to-night, Oadley; I cannot, Clara—I looked at her, and half extended my hand, but there was no correspondent motion in her; and my countenance darkened, particularly when I heard her say to her sister—"Lucia will not want for consolation; where hearts are readily won or lost—" It was bitterly said, and alluded, I knew, to the unhappy error in which she was, respecting the night interview.

"Before you go," said Ellen, looking strangely serious for awhile—"I would say a word to you—father, shall I go into the dark entry with him?"

"Certainly, Nell; he will be more hurt, by a dozen, than you—coxcomb!"

She led me out, and requested me (giving me a card), when I went to Philadelphia, to inquire at a house in Sixth-street, for a person, where I would hear of something to my advantage.

"Can I trust to you?" said I: "your countenance is full of mischief."

"To me!" said she, facing to the light, when I found it all in tears.

"I will trust to that," I exclaimed—"farewell!"

"You shall first go in and bid farewell, and sit an hour with them; it is early."

I consented; and though our first conversation was very embarrassing and the latter part restrained and startling, yet it was full of significance, passion, and deep feeling—every word told.

The chattering of the boy awoke me from a reverie, and I found him listening with evident delight, and a good-humoured expression, to Dr. Hastings, in which delight even his father appeared to participate, with a pleasantry of eye, that led me to distrust the suddenness of my first judgment.

The doctor preserved, precisely, the same attitude now that he first sat down in; his long legs sprawled out at their utmost length, nearly divided that part of the room from the rest, and though each of us had stumbled over them in turn, yet the doctor appeared as insensible of all that had happened, as if they were none of his, and he had been sleeping in a mill, for he woke not till the noise stopped, and then for a moment he would start, look a little askew, as if all were not right; and then, as if right or wrong, it was no matter of his, would relapse again into the same audible reverie, in somewhat after this fashion:

"Odds fish! up to the hilt; poor creature, poor creature! if men could only content themselves with" (here his voice died entirely away, and he pursued the question and finished the sentence in his own mind)—"odds fish! women will have them; odds fish, not go to-night; forbearance! good; hand grenade, lighted in a powder magazine—set; odds fish! what a talking; always said, that drift wood; very cold, very cold indeed. Christmas. Pho, nonsense. Not so, not so—sir, that marble! (the chimney-piece was a beautiful marble, the colours rushing together,) fire, metals, all in fusion—see it, hear it I can assure you, that, having prepared the precipitate and—Lord! lord! what a profligate; worsted colonels! excellent, that horse—no, poh, poh, no—split in the off shoulder, split? split peas, split wood, split heads, split! split, same word, good night: bless me, all alone!"

As he concluded this soliloquy, he turned his head to the left, where the room was all vacant and desolate; and he supposed, it is probable, that he had been left alone, nor would he have soon discovered the mistake, had not the boy turned his chair round, while he kept on with his soliloquy, so that he could see such of us as were yet left.

But enough of this. I was smitten in all their characters. The boy was neither a beast nor a devil but a singularly active, shrewd young dog; the father, an old fellow of singular pleasantry; and Dr. Hastings, with no more learning or pedantry than my boot-jack—so much for rash judgments; and Ellen: but of her hereafter.

Clinton and I slept together, in the same room. His manly nature could support him no longer—he loved truly and devoutly now; and, with the true feeling of all men, the more truly and devoutly, in proportion as the object of his love seemed more and more implacable and distant.

He wept aloud—feigning, whenever he could no longer suppress his sobbing, to cough, the consequence of which was, that in the morning, when I was ready to mount my horse, poor Clinton was delirious.

What could I do? I was not delirious; and I left the house, as I said I would, at break of day Oh, Heaven! with what different emotions from those with which I entered it the last night, or left it before.

Clinton was delirious, and I left him: committing



him to the family, and leaving one servant with him, almost desiring, in the bitterness of my spirit, that he might die under their inhospitable roof, and I—I!—that I might never meet, hear of, nor see Clara again; Clara! for whom I would have laid down my life at that moment.

## CHAPTER XII.

Go then! if e'er we meet again, perhaps  
I may be worthier of you, and, if not,  
Remember that my faults, though not atoned for,  
Are ended. SARDANAPALUS.

The day was just breaking, when I mounted my horse. The whole eastern sky was of a blood red, through which an intermittent flashing of pale flame, thin and beautifully faint, was kept up; while all the broad circumference of heaven was rolling like a dark ocean, except just where the red sun, like a great furnace, gave out an awful troubled brightness, with a white rolling vapour, that mounted up just over the hill tops, and then rushed away toward the western horizon, as if driven there before a high wind.

I rode onward, hardly willing to look into my own heart for the motive which made me avoid the road that kept longest in sight of the house; and only pausing once to look at it, as it came, by a sudden turn in the way, almost in front of me. I rested then, and, perhaps the keen wind had done it—I felt my eyes smarting; my heart, too, (perhaps it was the mountain air and the deep snow,) labouring as in travail, with one continual, uninterrupted throe. It was not to borne. I had outridden my men already; but here, regardless of the steep, perilous road (which, I assure you, was far more so than that by which Putman once escaped; I have seen them both since, and I assure you, that I would not ride down this a second time, as I did the first, for all this world, and that I would ride down that where Pitman did, at any time, for a mere trifle—that was a foolish, but not a perilous feat of his; but mine was that of a madman, as well as a fool), I struck spurs into my horse, and went down, with such terrible speed, that I lost my breath, and should infallibly have been dashed to pieces, had not the snow been soft, as well as deep, so that, at every plunge, my horse went into it breast high. And, as I live, I touched the crupper with my back, all the way down, and my feet were on each side of his head.

This could not last long, and I was recalled to a sense of my inhumanity and rashness, by seeing the white snow tinged all along my route, with the blood that had gushed out, hot and smoking, from the lacerated flanks of my horse, and my men almost in the clouds, as it appeared to me, in the momentary glimpse that I had of them, reining their horses, as if they were near the brow of a precipice; and leaning forward over their necks, to see by what miracle I should escape.

I was fain to dismount; and it was a full hour before I got into the level country again; a part of which time my mind was meditating, with a profound melancholy sorrow and haughtiness, on all that had occurred, nor, for it is no light object with me, my dear children, to make you familiar with all the working of my heart, nor can I deny

that there was a brief warring, for a moment or two, when the golden-haired Ellen, and the pale, princely Clara, came into competition. I had heard much of the doctrine of election; in theology, I had found it to mean, something that was intelligible to them to whom nothing else was intelligible; in law, the right of harassing a poor devil more ways than one; in love, much the same thing. But here was a case of no ordinary difficulty.

Had it been one of the black vapours of theology, I should have peopled it immediately with beautiful shapes; a question of law—for I was unfortunate enough to have an uncle for a lawyer, of whom, I will here take an occasion to relate an anecdote, I should have been quieted at once: he was a surly, strong-minded man, educated in the courts of Westminster Hall; and used to say, "John, clients are gamblers. The spirit of litigation is the spirit of gambling. Once provoke it, and the devil can't lay it. Once get a man into court, and no matter how he is used, he will go there again, if he lose, to retrieve his loss; if he win, to win again. A man wrote me a letter once, to this effect; he was worth a hundred pounds a-year to me, and about half that to his family; they starved, his creditors starved, but his lawyers were sure to be paid. 'Sir, I gave my brother Dick leave to go upon my meadow and shoot muskrats. He went. Do ye think the damned didn't *gig'em*? I want you to bring as many actions against him, as it will bear. Yours, &c.' Never study the law, John, it will be sure to make you a scoundrel; you have some talents that way, now," meaning the law, I suppose.

"Pray," said my mother, I remember, "pray, do you not, you lawyers, class idiots, lunatics, children, and women altogether?"

"Yes, sister, when married; and why not?" said my uncle. I never could bear the law after that; and now that the doctrine of election rushed in upon me, like a dark wind, I felt, I cannot well describe how I felt; but as if I could go to the end of all the world, throw off the profession of arms, and sit down to some less destructive occupation. My thoughts were all in an uproar. New passions arose, a new ambition, new powers; I thought of being eloquent; the bar, the pulpit, the—pho, pho—why should I relate to you all the disordered wandering of my mind—why? that you may know the heart of your father, the heart of man, without the peril of encountering it, diseased and festering as it is, with the nakedness of our own. Boys, I have wrestled with angels, till the sun went down; with devils, till the day broke, and I would have you learn all the wisdom without any of the sorrow that I learnt. Follow me, then; I will lead you, for I can do it, as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, through all the vicissitude of my thought, as I walked my horse, leisurely, along the untrodden road.

To the church? no! There is no field for ambition; the climate is too changeable, the fashion of our worship too formal and staid; no, I will never go into a place, under pretence of ministering with angels unless I have angels to minister unto; never, till I have been chastened, even unto death. Clara said right. I have not known myself. These thoughts are new to me; the war once over, I must be something, less helpless and contemptible than a shattered veteran. The church! where, as my uncle, the lawyer, used to say, the people go, for every thing but what they pretend to go for; where, if a man want to know who has any new clothes, he

has only to go on a cold Sunday; every new coat, bonnet, and shawl will be there.

After this, I know not well where I rambled for a while; but at last I came to the family again, with a sort of start.

That rascally French and Italian; I could bear any thing better. Why not talk English? The French. O, I could not love a woman who had one atom of the French nature in her heart. There was Madame G—; she was telling me a story one day, and, having omitted some word upon which the whole joke depended (and a villainous joke it was), she referred me to her husband, who sat at my elbow, for it—with leave to tell me, when she had left the room. He began, and when he came to the part, he forgot it, and bowing to me, ran into the next room, the door of which stood open, where I heard him ask his wife what it was. She told him, and he returned, laughing all the way, and told it to me. It was a shameful, blackguard story, founded on a mistake. That was French sentiment. I watched it ever afterward. I would, as soon love a woman that should send me an indecent picture, while I could hear her voice giving the direction to a servant, under pretence that she could not put it into my hands herself—as her who could do this. Yet Mrs. Arnauld often speaks of their beautiful propriety, saying that a French girl never ventures to say of a man that he is well made, a fine person, or any such thing; nor as we do in Philadelphia, go to see naked pictures, and naked statuary by ourselves. No, in France, ladies would be ashamed to go to such places, except in the company of men—not merely for protection, but lest it should be imagined that they went in secret to indulge a vicious appetite. Nay, more—she even justifies the toilette regulations of French women; the etiquette of the boudoir. O, shame! I remember when Miss — was languishing upon a sofa, near me, once; a fat, unwieldy, turbulent maiden of fifty, that Mrs. Arnauld, the mother of—psha, I will forget her. She opened her deep, exquisite eyes upon me, with that irresistible wickedness of meaning so common to her; and reminded me of a French author that we had been reading together—(I read the language, but could not speak it), where he speaks of a pretty woman languishing in bed, and putting out a white hand to you familiarly, when you enter the room; now and then, too, as if by accident, half-revealing the prettiest foot in the world—“all very well,” said she; “very well indeed, in the lovely and youthful; but an old woman! law!” “You may kick and sprawl,” said I to myself, all over the room, if you will, but it won't do. Yes! the mother of—out with it, heart—Clara! she has put that into my thought. So much for France, and French women, and French sentiment.

By Heaven, but I did love her—O (Clara I meant), O, I knew her approach; I could feel it, with my eyes shut and ears sealed, the sweet influences!—the atmosphere—her fine heart—from my very boyhood; and yet, yet! I am already an outcast. Well, I think her that I am not humbled.

Ellen—Nelly—Nell—what beautiful hair—what a faint, bashful, luminous eye—and that dimple. O, the little creature stood, like something transparent, before me; I thought that I could see her young heart beating and bobbing about, as if it were encased in crystal. Why did she speak to me? why? why do women ever interfere? why—as they always do in love affairs? why! the moment that they suspect a partiality in either party, do they report an engagement? O, it is easily told: the startled fawn

is not more timid and distant, nor more easily turned aside from the gushing water, than a young heart in its first love. Every match that a woman breaks off, no matter how, by her meddling impertinence—folly, lying, or coquetry, augments her own chance, because it keeps undiminished the number of unmarried men. Nell Sampson—beware! there is more evil within this heart than thou art thinking of; more than I myself ever dreamt of. If it be not explained, that which gave a troubled lustre to the impatient eye of Clara—ere we meet again, woe to thee! Winter may pass away, summer may come, but thence will lie for ever; and you may as well hope to turn the staunch blood-hound from her chase—while the spattering silver is upon the green hills—as my heart aside from its purpose. I knew it not till this moment; I knew not that I had aught of this spirit within me. But now—now I feel as if I were newly born, indeed, for all that Clara has foretold—born for mischief—as if I could stand up before the assembled world—herself—my face undisturbed—my forehead unmoved, till the vessels of my brain were all ruptured—ruptured by my thought—charged with extravasated blood—the furace of my heart burning to the last sob. I started—my own breathing was terrible, as these forbidden speeches came out, from the darkness where they had slept so long—breathing! no, it was snorting—it was like the fierce gasping of a tired panther.

Ellen—how beautifully she danced, too! the motion of her limbs made music. But Clara—she never dances. She is too stately for the dance; too awfully chaste for the profligate revelry of the dance, and yet I loved her—loved her! Aye, till the very pulse of my life stood still at her bidding. This they call unbending, when a tall, princely creature is fool enough to jump about a large room to the sound of music—fools! it is bending, rather—bending to the earth. I cannot bear to see a lofty mind employed so like the babies of this world; I—

Clara! I would never have parted with thee, had I known the full extent of what I have already suffered—and now, dear Clara—it is far less in sorrow, than in anger—that I—I—by the bright sun of heaven! I do fear that we have trampled down all the beautiful vegetation of the heart—shut our eyes to the loveliest apparition of all our experience—sealed up our senses to the odour that issues from all that is touched by the hot, beating hand of genuine passion—for ever and ever! O, Clara, thy heart, dear! O, give me the unvisited, untouched one—thou wilt never be happy, and I—O, why have I left thee? Then, why not return? (I half wheeled my horse)—no—no—sooner would I die ten thousand times over!—

There, my children, there! You have now a fair chart of the rambling, incoherent journeying of my thought for some hours—when, happening to put my hand into the breast pocket of my military surlout, I was startled at the rustling of papers. I pulled them out—and instantly—as if my brother had stood before me, and called me with a pistol-shot from a troubled dream, I started broad awake. They were his letters, to my mother and Lucia. How strangely I had forgotten them. But what was to be done? my men were no where within sight or halloo—(I confess, moreover, that I was not very solicitous that they should be—for, to say nothing of my soliloquy, which I now felt, as I came to my senses, had occasionally been far from inaudible—I was not very sorry for an opportunity to return—proudly—for a moment.) They will believe, said I, when they see me riding up, that I have come to sue for mercy.



I will not undeceive them—I will enter the house, present them with my own hands, and return, do what they may to my saddle.

I did so—I rode back—no living creature saw me, or announced my approach, until I stood before them—just about the hour of dinner. Clara fell back upon the sofa. I bowed, and gave the letters to Lucia—who was preparing some herb tea, I thought, in a little silver can. Her hand shook, when she saw the hand-writing.

"Here is another," said I, "which you will be so kind as to deliver, after I have gone—" (giving her that to my mother.)

She tore open hers, read it as if it were her death-warrant, covered her face, and left the room, forbidding me with her hand to follow.

Again I was upon my way—benighted, and, but why need I relate the paltry adventures of the day? The next evening I was in the arms of my brother, determined never to leave him again.

"How fares it, brother?" said he—"you are not the man that you were. What has happened?"

"Fellowship!" I exclaimed, giving one hand to him, and another to Arthur, who sat by—"Fellowship!" "By Heaven," he cried, rising in his bed, and rivetting his steady eyes upon me—"O, by Heaven, it has fallen at last! all women are alike! are they not?"

"They are," said I; and then we embraced. "Well, well, so much the better," said Archibald, for Washington. No man can serve two masters. Woman and war, woman and manhood, woman and God, are fire and water; they cannot live together for a moment."

"Cousin," said Arthur—I started to hear the sound of his voice—I could not reconcile myself to it—it was the voice of a stranger—"the reapers are ready—the harvest nodding; we must go down to it speedily."

"How," said I—"shall we do any thing; can we, before the spring opens?"

"I hope so," said Archibald—"or we shall starve and rot where we are. "See there!" he cried—pointing to a foot soldier that was hobbling by at the moment—"that poor fellow has gone literally bare-footed, day after day, among the ice and snow; one third of our men are in the same situation—not one in five has a blanket—and we have been two whole days without provision—the wretched parsimony of these farmers about here, and the villanous new management of the Philadelphians, have brought our little army to death's door."

"Philadelphia!" said I, recollecting my engagement, and inconceivably agitated with the crowding thoughts that rushed in upon my brain—dilating all the veins, till they ached. "Arthur—what say you for a ride there? Brother, can you spare him?"

"I!—Certainly I can. I shall be out in a week; and, but you must seek higher authority than mine, for leave of any absence now."

"Not for myself," I answered; "I have a flourish."

"True—and I will answer for Arthur—what say you, Arthur?"

Arthur agreed to it immediately, as if, like myself, he was ready for any change of scene, any, in the world, rather than such cold, wintry inaction. And I proceeded to relate the meeting with my mother.

Archibald shut his eyes, and pressed his hands, locked and trembling, upon his breast; but uttered no sound more, either of surprise or sorrow. The

blow was too deep for that—the bleeding was inwardly.

I then led him to my interview with Clara—he smiled—shook—started up—but when I came to the trial—and forbore, as I was obliged to, all explanation of the cause which led to the misunderstanding, he caught my hands wildly.

"Brother John—brother! you are a madman—you have thrown away, like a child, a jewel beyond all price—the heart of a proud woman—O, how I pity you. You are a madman; brother, think of it, down upon your knees and think of it—if it be not too late, too late, beyond all that I can imagine. I know not what you have done, or said, or thought—I care not. She has loved you, and she! Clara Arnauld, is not a woman to forget her love. She has loved you, and she will love you for ever and ever. To horse, then, to horse! before you sleep; ride for your life—if it be not, indeed, too late—too late—and throw yourself into her arms. O, brother, brother! that men should be so wasteful of that happiness, that—the rapture and passion of a devout woman—as to kill it, so unworthily!—O, if such a creature! any that wore the shape of a woman, were but to move her sweet lips at me, as I have seen the proud Clara moving them at thee—O, I would lie down upon my face, and set her foot upon my neck—rend my own heart from its socket—and give it to the wolf or the vulture before her eyes."

I was deeply affected with his manner, I cannot deny it. But I was ashamed to follow his advice—ashamed to tell the truth, for that would be, or might be, to breathe upon the spotless bright mirror, where his soul had grown blind in gazing; and ashamed too to confess, before his lordly forehead, that I had been capable, first of trifling, innocently, with such a heart as Clara's; and next, of meditating its reduction, like a famished garrison, by cutting off its nourishment, light, and air, as if a heart so wasted, so thinned away, were to be coveted. But I dared not to trust myself to any longer contemplation of the subject, chiefly, I believe, because there was something pleasant in this new companionship with Arthur and Archibald, as if my desolation could compare with theirs! O, shame! the paltry caprice of a heart, drunk with enjoyment, full to repletion, and bursting with triumph and deep rapture, to be compared with the darkness and fire of a spurned and trodden one: over the embers of which the wind of passion blew again, and again, till they blazed with a brightness too terrible for the eye of meditation:—or that appalling, substantial shadow, which lay, like a malediction upon the spirit of Arthur, pressing his broad forehead to the dust, pinioning his faculties, and darkening his thought for ever! O, no! but I heard one rail so eloquently at woman, and the other look so majestically down upon all the plebeian sorrowing of men, in consequence, it seemed, of his trial, that I almost prayed for a reason as terrible! that I might join in denouncing them too!

I then spoke of Clinton (my brother held his breath); told all that I had seen (his eyes flashed fire—his lips quivered, his teeth rattled; and when I had done, he wiped off the sweat from his face, as if the rain had fallen there; shook his head and replied, faintly, but audibly nevertheless), "Enough, I can see her, hear her very words—see every movement of her eyes, hands. She is right. You are right. He cannot prevail; there is no hope for him. My letter has done its office."

"Your letter," said I, unwilling to deceive him,

"You are mistaken. When all this happened I had not delivered the letter."

"What! do I understand you rightly. Then (thoughtfully, while his white brow clouded, as if overrun by a dark blood all at once)—then there is a mystery at the bottom of this which I will drag forth. When will Clinton be out?"

I told him all that I knew; and we spent the greater part of the night talking about the family, and their several characters.

"Brother," said I, seeing that Lucia loves you asleep—

"Brother, I believe that Arthur was asleep."

"You do," said he, calmly. "You are right. I have no doubt of it—more than she ever dreamt of. The time will come when she shall love me more—ten thousand times more than ever. I know her nature now, every thought of her heart."

"Then, let me return your advice; why waste the priceless jewel?"

"John! John Oadley!" he replied, rising like a spectre, and stretching out his wasted arms to me—while the fitful lamplight flashed strangely over his features, in shadow and brightness, "you do not well know me yet. But the time is coming when you will. You know how I have loved Lucia—that I have loved her as never man loved woman—would have died at her bidding, and yet—yet! by all the angels of heaven! I would see her dead and buried, before I would take her to my heart, after Clinton had put his lips upon her face."

The blood spouted from his nostrils as he spoke, and sprinkled the coarse linen of the bed. His look was frightful, his voice solemn beyond expression, convulsed, and broken; and when he had done, he shed tears.

The next day I took particular pains to look into the state of the troop, inquire the true situation of Archibald, who I found was in no danger, obtain permission to go to Philadelphia with Arthur for a companion; and the third day after my return, just when they began to light the market, we entered the city, at a handsome trot, our sabres ringing, and the iron hoofs of our well-shod chargers rattling like a whole troop of cavalry along the pavement.

"That is the number," said I, at last, stopping under a lamp, and reading the card. "Take the reins a moment, Arthur, while I knock."

There was neither knocker nor bell, though the house was large, and rather imposing; and I struck the door with my loaded whip till the whole neighbourhood rang again. Several windows were thrown open; but when they saw that we were Continentals mounted, they were instantly shut again, for they dreaded our visitation as little better than a robbery, or at least a requisition for every blanket and shoe in the family.

A stout, handsome, black fellow soon appeared, and, as if he had been prepared to expect us, threw open the door, and descended to take our horses.

"Is Mrs. Eustace within?" said I.

"Yes, massa; massa he find her in the parlour" (pointing up a broad staircase, beyond which we saw a large door standing open), a room brightly illuminated, as if with a large fire—and several persons, whom I thought, moving hurriedly about it—like shadows upon a bright wall. We entered, and Arthur, at the sound of two or three voices, apparently ascending the stairs over my head, caught suddenly at my arm as if he were falling. I turned, a little surprised, and beheld a change in his countenance surpassing all that I had ever seen—it was stone—absolute stone. His lips were parted, and

while he held my arm till the very bone ached, he stood like one struck dead, while listening to music, coming out of the grass—in the low wind.

We entered the room; and before I had time to make my salutation, a pair of soft, delicately soft, hands were put into mine—and a voice, that I could not be mistaken in, said to me (the lights were all gone, and the red blaze of the fire had diminished, so that I could not well see her countenance—and the whole room smelt of burnt camphor, as if it had been thrown upon the fire to dazzle and blind us as we came up the stairs).

"And is that Mr. Rodman?"

"Yes," I replied, "but when? in the name of Heaven, and how came you here?"

"Hush—you have a deep part to play—a tragedy it may be. You have been expected for two days. I had almost given up the hope of seeing you. I came away after dinner the same day that you did—the house had got too hot to hold me. Clara! ha! then there is something in it! Clara Arnauld is—Have you heard nothing? not a word since?"

"No," I replied; "how should I?"

"Then, Mr. Oadley, I pity you; you have broken a proud woman's heart."

My own was in my throat as she spoke, and I was fain to sit down.

"Ha—Arthur, what ails you, what are you looking at?"

He never moved; but in a far corner of the room, in a sort of recess, like a library, or Venetian window with dark curtains, sat a female figure—looking up at the moon, that just then stood still in the blue heaven, as if held there by the incantation of beauty.

The figure moved, sighed; and Arthur, rising slowly and involuntarily upon his feet, gradually stretching out his arms, as if—gracious God! The low, mournful warbling of a sweet voice came to my ears, like something that I had heard, I know not when—I know not where before; and Arthur fell flat upon his face.

I saw him fall, but I was unable to stir hand or foot. I stood hushed as death—tranced—with a deep, deep terror and torment at my heart, as if I had broken in upon some haunted place. Somebody caught my arm. "Awake!" said a voice—"awake! speak to it! it is Mary!"

I staggered to the window; I fell upon my knees, not daring to breathe or lift up my eyes. The shadow arose, turned with a mournful, slow motion, so that the moon shone full upon her face.

It was Mary! it was! I had only life enough left to put my hands, like a dreamer fearing to awake, upon her flesh; and see her, the blessed martyr, stooping over me, with her troubled, melancholy lips; it was not to be mistaken—O, no! no! no! the unearthly paleness of her forehead, the preternatural darkness of her eyes, their slow, incessant motion.

"Mary!" I cried; "O, Mary, speak to me," I said, attempting to rise; but her whole weight was upon me. At the sound of my voice she started; her eyes flashed—her lips moved—she put her hands upon my forehead—pushed aside my thick hair—stooped down, pressed her wet lips to my eye-lids, and whispered—"O, Arthur, Arthur—how could you leave me?"

Her tears ran down her cheeks like rain; and when I looked up, I saw Ellen struggling with all her might, her hair dishevelled, her pale eyes streaming with tears and light—against Arthur, who stood stooping toward her, as if he had been struck blind.

Mary had not seen him; I arose, her soft hand



beating in mine, her young heart fluttering against mine: her pale neck, against which I had wept, glittering with the tears that I had shed—and put her into the arms of Arthur.

The moment that his face touched hers, the very moment she uttered a loud cry, leaped into his bosom, shivering like a drowned creature, and screaming and wailing so piteously, that I—I—could neither hear nor see, till I felt some one dragging at my arm—it was Ellenor.

“Come, come,” said she, “come, every thing depends upon this shock; let us leave them together. O, merciful Heaven, let us be gone.”

I suffered myself to be led away, and we stood at the window of the next room in darkness. I know not how it was, except that sorrow and sympathy are apt to be companionable, and they that have wept together are many years in advance of them that have only laughed together. I could hear them sobbing yet, and then, a sweet gentle murmuring, that I knew to be hers, and then a passionate shriek, and the name of Arthur pronounced, again and again, as in delirium. I would have returned, but Ellen—Miss Sampson, I should say, forbade me.

“O, no!” said she, laughing and crying at the same moment; “do not go, do not go, I entreat you; the prettiest catastrophe in the world,” releasing herself from my arms, and skipping to one side of the room, where she could see them.

“O, O! come here, come here; this minute—there is love for you: that’s your true love—a dead woman burnt to ashes, coming to her senses, in the arms of her lover; O, O, O!” (rubbing her hands, while the dark shadow of Arthur was on her, as he stood, with one knee resting upon a deep sofa in the corner, leaning over, with an air of the deepest and most affectionate tenderness, the beautiful, frail creature that lay upon it, half supported by one of his arms; her magnificent tresses floating brightly over the back of the sofa, in the strong current of air that swept up the chimney; and her wild eyes glittering in their humidity, like a young leopard’s in the red firelight; her face upturned to his, and mouth parted like statuary, at the very moment when it is about to be turned into flesh, and the heart is ready to gush out with love and music at the lips.)

“O, look, look!” repeated the eager, delighted girl at my side, catching my hand passionately, and flinging it away again, alternately, with a pettish carelessness, as she was carried away by her enthusiastic heart at some sudden emotion of Mary, or sufficiently mistress of herself to discover that she was almost caressing me—a man, a stranger, in the unbridled extravagance of her sympathy.

“But how, in the name of Heaven,” said I, “how is this? That is Mary Austin, I’ll swear to it.”

“Don’t ask me, don’t ask me,” she answered; “see, see, she knows him, the dear creature? hear, hear, hear her; dear, dear Arthur. O let us go, let them be alone, and happy for a while;” saying this, she shut the door softly, and coming up to me, past her white hand over her eyes, and then putting it into my hand. “It was dripping wet,” said—while I smiled at her simplicity, lively, and deep feeling, so innocent, yet so disordered. Remember that there was no fire in this room, no light, none but that which the moon threw in, doubtfully, through a long row of curtained windows; “come, now I’ll tell you all about it. You thought me crazy; I am not; that poor creature! bless me, why don’t you keep the step,” (we were walking to, and fro in the room).

“Let us sit down,” said I, leading her a step or two toward the window-seat.”

“No, no, aunt is below, and brother; they must hear us walking, or we shall be interrupted. What the dence are you laughing at! till that poor creature: O, if you had seen her, when we first found her, she would not open her mouth; she did nothing but cry all day long, and stare at us, just so! why, what’s the matter? were you never stared at before?”

“Found her!” said I, “what do you mean?”

“Lord! that’s just like you; you won’t let a body say a word; I wish you’d hold your tongue a moment. Brother, you know brother? yes, you do; you need not shake your head; I saw you watching him, poor fellow; and let me tell you, Mr. Oadley, as handsome as you be, and as big as you be, and as proud as you be, brother Nick has got as big a heart, and as brave a heart, and as good a heart, as your own. He was the one that saved her; he shot the wicked man that had her on his horse behind him, and was carrying her off: but then the horse ran away, and when he fell off, she was lashed to him by a great ugly leather belt. How you breathe; what’s the matter?”

We were now standing still; and I confess that, in the deep intoxication of my heart, I had forgotten Clara, Arthur, Mary, and all the world, for a moment, in looking down upon this innocent little creature, whose delicate lips were muttering music below me, just even with my breast; every word fell into my heart; I could feel it: I led her slowly, step by step, to the window, and gradually, without knowing my own design, or having any design in reality, had drawn her, as I would have drawn a small child, to sit upon my knee; she was surely unconscious of it, for she never changed her tone, or faltered, or shifted her soft eyes, but continued thus:—

“We couldn’t find out her name; and all the inquiry that we could make was of no use, for my father said, that she looked like a French girl, and was probably the wife of the trooper that brother shot; and then there were several farm-houses burned that same night; and the horse ran a mile before the rider fell; and when brother, who can run very fast, faster than a horse, through the woods, came up to the poor girl, she was dead—dead as, as—what’s the dearest thing in the world? and then he took her up in his arms, and carried her to Major Winchester’s; and when father came, he sent off an advertisement to the paper in the city, describing her, but nobody came to ask how she did, poor creature! and so we slept together, and she never spoke; yet she wasn’t mad for shesung sweetly, and was afraid as death of men—and one day, when she was in the street, for she was very quiet, quiet as a lamb; but I was away then—I was at Mr. Arnauld’s, and aunt wrote me all about it: she was out there at the next corner, and the prisoners were brought in—them that Washington took up at Trenton, and by and by, when the horses were galloping through the street, she shrieked out all at once, and fell dead again, and a man that was there on horseback, his horse ran away with him, and all the neighbourhood began to talk about it, and make inquiries, about him, but he was gone; so my aunt told me, and she said, that the poor thing’s name was Mary, and that she was constantly talking about Arthur, Arthur, and Rodman, and Frederick, and Crawford; so my aunt wrote me all about it. It was just a day or two before you came. O, I forgot to tell you that we found out her name was Mary, for she started and trembled at that name; well, just before I saw you—”

“Where,” said I, “do, dear Ellenor, do tell me,

so that I can understand you—your eagerness carries you away, I—”

“O Lord! was there ever such a wretch; you won't let me say a word—you take my breath away: ha! she is singing, bless her dear heart: there, there! did you ever hear such singing as that?”

Somebody opened the door a little just then, and retreated, leaving it ajar, so that the red light from the next room flashed along the floor, like a stream of crimson lustre, coming to a point just at our feet.

“Beautiful, is it not?” she cried, putting her little foot on it; “do you sing? Come, let me hear you. ‘O, happen what may, love!’ Do you know that? Stay, I'll sing that to you by and by. O, I was telling you about poor Mary. So, I was down to Mr. Arnault's, and just when you were setting off with that troop of horse, I heard somebody,—one of the girls, pointing to you, as I thought, say, somebody asked who you were, she said that you were Arthur Rodman, and then, when you had gone, but now I remember, that Arthur was near you, but I don't mind him much, nor that white-faced little fellow there, that they called Archy, Archibald, or some such name. I could see nobody but you, and when I heard from aunt, two or three days after, that the strange, sick girl was talking about Arthur Rodman, I began to inquire all about him, thinking all the while it was you; at last I could not ask any more; I felt melancholy, and I never mentioned your name, but romped and laughed all the day long, while Clara and Lucia were moping in a corner. But, at last, when I saw you, and saw you meet Clara in the bedroom, I was provoked at you and her, and so I determined to know who this girl was, that had gone crazy for you; but it never entered my head that you were Mr. Oadley, or that the poor mad creature was Mary Austin, till that very evening, when I found out that uncle Arnault was Frederick Crawford. O, the villain! then it came to me all at once; and then, I had made up my mind before, to bring about a meeting between Mr. Rodman and Mary; but mind, I don't know who she was, and never knew, till I came to put the whole story together here, the night when brother found her, and the time that your house was burnt, when it came to me all at once, like a blaze of light; and then—Lord! how like a fool you look.”

Indeed I did look like a fool; the whole family were standing at another door, and looking at us. How long they had been there I know not; it was in the dark side of the room, and it was only at that moment that my eyes had fallen upon what appeared to move—a mass of shadowy creatures and human faces.

They all came forward now, and threw open the broad door, which showed the whole room to us where Arthur and Mary sat.

I trembled from head to foot; but she—was she a fool, or a maniac? she sat as still and carelessly upon my knee, turning up her lovely hair, band after band, like a mass of drawn gossamer, over her white forehead.

“Well, Nick, what are you grinning at?” said she.

Nick shrugged his shoulders, lolled out his great tongue, and jogged his father, who only asked her, what the devil she was in my lap for.

“His lap! gracious, so I am!” the colour rushed to her temples, her hands fell, her hair veiling her whole face; and when she parted it again, her lashes, and lips, and cheek were all wet with tears

and shame. Sweet innocent! as I am a living man, I do believe that she knew it not, till she was told that she was sitting in my lap. Her enthusiasm, so passionate, fervid; her rapid articulation, her incessant volatility, the electric operation of her mind, her whole frame quivering at every shock of her heart, as if her veins ran quicksilver; all this had made her utterly forgetful of propriety; and I, I was the villain, in the deepest tumult of my heart; yea, when it was, tormented with a feeling, as if it were naked, and soft female lips and eye-lids were incessantly touching it all about, I had still sufficient self-command to count the throbbings of her delicate pulse, and drink, to delirium, the passion that her blue eyes shed into my bosom—was it love? no; but I felt that she loved me, loved me unwittingly, to death; and that set my heart heaving, as if a sudden tide of high wine were beating within it.

I arose and apologised; but, whether it was that this family were all mad, or all unlike the rest of human creatures, no further notice was taken of it, than a heavy curse or two from the old gentleman on my modesty, and a good-natured warning from the aunt, for young ladies, in dark moonlighted apartments, to keep walking, if they can, as long as they can.

Ellen kicked up her heels, and was skipping off to the room in front, when she suddenly stopped, shook her finger at us, and leaned forward, like a spirit worshipping at the altar of true love for the first time. They appeared not to heed our approach; they sat upon the same sofa, holding on each others' hands, and just then, Mary, who had been looking in the face of Arthur, as if she feared that it would fade away if she took off her eyes for a moment, the tears running continually down her pale cheeks, drop after drop, gushed out, all at once, into a passionate burst of sorrow, and articulated his name. Arthur, poor fellow! as if he too thought it all an apparition, caught up her hands to his mouth, and covered them with kisses, while his eyes ran over, open as they were, and rivetted upon hers.

The trial was becoming too terrible for us, and we rushed in to separate them; but they clung to each other like two phantoms. Mary shrieked, and Arthur, grasping her with one arm, drew forth his bright sabre, and flourished it over his head, with a perpetual motion, as if he feared to be torn from her again. At length, however, he became more rational, sheathed his sword, laughed, wept, danced, and embraced us all, one after the other, in spite of the cries that Nick uttered, as if all his joints were crushed, or the awkwardness of the aunt, whom he held up, two feet from the floor, while she covered her face with her hands, and squalled with downright vexation.

“Fire and fury,” cried old Mr. Sampson, “give me a sword, give me a sword: Nick—are you all mad? Bedlam, Bedlam broke loose.”

What might have happened I know not, had the old man succeeded in drawing Arthur's sword from the sheath, while he was dancing about, yea, Ellen in his arms, like a madman, had not young Nick caught his hand, when it was about half out of the sheath, and made him by main force relinquish his design, by holding his arms behind him, while he stamped and swore.

“Fire and fury, sir, put her down! what the devil, Nell, are you mad? this comes of your plot and catastrophes, and—put her down! damn you, put her down! let go my hands, Nick.”

“Let go my hair, father,” yelled the boy—“let



go my hair!" while the father suddenly released himself (just as Ellen fell out of Arthur's arms, exhausted, upon the sofa), and stood in the middle of the room, with both hands full of hair.

As soon as Ellen could get her breath, she burst into a loud laugh, in which Nick soon joined, with a noise like the yelping of twenty water-spaniels; then the father, then the aunt, and finally all but Arthur, who began to recover, and poor Mary, who sat staring at us through her white fingers, as if every moment she expected to see us all vanish in a flash of sulphur.

But enough of this—Mary was not mad, not actually deranged; the blood of her heart had only stagnated for a while; and before we parted, she was able to relate, by starts, with some interruptions of passionate sorrow, and a few slight aberrations of reason, what she recollected of that terrible night. She saw Arthur's face in the blaze; and, the next moment, saw him fall, as she believed, and fled; was pursued; and all that she recollected afterward was, that there was a great outcry, and an explosion behind her, the sky all red with the flame of the dwelling, and a man on horseback after her—he overtook her, but hearing a trumpet, appeared to hesitate for a moment, and then, as if he had no design to join his comrades, set off with her at a full gallop, in a contrary direction, through the wood; several shots were fired, and once, she thought, by men in a military dress, at a considerable distance—and then she heard them cry, a deserter, a deserter! a Hessian! and, a few moments after, they fell together, and he—he, to whom she was lashed, was a dead man; in the distraction of her mind she strove to unloose the belt that bound her; but she could not—and then she thought of dying in a lonely wilderness, bound to a dead body, with no power, none, for she was helpless as if bound up in a winding sheet, to scare away the wild beast, or wipe off the blood that she felt soaking to her very heart, and trickling over her forehead and eyelids, down her cheeks. And that was all. What happened afterwards she knew not, till somebody called her Mary—Mary! The darkness drifted away then; but there were fire and smoke rolling and rushing all about her; and then, there, a horseman went by her—where she knew not where? It was in a strange place, and many beautiful women were about her—large horses, and a great crowd of armed and unarmed men, with downcast faces—and then she grew gradually more sensible of the past; but afraid to speak of Arthur, whom she had seen fall, she determined—for the people about her were very gentle—to live and die among them, without telling her story. But somehow or other, her brain grew strangely dark, and she did tell it, and, "O, Arthur," she cried, throwing herself into his arms, "I remember it all now—all! will you forgive me—can you?"

"As I hope for mercy, Mary," he cried, raising his large, noble eyes to heaven, and then bowing his head upon her hands, and kissing her white neck, "as I hope for mercy, Mary, this miraculous restoration of what I most loved upon all the earth—so surpasses all that my disordered dreaming has ever portrayed to me, that, if I were the wickedest of mortal men, the most implacable—I could not but become religious, and humble, and forgiving. O, Mary! Mary! I cannot bear to let go your hand; even yet I cannot fully persuade myself that you are a living woman; it is too like the dreams that I

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have had, night after night, till my blood has been dried away, and my heart exhausted by them!"

"There, there! that will do, dear Mr. Rodman, dear Mary—now what do you think of me, Mr. John? am I a fool? am I crazy? Show me a woman that has done as much good as the giddy Nell has—there, do go now, will you?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

I've felt my heart grow strangely cold,  
And sink, as though its pulses slept,  
When underneath thy shadowy fold,  
I've felt thine unrelenting hold,  
At midnight, and have waked and wept.

I've lived to see thy damp dispelled;  
Thy wet, cold shadow pass away;  
And that despotic phantom quelled,  
That o'er my blood dominion held,  
Like night snow o'er the flower of day.

"Well, Arthur," said I, when we had at last found a tavern to put our heads into, "I am glad to hear the sound of your voice once again; what do you think of all this matter?"

"Think!" said he, looking alarmed; "think, why it is all real, is it not?"

"Certainly," I replied, troubled a little at the wildness of his eyes, and the terror that his face expressed.

"Let us go back this moment," he cried, "there is no knowing what may happen—come, cousin."

"Why," said I, "you are not afraid that the house will vanish before morning, are you? How shall we find the street?"

"Ah, cousin, if you felt as I do, so full—full—O Heavenly Father! you could not smile at anything; come, I cannot sleep; will you go with me?"

"No, I am tired to death; I haven't slept quietly for a week."

"Then I will go alone," said he, firmly, "I will not lose her again; I will sleep upon the steps."

"And be taken up by the patrol!" said I.

"Shall I! (striking his sabre hilt) they'll have their hands full."

"Arthur Rodman," said I, seriously, "this is childish; I looked for better things in you, after such a tremendous trial. Have you no command of yourself? where is your manhood?"

His scimitar rattled upon the floor; he turned, and faced me, for a moment, like an enemy; but that bearing soon passed away, and he gave me both his hands, saying, in the well-remembered voice of a generous heart, solemnized by trial and suffering—the voice that he uttered before the loss of his loved one—before his noble face had turned to stone—petrified in the continual dropping of his heart from his eyelids—"Jonathan Oadley, cousin, I forgive you; I forgive you, with all my heart and soul. Pity me; who knows what may happen; fire and sword may again reach her; do you wonder that I should haunt the place of her habitation, after all that I have suffered? O, cousin! if there were but one possibility, in millions and millions, that the spoiler might approach her again, or the fire break out, while she was sleeping, and I asleep upon my post—what would become of me, John? I have been near, very near, nearer than you would believe,

to self-destruction—more than once; but God hath palsied my arm, turned aside the bayonet, and melted the bullets into rain; but let this happen again, and God himself would be weary of interposition. O, you know not what I have suffered; and look there! (taking a paper out of his bosom,) see you that dust! that is her heart; in that paper, have I persuaded myself, are the ashes of her blessed heart! I went among the live embers at midnight; I leaped into the flames, sought with my naked arms, among fire and smoke, and crumbling skeletons, where I had seen her and the man that I slew, fall. I found them, buried in ashes; blind and desperate with horror, I tore them asunder, plucked away the white bones, yet reeking with blood, and transparent with heat, dislocated every limb, and saw her pure and blessed heart, naked, within its habitation; I put my hand upon it, and it crumbled to ashes—there are the ashes! Do not look so terribly upon me, John; I am neither mad nor wandering, nor have I been; this was done in secrecy, and to my last breath it had never been known—never, never! but for this miraculous discovery. O, my cousin! this will explain it all; my silence, fixedness, sleeplessness. Why should I be heard? Why should my voice be uttered? Had I not perpetually burning against my heart this terrible relic; all that there was on this side of the blue heaven to comfort me; why should I murmur? why complain? was there not a perpetual warmth and consolation here? why turn aside from death? when death itself was perpetually at my heart, for here I wore it—here! the place is red you see, even now, with the preternatural vitality that the ashes retained. Why should I sleep? could sleep give me any consolation—any dreaming, so wonderful, and comforting, and composing so like death, as the stifling warmth and pressure of these ashes? O, no—no cousin; look at me. I appear stout and strong; my tread sounds like the tramp of a war-horse; my voice is like the voice of a strong man; my eyes full of brightness—yet, had not the battle speedily borne me down, nor the pestilence, nor the sword, I should infallibly have died of a broken heart ere another summer had shone upon me. There! I have done with that now (scattering the ashes to the wind), I give it to the winds! Spirit of woman, whosoever thou wast, I bless thee, from the deepest place of all my heart, for the consolation that I have felt in the decent—to the winds with thee! and may God gather thy dust into his bosom, as I have gathered it into mine!

“No, John, I know that it is childish; I feel that it is; yet, there is a possibility, and that is enough for one, that has been going out in his own darkness so long; there is a possibility that my watchfulness may be of use—good night! I do not ask you to accompany me; I cannot sleep, you can. Sleep then, and may your dreams be as sweet as mine, though it rain ice upon me, ay, or fire, while I am lying before her door. Smile if you will, laugh at my extravagance; I had rather be laughed at, than weep tears of blood, or carry the ashes of a human heart in my naked bosom, till they have consumed me.”

“Well,” said I, “go, if you will; a few weeks will sober you down. I do not blame you, I cannot; I only wish to Heaven, that I had some one to watch over in the same way, and you should have a fair pull for the mastery, though the north pole thundered upon us in broken ice, and the stars dropped upon our heads.”

“Oadley, you are laughing at me—good night.”

“Good night; you remember the street?”

“Remember it! ay, blindfolded I could go to it, by the alarm here; that would lead me aright.”

He left me, and I sat down to ruminate on the events of the day. Clara was still uppermost in my thought, and a hot, scorching sensation of shame flashed like the heat of a furnace, over my face, as I thought of her now. Had I done right? Would I have set patiently to see her—her—in the lap of another man!

The thought was madness; I struck the table with such force, that my arm pained me to the shoulder for a whole hour; I started upon my feet.

“Yet what have I to hope, proud, invincible woman!” I cried, “what have you left to me! nothing, nothing but abject humiliation. Can I go to you, and kneel, and supplicate to be heard? weep for a new trial? and pray you to forgive me, that—curse on the spirit that drove us asunder—but ten thousand curses on that which would put a man at the feet of a woman, whose lord he would be. No, no, Clara, thou shalt never have to reproach the husband of thy heart—the father of thy children—thy children! dear Clara, I, I—my tears fall like rain, now—never—for having forgotten the manhood of his nature. No, Clara, no; I can die for thee—die many deaths; but, as I have never sought thee for a mistress, but for a companion in trial, a partner in love, a relation for all the heroic sympathies of our nature, a wife—I cannot, will not, sue to thee.

“What then? is Ellen Sampson the woman to supplant thee, thee? O, believe it not. Thou art a woman, Clara; she, a child; thou, lofty and commanding; she, timid and fearful, yet rash and passionate, imprudent and perverse, so that—may I not teach her, by some cruel lesson—sparing her, in the hour of her extremest self-abandonment—may I not teach her what nothing else can. I may? But have I the power? Does she love me? so ardent, so sudden, so impetuous, so innocent, so changeable, so volatile, yet so sensible. May I not, without destroying this flower, breathe so hotly upon it, that the white leaves will shrivel for a moment, and protect the dew at the heart. I will; but my own strength, am I sure of that? Clara, be thou with me! I invoke thy chaste spirit. I do not tremble. Thou shalt be by me; and, if I falter, let thy tears drop upon me, though I see thee not! let thy farewell sound in the low wind! though thou art invisible; and I shall know thee, and forbear. I shall; I know it, I feel it.”

I slept after this, and was awakened by the tread of somebody entering my room softly. I arose, and put my hand upon my pistols, which were always at my head, and often in my hand, while I dreamt, I dare say, of late, since I had been taught to lie upon my arms in camp.

It was Arthur.

“It is as you said; the Philistines have been upon me,” said he.

“What o’clock is it?” said I, startled at the cold sternness of his voice.

“Near daybreak,” he replied; “the stars begin to look dim, and the east is growing fiery.”

“What has happened? sit down, and tell me; you will disturb the whole house;” (he kept walking about).

“You know,” said he, “that I am not quarrelsome, but rather patient.”

I could not see his countenance; but there was a movement in the mass of black shadow before me, as he sat upon the bed, that shook the whole room.

“Yes,” said I, “you have always been remarkable



for your forbearance; what has happened? I have seen you put up with many a thing that, had you been a little man, or not half so strong as you are (he had the strength of a lion), you would have died to avenge. But the powerful are always magnanimous; it is only the weak that are irritable and waspish; they dare not forgive, for it would be attributed to pusillanimity. But what has happened?"

"I'll tell you," he replied. "I have been closely engaged—hotly—with a troop of scoundrels, watchmen, I dare say, and was finally obliged to cut my way through them."

"Did you leave any in the field?" said I, forgetful of the difference between cutting an enemy down in Philadelphia and Trenton.

"No, but I disabled one fellow, who thrust a pole into my face."

"O, if that be all, come to bed."

"To bed! no, I thank you; I am going on another errand."

"Not to the same place, I hope. Are you mad?"

"No; I shall only go near enough to see the top of the house, in case of fire, you know."

I laughed outright. "In case of fire!" said I, "come, come, a little sleep will fit you the better for duty by and by."

"I cannot sleep," said he; "I must walk about, I am too happy to sleep—so happy, that as I am a living man, Oadley, I should have made some of the rascals a head shorter but for Mary."

"How! did she see you?"

"Not that I know of," he replied; "but at the thought of her—her, Oadley, my heart was at peace with the whole world, upon my soul; I could have shaken hands with the devil himself, or a Hessian, had I met him."

"Suppose you send them all, to acknowledge the favour at the feet of Mary," said I, "you are but little less mad than Don Quixote himself. Stop, I'll go with you; I dare not trust you out again alone. Let us tackle our nags, and take a view of the city till after breakfast, when we'll call on Mary, and—"

"And blue eyes—hey, cousin?" said he, laughing, for the first time, as he used to months before.

I could have wept for joy. I told him so; and we were soon upon our proud horses, rattling with their iron hoofs towards the Schuylkill. Our ride was pleasant; but our blood was in such a tumult, that it was impossible to see or hear any thing. Arthur's face! oh, it was religious and composing to look upon it.

About noon, for we had been compelled to observe an uncommon etiquette for the age, in consequence of our shabby wardrobe, which required no little coaxing and furbishing to make it tolerable, we made our appearance before the ladies.

"Lord! what a coxcomb you are," cried Ellen, the moment that we entered; and Arthur met Mary, whom he led off. "Look at your hair, now; powdered and frizzled like a wig of soapuds. Here, here, come and sit down by me. There; turn your head, brother. Pack off, Nancy, bring me a broom. There; whew! whew! There—whew! whew!"

In a twinkling, all the powder that the scoundrel at the barber's shop had covered my brown hair with was in the wind, a cloud of dust.

"There," she cried, jumping upon the sofa. "There! now look in the glass. Nancy, bring father's shaving glass."

I caught one look; it was quite enough. I coloured to the eyes. The romping girl had put my hair, which (I cannot deny it) was remarkably beau-

tiful, into the strangest disorder in the world, by brushing out the powder with a corn broom.

"Lord, you are angry now. Ha! ha! ha!—(dancing round me, and shaming me with her fingers)—I can see it in your eyes."

I attempted to catch hold of her, for the room was empty, but she drew up, and pronounced, with an expression particularly comic, a famous maxim of the day, "Too much freedery breeds despise."

"Come hither, child," said I; "come."

"Child," she repeated, pouting and colouring. "I am no child, I assure you."

"Well, well, come to me a moment, Ellenor, dear Ellenor, and listen to me as you would to your own brother."

She stopped, looked more serious than I had ever seen her, glanced at the door, and repeated the word brother with a marked but delicate emphasis.

"Are we safe from interruption," said I, "for a few minutes?"

"All the morning—all," she replied. "They have all gone to dine at Mr. Fillov's; all but brother Nick, little Nancy there, and I." Saying this, she tripped up to the door and locked it, and then came back, a little agitated I thought, to the sofa, as if restrained by some new feeling from her customary display of festivity and girlishness.

"Come hither," said I, taking her hand gently, and drawing her to me, so that my face was just opposite her bosom.

I looked up, with a strange hurry in my blood, and put my hand, my left hand, while my arm encircled her waist, upon her shoulder. Her eyelids drooped, and a rush of scarlet passed over her neck, warning my very hand where it lay upon her beautifully-moulded shoulder.

My deliberate intention, when I held this thoughtless, innocent creature so near to my heart, that every throb of her's I could feel, like a little bird fluttering to get loose, was to give her a gentle admonition that she should never forget,—but a new, strange, yet delightfully intense feeling shot through my veins; and when I looked upon her, so young, so utterly within my power, I could have wept upon her neck. "Ellenor," said I, after several vain attempts to articulate, "Ellenor."

She put her soft hand upon my forehead, as if she meant to assuage the throbbing that she saw there. I dared not look up again, but, at the touch of her hand, drew down her face to mine, and impressed a kiss upon her sweet mouth.

She started as if a serpent had stung her, turned deadly pale, and burst into tears.

"Ellen," said I: "dear, dear Ellen, forgive me—I—I knew not what I did." (A lie, by the way.) She was speedily soothed. But I—accursed spirit that it was—I felt still an invincible desire to try the sincerity of her heart yet further, and, while her pale cheek was yet wet, and pressed against mine, her voice murmuring faintly in my ear, "Don't—oh! don't," I pressed her again to my heart, and imprinted kiss after kiss upon her forehead, lips, and eyes, in a transport of passion. But then my heart smote me: the spirit of Clara, the awful Clara, passed before me, and I turned to the sweet flower upon my bosom, blasted, like some blossom by a storm of hot ashes. She gave no sign of life. Her beautiful hair was all over my shoulders, her pale lips just parted, so that her bright teeth were visible within, her arms falling lifelessly over my shoulder. I was terrified to death. She had been utterly in my power—utterly. No human help was near; no

arm to save—no eye to pity; yet God be merciful to me for it. I was merciful to her.

At last she stirred, opened her soft eyes, attempted to stand up, but when she saw me again, the thought of what had happened, and what might have happened, pure and blessed as she was, rushed darkly over her face again, and she gasped for breath, and fell again upon my bosom, and sobbed for ten minutes, as if her dear heart would break into ten thousand flaws. I did not attempt to soothe her; I would not. I was willing that she should feel, as bitterly as woman can, the peril of such confidence, the humiliation and horror of such an escape. And then, while she trembled from head to foot, shuddered, and turned away—oh, with such a look of thankfulness and supplication—I, I threw open the door, and proposed a walk. She understood me, and aware of the necessity that there was to appear unmoved, she hurried in preparation, and we went out together. The air blew coldly, yet the shaking of her arm, as it was locked in mine, was not the palsy of cold: it was that of the heart. At last I had an opportunity of speaking to her, face to face.

"Ellen," said I, "hear me. You do not well know me yet. I am not a villain. Do not weep, dear, do not. I shall be gone to-day (her hand beat and trembled violently in mine); the chances of battle, you know—a thousand things—(I wanted to mention the name of Clara, but I dared not; I felt as if it were profanation and crusty—wanton cruelty)—may prevent you from ever hearing what I have now to say to you. Beware of your own heart. You are too unsuspecting, too frank. Men are—I will not say what they are; but I believe this, and I would have you remember it, that there is not another man living who would have spared you as I have. Nay, hear me out, terrible as it is to you. What could have saved you? what, but my own forbearance? You were powerless, in a trance. No mortal man, Ellen, could have torn you from my arms, yet—yet—I would have you remember it—you were permitted to leave them unprofaned. Can I give you any greater proof, is there any under Heaven, that I have unconquerable principle at the bottom, and that I love you (her hand fell from my arm, and her tears ran down her cheeks like rain), too tenderly, too purely, to wrong you? No, Ellen, I pity you, I compassionate you. It is a bitter and terrible lesson for you, but it will save you, with your delirious sensibility, from one more bitter and terrible. Luckily for you, you fell, inexperienced as you are, into the hands of an honest and honourable man. And now, what have you for your consolation? You are humbled to the dust; I know it, I see it. But hear me. I know your sex ten thousand times better than you do. There never lived that woman, who might not be brought into the same peril. I never met with one, no, not one, whom I could not have destroyed if I would, with the same opportunity that I have had with you. I do not mean as to time; but if I once had a place in her heart, and one hour of hallowed surety from interruption. You tremble. Let this comfort you. You may believe me, for I cannot tell a falsehood; and the more that you know of me, or of woman, the more you will be convinced of the truth of this.

"Your patience for a moment; I see Arthur and Mary yonder; we will join them. But let me assure you, dear Ellenor, of this—I know that it will comfort you—my tenderness for you is quickened unutterably by this event; it has made me acquainted with your whole heart, all its confidence, all its in-

discretion; and my respect—yes, tremble if you will, you have been upon a precipice, one of shame and death, reproach and dishonour, tremble! Let it be a warning to you, my dear girl; but remember this, I cannot deceive you—my respect for you, I know what I say, my respect for you is greater than ever. You have heart, sensibility, courage. You are no longer a giddy child; you are a woman now, in experience. Remember this. I love you more and respect you more than ever."

Poor girl, she tried in vain to dry her eyes, and when we met Mary, neither could look into the other's face; they joined hands, and blessed each other, and we continued our walk in silence: and, finally, returned to the house, in season to partake of a cold dinner; after which we spent the day with Mary and Ellen, so happily, and so innocently, though scarce a word was spoken, that I have often gone back to it in thought, as to one of the happiest upon the record of my whole life.

Our party, toward the hour of separation, was augmented by a dashing girl, and one or two young, riotous, ill-bred men, who, we were told, were Quakers. The girl was not: but she was a celebrated toast, and really confounded us with her volubility and affectation. Her dexterity was infinite, her blunders incessant; and not unfrequently I had occasion to admire the delicacy of reproof, or the wit, of Ellen.

"I can't bear for my life," said Miss Fitzwilliams (the lady I have just mentioned)—a fat, vulgar creature, with all the fellows at her heels."

"Ha! ha! ha!—haw! haw! haw!" laughed the brace of Quakers, sprawling their legs about, and leaning back in their chairs, with their hands in their breeches.

"Plenty o'stuff," cried one; "haw! haw! haw! ha! ha! hee, hee!" cried the other.

"O, yes," cried Miss Fitzwilliams, "rich as Keezus, or the dog of Venus."

"Or the Dolphin of France, or Clam of Tartary," said Nell, cutting in, with her eyes dancing in their sockets.

Mary smiled, and Arthur was fain to stoop down for something near the fire, while Miss Fitzwilliams asked, with great eagerness, which of 'em all was the richest?

"Keezus, I imagine," said Nell, without stirring a muscle.

"Yes, I thought; so I've read again and again about them other fellers: but—well, Lord, I wonder how a woman can sleep, when she knows that the men are only running after her for her money's sake."

"And why not?" said Ellenor, with a sudden change of countenance, that startled me—could it be possible, was all her vivacity artificial? I really began to believe so, so gracefully, so beautifully, sat the sweet dignity of seriousness upon her delicate features. "And why not for a woman's money! as well as for her beauty! or her family! or her voice! or her fashion! or her dancing? Woman cannot expect to be loved for herself alone. And she who would be unhappy at the thought that a man had married her for her money alone, and not for herself, would be cruelly apt to believe, if she were beautiful, that he had married her, not for herself, but for her beauty."

"La! how you talk—well, did you ever?" said Miss Fitzwilliams, rising, and wrapping her fine tippet about her beautiful joseph, utterly unable to reply, while I, astonished at the manner of Ellenor, went up to her, and gave her my hand, with a look



of veneration and deep sincerity that I know she felt, for she coloured to the temples, and her eyes filled instantly! "Heaven bless you!" said I. "You have raised yourself wonderfully, wonderfully in my estimation. Persevere! and never forget, night nor day, what I have told you. If you ever want a friend, a counsellor, a brother, remember me."

"Farewell, Mary, farewell!" said Arthur, I had descended the stairs and saw him bow his head upon her neck. "Remain here. You are not yet entirely recovered. Remain here. Write to me; and I will to you. It is hard to part; but it must be—farewell."

We walked on, in silence, to our lodgings, entered the room, which was encumbered with baggage, pedlars' pack, trunks, and men, lying about the floor in all directions.

"To bed," said I, taking the light.

"Just as you say," he replied, lingering. "I should prefer setting off directly; the moon is very bright, and I am impatient for action."

"To camp?" said I: "Are you mad; when do you expect to find time to sleep there, if you can't here?"

"Well, well, John, to bed here, then. But, for myself, I had rather ride all night long under that cold moonlight."

"With the northern blast blowing a hurricane of snow into your eyes, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes—than to lie down on the softest bed in the city," he continued.

Be that as it may, we slept quietly; awoke betimes, paid our reckoning, contrary to the custom of the day, and were soon upon our return.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Among my hopes, too early blown,

But one is left—its hermit glow

In solitude is lovelier though,

And warmer, like the flowers I've known,

O'er cold, dark earth neglected thrown,

Retired and blooming, though alone,

A violet hope beneath the snow.

For two whole hours not a word had been spoken.

"John!" said Arthur, turning about, and looking me steadily in the face, "are we in our right senses do you believe?"

"We! I cannot be positive for more than one," said I, laughing—"but"—

"I am serious," he said, interrupting me; "I am deeply troubled here (laying his hand upon his heart), and I do fear, that I am not sufficiently grateful to our Father above, for this to prove a reality."

I was struck by the expression of his face—it was cloudy.

"My dear Arthur," I replied, riding up abreast, and taking his hand, "I do not wonder at your feeling. Few such mercies as these are ever vouchsafed to man—and at this period of our lives, while the hot blood is racing through our veins, with every thought and impulse, we are apt to be especially neglectful of our duty to God. Let us be wiser. The battle is for ever at hand now. Let us not be found asleep upon our post.

"Right, cousin," said he, recovering, and with a solemn movement of the arm confirming every word that I uttered, as if it had been a vow about to be

registered above; "I have thought much of it, during the darkness and terror that have been about me; but never so intensely, so emphatically, as since the hour that Mary, dear Mary, stood up before me, like one touched by the hand of a prophet, and brought anew into life, that I might be a better man. Yes, I have thought much of it, and have come to this resolution—to be prepared for death at any moment; not, as I have been, by desperate hardihood, indifference, or a desire of quieting the dark tumult in my mind; but as a man, a Christian. Let us be prepared; not by burnishing our arms, or sleeping upon them; but by a prayerful and uninterrupted reference to our Maker, in every moment of our life. O, John! our lives have been a reproach to us. Say what we will of His mercy—comfort ourselves as we may with the thought, that we have no heavy sins to our charge; yet, yet, cousin, considering our temptations, we have transgressed heavily. I feel it—I know it.

The tears ran down his manly face, but he did not appear to be sensible of it, for he kept on, in a slow walk, side by side with me, stopping now and then, and putting his hand upon mine, as if to enforce what he said.

"I have rushed into battle headlong, like a wild beast, careless of my destiny, and drunk with passion. So have you; we have never stopped our horses in the smoke and flame for a single instant, to bless God that we were yet on the saddle; nay, nor when it was over, have we ever fallen upon our faces, among the dead and dying, to thank our Almighty Father that we were not of the number. O, cousin! these are sins, unpardonable sins, when creatures like us, so unfutured in the ways of blood, can spur our horses over whole ranks and layers of the dead: behold the lacerated bosom of a human creature gushing out, under the blow of our iron hoofs; stumbling over human faces, gashed lips, and ghastly eyes, we, who have been so peacefully and quietly brought up—without emotion, after a few weeks of desperate familiarity with blood; what will become of us if the war should last for many years? will our hearts be human then? will there be one atom of our earlier nature left? one atom, that has not been baptized in blood, and hardened in fire? No, cousin! this is my resolution; to say little of my duty henceforth, but to do it night and day; never to talk of religion, but to nurse it in the holiest place of all my heart: to fight the battles of my country, though there be no end to them, till she be the conqueror, before I dream of any other duty."

"What! Arthur, you would not give up Mary, the new-found Mary?"

"No, never, but with life. But love shall not sway me, as it does other men; it shall not make me forgetful of my country or my God. No! He has given her to me again, from the fire and smoke of the midnight ravisher, untainted, unprofaned; and He can preserve her for me, till the night of darkness hath gone over my country."

"You will marry her, though?"

"Marry her! while the question of slavery is unsettled—while America is loosened to her foundation—marry her, and make a coward of myself in the battle—a traitor to the great cause, double and treble the stake that I am now playing for—her widowhood and the orphanage of our children, slavery."

"Children!" said I, smiling.

"Ay, cousin—children! I do not tremble in pronouncing the word; I do not, and will not, affect an impious insensibility on that subject; if I marry, I

look to have children, or I never would marry, never! and would I, think you, hazard the begetting slaves? What! leave the children of Mary Austin and Arthur Rodman the dark heritage of slavery! no, let us die, if it must be, toiling and wrestling for freedom; but, till we are free, let us not put in hazard the freedom of our posterity. No, let the nation be extinguished—the whole nation—rather! But—”

Our horses plunged together as he spoke, and set off at full speed; we rode breast to breast for half a mile, before we could fairly subdue them.

“A good omen,” said I; “we must ride together, Rodman, together! whatever happen.”

“Agreed,” he replied, striking my horse upon the swell of his chest—“agreed; the heart of that beast, John, is beating with the contagion; hark! how it rattles in his chest. Think you that man have less ardour, less emulation; no, blood horses will split their arteries in the race; and shall men, like ourselves, faint and fall away at a less hazard?”

Thus you see, my children, something more of this man's character. I had never known him, nor myself; nor, indeed, had we known each other till the war broke out, and we had ridden man and horse, over man and horse, elbow to elbow, in the red battle.

Whether it be, that trial and calamity, war, and the perilous vicissitudes thereof, do really create a new character, or only develop the sooner that which is, that which might never have been known under a more quiet sky, and less troubled temperature; whether it be, that all men have certain hidden capabilities, or hidden faculties and talents, that are only to be revealed, improved in (the storm and convulsion), I know not; but this I know, that out of four or five men, whom I had known all my life, before we went into battle together, there was not one who did not, ere the war had ended, manifest a grandeur of thought, a sublimity and energy of expression, and a steadiness in action, infinitely transcending all that I could have conceived of him before the war.

Look at the men of our revolution; where do you find such faces now? Why are not their children's written over, and sculptured as deeply? Why! because the impress of relationship—the hand of nature never yet operated upon the countenance of man, and never will, with ought of that terrible distinctness, with which political convulsion chisels out the head and the face of her chosen ones. Look at the men of our revolution—their very countenances are the history of the time.

You may believe me, my dear boys, that this abrupt disclosure of Arthur had an amazing effect upon me. It set me meditating upon my own imprudence—upon Clara—and ere we arrived at the tent of Archibald, for we took a wide circuit in reaching Morristown—I had made up my mind to be a better man, and a truer one, to Heaven and to her.

“Brother,” said Archibald, who was sitting up when he entered, “I have been impatient for your return. We must not leave our lone mother in a strange house.”

“Why not?” said I; “Lucia ministers to her like a daughter; and where shall she go?”

“Arthur could contain his feelings no longer; he threw himself into a chair, and sobbed aloud—continually repeating the name of “Mary, Mary.”

“Poor fellow,” said Archibald, turning towards him, and leaning upon his shoulder; “what has happened to him?”

I was fain to tell the whole; for some minutes Archibald stood upright, looking at me, with a stern, pallid countenance, as if doubting whether I was

not in sport; his eyes then began to move; tears ran round the balls, and he put his hand upon my temples, and shook his head, as if, perhaps, he thought that I was disordered; but be that as it may, he soon knew the whole truth, and of the whole three, he was the happiest! Never did I see his heart so full; his religious, devout rapture, so eminently expressive as now, in his mute blue eyes, shaking hands, and convulsive lips.

“Let us separate,” said he; “I cannot talk now; leave me a while.”

We arose at his bidding, and went out, traversing the camp, and maturing our thought for the future; but almost in silence, for the stillness was only broken now and then by some contraction of the hand, and a deep breathing for a moment, as we turned alternately, in our march, and caught each other's arm—unable to speak, yet too happy, far too happy, for silence.

And here, my children, you will allow me to pause a while, remarking, that no matter of importance took place for several weeks in our little camp, till Archibald was restored, and Clinton rejoined us, for the purpose of carrying your thought abroad, to the more distant operations of our country, in the field and council.

Congress were now sitting in Baltimore; and one of their first movements was to declare George Washington supreme and independent, as the commander of our armies, and manager of the war; nay, to declare him little else than a military dictator.

They were wrong. They deserved to be tumbled from their seats for it. At first, they were so ungardly and dastardly in their grants, so bountiful in their limitations and restrictions, and qualifications and conditions, that he was little else than a nominal commander, incapable of exercising any discretion, but at the peril of a court-martial. And now they put into his hands the sword, and the purse, and the law, at one and the same moment. They betrayed their trust. They behaved unwisely; and though it gave to George Washington's virtue the last trial, the trial of fire, yet the men that put him to the proof deserved to be trampled to the earth, bound hand and foot, and driven over by the iron chariot of despotism. It was no virtue of theirs, no want of power or opportunity in Washington; nothing but his own sublime and heroic disdain of crowns and sceptres, and all the paltry baubles, that other men, and the greatest too, have coveted; nothing but that which prevented him from being a king in the land, backed by the whole power of Great Britain. He was left to appoint and displace his officers at pleasure, establish their pay, call for any number of men that he pleased from the several states, and compel the public to receive the continental paper at par, as if any human power could do that.

The enemy began to threaten Lee, too, with the punishment of a deserter; and Congress immediately authorised Washington to retaliate, blow for blow, indignity for indignity, upon Colonel Campbell, and five Hessian field officers. This led to an alarming agitation in the public mind; and then there had been a serious disagreement brewing at the North, which finally led to a reproof of General Schuyler, one of the most indefatigable men that ever lived, and one of the truest hearts that ever beat for America, by Congress; and the appointment of General Gates to the command of



the Northern army—Granny Gates, as he was called, a talkative, pleasant old gentleman, who is remembered now rather for his good fortune than his generalship.

General Arnold, the traitor, had also begun about this time to make a noise in our camp; several desperate affairs on land and sea had made him a subject of universal attention; and had he been a better principled man, a religious one, not a pretender, he would have ranked with the foremost of our heroes. His courage, however, sometimes degenerated into rashness; and his singular good conduct, to downright madness.

But still our little army increased so slowly, that the month of June was about to open upon us without our having the power to strike a blow. And often since, in reflecting on this season, I have thought it past all explanation; that Sir William Howe should have been ignorant of our weakness; and I have wondered why he did not make a dash into our very encampment, months before he manifested any disposition of the kind. But so it was—we slept upon our oars from necessity, he upon his from choice; and while we drifted down the current, about the same distance and relationship were preserved for months and months, when a few stout pulls on his part would have brought him along-side. During this state of indolent suspense, two or three slight affairs took place in our parties, just sufficient to keep us awake, and talking, within our entrenchments, but nothing of any note, except at Sag-Harbour—a smart decided thing. So let us return to our story:

I shall take it up at the time that I first saw Clinton, face to face, which was about six weeks after his return to camp, and nearly three months from the time of his wound; perhaps nearly four. He was an altered man, and the intercourse that had once subsisted between him and Archibald, who had now become one of the heartiest and strongest, as well as most active, young fellows in the army, seemed to be entirely forgotten. There was no sign of recognition between them, not a word nor a look; but, in the deep blue eyes of Archibald, and the dark flashing balls of Clinton, there was a mute expression of mortal antipathy, or at least, so I thought, whenever they passed each other. Clinton, I observed, was perpetually practising with the small-sword; and Archibald, it was thought, had no equal now in the army. Every leisure moment was spent in the exercise, and I was constantly on the watch, together with Rodman, to prevent the deadly contention that seemed about to take place. But I never spoke of it to Archibald; or rather, he would not permit me to approach the subject, though I tried repeatedly to sound him. Nor could Arthur, whose intrepid, heroic calmness, led him directly to the point, when he bore down like a tempest upon the doctrine of false honour; nor could he provoke my brother to utter one word in their defence.

Clinton, too, though an altered man, was fuller of levity than ever; but it was a bitter and sarcastic levity, and such as, I should think, would escape from the heart of a high-blooded profligate, mortified and cut to the soul, by some unknown, unforeseen disappointment: but his voice was louder than ever, his carriage more imperious than ever, his jovial, frolicsome manner, more delightful than ever, to them with whom he associated; and the leisure of the camp, his high

stature, his acknowledged personal pre-eminence, and his perpetual absence, round the neighbourhood, were alarming indications of his nature; intrigue after intrigue came to our ears, and one or two serious encounters; and often have I seen him at a distance, reining his beautiful horse like a centaur, as if the animal were a part of himself; all eyes upon him, every mouth repeating his name, as he rode proudly and confidently through his evolutions—when there would be a sudden change in his career—his arms would drop, he would heave his body back in the saddle, and sit for a moment, as if his thoughts were not upon the display in which he was employed; and then, erecting himself suddenly again, as if ashamed of his absence, and impatient for action, he would strike his rowels, inch deep, into his horse; and shoot, like an arrow, along the whole line of tents; and often too, when I have heard the laugh and song in some officer's marquee, with the voice of Clinton ringing like a trumpet in the middle, it has suddenly died away; and if I could by any means—and Arthur had observed the same thing—obtain a glimpse of his person in full, I was sure to find him dark and mournful; his attitude like that of a man sick at heart, and absent in mind; scorning the noisy revel, in which he had been goaded by his proud, reluctant, tyrannical spirit to participate, and scorning himself that he had participated; indeed, whenever I saw him, his face was thoughtful—not solemn—not stern—but thoughtful—until he saw himself observed, when his spirit would brighten outright, and the boisterous merriment of a soldier, rioting in his unquestioned dominion, would ring, with a startling loudness, upon the ear.

But these things could not last long. The French gentleman, of whom I have before spoken, Monsieur du Coudray, had become exceedingly fond of my brother, and swore impetuously, wherever he went, that there wasn't his match in America, at the small-sword. Clinton heard of it; and one evening, as we all sat together, playing cards, Archibald, in a remarkable good humour, and Arthur together the man that he had been for months before, his heart running over at the lips, at every word—a gentleman entered, and presented a note to my brother.

He took it, read it, laid down a segar that was in his mouth, faced the cards before him, without looking at the bearer, and wrote with a pencil, upon the face, "accepted."

The stranger retired, and Archibald played out his hand.

Du Coudray, a creature brimful of chivalry, threw himself back in the seat; and, pretending to arrange the cards, sat for several minutes, studying the countenance of Archibald; at last, tapping, first my brother's heart and then his own, said, "Monsieur, ah, ah! Monsieur! Je suis à vous! ne m'oubliez pas!"

"No," said my brother, as if he understood him, "no, there is my hand on it. He says fencing, not fighting, sir."

The Frenchman smiled, lifted his eyes, made a motion with his hand, as if to lunge to the very hilt, shrugged, and returned to his cards.

"Brother," said I, "it is time to be serious; what is the meaning of this? I cannot remain silent; I cannot pretend to misunderstand you."

"Well then," he replied, smiling, "Clinton is

disposed to fence a little with me; have you any objection?"

"With foils, brother? or blades?"

"Foils, I suppose," was the reply, "for he speaks of doing it to-morrow, before some of his companions, and he could hardly think of that, if there were any thing very serious in his thought."

"I am not so sure of that," said Arthur, "and, happen what will, I shall go with you."

"And I, brother."

"For," continued Arthur, "I don't like all this preparation; there is some trick in it. We know the rules of the camp; and while Washington commands, we cannot fight."

"Very well, then; come, brother, 'tis your deal; you shall go with us. Ha! Rodman, don't look at your cards, face the trump, man; what the deuce ails you? well, Coudray (sorting his cards), I hope you have something—you lead, you know; come."

One trick was taken in silence; when the next came, Archibald jumped up from his chair, crying, "Why! what a blunderhead! the game was ours; ah, poor Coudray, you will never learn the vile game; how many times I have told you not to lead from a king and knave; or ace, queen; there! just what I expected."

I looked up, and was satisfied. Could a man feign so well? no, it was impossible—the passionate eagerness that he felt in the game was natural; my heart was easy from that moment. I felt that he could not have any deadly intention in his.

Du Coudray, too, threw down his cards, with a smile, and began a conversation about the movements of Congress, who had adjourned to Philadelphia. It appeared that he had joined our cause, as a volunteer; and that his influence had been so great in France, as to induce several fine spirited young fellows of high rank to stake their fortune with him. He had been made inspector-general of ordnance in our staff, with the rank of major-general; but some jealousies having arisen, the noble fellow had just written a letter to Congress, offering to accept the rank of captain for himself; and that of ensigns and lieutenants for the few of his friends, who had thrown up their rank at home to accompany him in this perilous adventure.

The intelligent countenance and dark eyes of the young Frenchman were full of the deepest expression, while he was engaged on this subject; but it vanished instantly when he arose, as if giving place to some thought yet deeper; and he shook my brother's hand more seriously, I thought, than the occasion seemed to demand.

I took Archibald's arm, soon after, and led him out in front of the tent, where we could talk together, a while, without the risk of interruption.

"How has Clinton succeeded?" said I, "you never speak of the family of late; yet something must have happened, I am sure of it, for you have heard from them, and yet have never told me what. Nay if I pain you, I will forbear; I do not ask you how Clara is, or Lucia, or——"

"Lucia and Clara are both well," said he, firmly.

"Why do you never speak of her, then?"

"Of Lucia you mean?" said he.

"Yes; I am sure that she loves you."

"So am I," said he.

"And that she has cut Clinton adrift, on account of her love for you."

"I have no doubt of it," he answered, in the same tone.

"And what do you mean to do, Archibald?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"But surely," I continued, willing to probe his heart, no matter how deeply, so that I could touch the place where all his hatred of Clinton lay, "surely you cannot have forgotten her?"

"Forgotten her, brother?" said he, facing upon me, putting both his hands upon my shoulders, and looking me steadily in the eyes; "You have some design in that question; you never could ask it else; it never came from your heart; what is it?"

"I would know, dear Archibald," said I, "if you have forgiven Clinton."

"Then, why not say so, John, why not say so at once? I should not wince or prevaricate. No, I have not forgiven him. I cannot forgive him. He broke in upon the only heritage that I had, and spoiled it with fire and sword. He took the only dear one, the only unspeakable dear one, of all this world from me, the heart of—of—Lucia. She loved me, and he knew it. Yet he took advantage of her proud temper, a peevish moment, such as they that love truest will have now and then. And, poor Lucia! she believed that he had supplanted me. I knew better—I knew her well. I expected to see the earth give way under their feet; yet, in my hushed agony, I prayed so long, and so devoutly, that it might not be, for her sake, that at last I had persuaded myself that it would not be; and that she, whom I most loved of all created things—she whom he had taken out of my heart, almost without desiring it—certainly without knowing aught of her value, and assuredly, judging of her as a wanton, that she might yet be happy in his arms. I ought not to have prayed it. I ought not to have believed it. I ought to have known better. I ought to have known that the woman who has once loved Archibald Oadley, can never love another man. John, John, I cannot forgive him. Yet, for her sake, I would not lift my hand against him. Nay, not so fast. I deserve no thanks. I shall not provoke him; not throw myself in his way; but mark me, I do not promise that, if he put himself wilfully in mine, I shall not, as I once threatened to do, do my best to bring his proud forehead to the dust. You tremble. I know your sentiments on duelling—and those of Arthur—and you know mine. You are disturbed. I do not wonder. You are the only living creature that knows my real thought. No, I cannot forgive him. For myself, for all that I have suffered, though it is better to be supplanted in a few hours, no matter by what hellish stratagem, no matter by what accident—after a few hours, by a stranger. Yet I could forgive that, as I am a living man, I could; I call God to witness it, brother—I could; but I cannot, I will not, forgive his profligacy—his—I cannot proceed—I have spilt my blood for that family, and I am willing to spill it again—Dis-honour—"

"Your eyes are frightfully brilliant, brother—what have you to complain of? The dishonour is his, not hers. She has stood up, when he lay prostrate at her feet, and refused him—him that never sued to woman before in vain."

"I know it, and I bless her for it," cried Ar-



chibald, wringing my hand. "I know it—I know it. I love her for it, more than ever. Nay, she did more, she tended him through his illness, wept over him, prayed with him, watched with him, gave him every opportunity that a lover could wish, and yet—Oh! righteous Heaven! what a magnificent heart had that man once within his reach, had he only known its value—yet she refused him again and again. Nay, when in health, backed by all his beauty, and pride, and sorrow, and penitence—the solicitation of all her friends, the sincerest love, tears from a man that never shed tears before at the foot of woman—the remembrance of past tenderness, and the belief that she should never see him more, nor me—yet she stood upright before all her family, and calmly put aside the naked heart that he offered, too, upon his knees. God bless her for it."

"Bitterly, bitterly hath she repented of her rashness," said I. "Yet—yet there is something more than humiliation required to bring back the proud heart of Archibald, I fear. He has no compassion for frailty, no forgiveness for a sin like hers, no mercy. Oh! my brother—" I fell upon his neck, awestruck at the solemnity of his eyes; they were severe and terrible, unrelenting as death.

"Do you utterly abandon her?" said I.

"You have no right to ask that question," he replied. "No man living, not even her own father, has the right to—yet I will answer it. I do not mean to abandon her—what more? Ask me no questions: I shall answer no more. Henceforth I go alone to accomplish the thought of my heart. She has suffered—she must suffer more. How much I cannot pretend to say, but enough to make her a reasonable creature."

"Yet Clinton has no hope," said I.

"None. I could have told him so before he asked her. None."

"And you love her?"

"Yes; as never man loved woman."

"And she loves you with all her heart and soul—without hope?"

"Yes; so I believe."

"Brother—brother."

The sentinel here levelled at us, and would have fired, but for my timely recollection. He had challenged already, it seems, but we had not heard him.

## CHAPTER XV.

HOMER.\*

"There!" said Du Coudray, stooping as he entered our log hut, "there, monsieur! ce sont

charmants, les fleurets, voila!" laying two pair of glittering foils upon the table—"ce sont excellents."

Archibald took up one, and putting his finger upon the button, asked why he brought two pair.

"Oh, mon Dieu! peut-être, il vous faut plus de deux."

"Very well. Come, monsieur, lead on. Come, brother—come Arthur. All ready, monsieur."

"Oui, tout, il est pari," said the Frenchman, leading us to the northern breastwork and parapet. "Stirling," cried he, facing the sentinel, who stopped, brought his firelock smartly to a present, and then continued his walk.

We soon came to a place that had evidently been prepared for the occasion. The snow was levelled, and covered with sawdust all about, and in the centre trodden as smooth and level as the platform over which we had passed. Clinton's friends were already on the ground, with countenances that looked very little like play.

"I don't much like that man," said Arthur; "look to your arms."

I turned in the direction of his eyes, and saw a thin, spare man, with very black eyes, scowling at us, his cocked hat pushed on one side, as if in defiance, so as to reveal two very deep scars upon his forehead, and his hand resting upon the hilt of a horseman's sword, almost as tall as Archibald.

Monsieur Du Coudray seemed, by a sort of tacit acquiescence, or rather invitation, to be invested with the rank of marshal for the occasion; and no light honour did he appear to esteem it, for he gave his orders with the peremptory air of a field-marshal, arranged the masks, crossed the foils, and posted the spectators, like one experienced in all matters of ceremony.

Clinton's eyes were insufferably haughty, and I could not for my soul dispossess myself of a belief that he had come prepared for something serious; yet there was a bitter pleasantry in some of his jibes, and a sarcastic, keen irony of tone, that betokened the most perfect self-possession all the while. But hearken to the sequel.

Archibald took his position. Both had taken off their boots and coats and were standing in their slippers; when Clinton, casting his eyes on the tall, black-eyed man of whom I had just spoken, seemed to request his interference.

He stepped forward, insolently enough, in front of Archibald, and with a sneer, which caused Archibald's forehead to contract and his lip to writhe, asked him if he had any disposition to take the *mure* first.

Du Coudray smiled, while his dark eyes flashed fire at the interference; and he remarked with a shrug, that in France that was the last ceremony: "Après qu'on a tiré—absolument la dernier."

The stranger seemed exceedingly disposed to quarrel; and I was just on the point of tapping him on the shoulder, when Arthur walked up to him, and looking him full in the face, begged to know what business he had to interfere.

The other stepped back, and struck the hilt of his sabre.

Arthur smiled, folded his arms, and measured him from head to foot. "Sir," said he, "I see that you are disposed to quarrel. There shall be no quarrelling here till that affair is settled. After that, if you are troublesome—ay, or any of you—I shall take you in hand."

\* I should have written this in Greek; but the translation that I have given, though not altogether so fashionable or learned as some that have been made, and are used on like occasions, will now be intelligible to every body. If it should be thought so, I shall be amply rewarded for all my trouble in making myself entirely acquainted with the original. It is, altogether, truer than Pope's.

The other coolly unsheathed his hanger, and made a motion for Arthur to follow him.

But ere the motion was complete, Archibald, Du Coudray, myself, Clinton, and two others, stood sword in hand, and almost foot to foot.

"Stop," said Archibald, "stop. If you have a notion of fighting, we are ready to indulge you. If broad-sword, let us mount our horses, and do the thing handsomely; if small-sword, one at a time will be the pleasantest; and I—I will fight the whole of you, one after the other, with pleasure."

Clinton interfered however, at once, resolutely, and with an air of command, that soon brought these mettlesome gentry to their senses, and the foils were soon after resumed, the salute gone through with, and they began to play.

Not a breath could be heard; the Frenchman stood like one contemplating a game for his own life, his eager eyes streaming with fire.

"Ah! a hit," said the tall stranger.

Du Coudray shrugged his shoulders—"Oui, touche."

"Another, another," said the stranger.

"No," said Archibald, calmly, "no; the first was a fair hit, the second only a touch in the sword-arm, and the third no hit at all, though a very hazardous experiment."

"How hazardous," said Clinton, sharply.

"So hazardous," answered Archibald, in a low, deliberate voice, "that I could parry and hit you every time that you should do it."

"Damn—a—" said Clinton, getting warm, yet ashamed to own it; "let us try again."

"No; pardon me—that would not be a fair game for you; but I give you leave to do it whenever you please, without notice."

They began to play again.

"There! That I suppose was no hit," said Clinton, peevishly.

"It certainly was not," said Archibald.

"Black the foils," said Clinton, flinging his to one of the officers with an angry expression of contempt.

I looked at Archibald. His attitude was singularly composed and graceful, the muscles of his arm, the sleeve of which was rolled up, showing spiritedly as he continued pressing upon his foil. I never saw such an arm: it was a limb of knotted serpents.

But Du Coudray could not restrain his impatience; he looked vexed, mortified, beyond all expression.

The foils were blacked; and I observed that the feet of Clinton and Archibald, as they came upon guard, sounded with a more than common emphasis. Their eyes, too, were fiercer than when they began.

Clinton pressed him hotly, and the play was beautiful for more than a minute, when suddenly Clinton's foil flew out of his hand, and Archibald's was bent nearly double against his breast.

"Foul play," said the stranger, interiering.

"No, sir," said Du Coudray, fronting him fiercely; "no foul play. Pardon! he may disarm and strike too. Pardon, monsieur."

Clinton was red with shame and vexation; but Archibald remarked, with a tone of much kindness, that he did not intend to disarm him.

"To be sure," said Clinton, laughing, but very bitterly; "no man that breathes could disarm me. You smile, sir—what do you mean by it?"

"Do you insist on knowing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, sir, I can disarm you as fast as you can pick up your foil, if you will only lunge at me—unless you have a bridle in your glove."

This was said with marked emphasis; and Clinton turned pale, but did not reply.

"Or wrap a pocket handkerchief about your guard." Du Coudray came to me, rubbing his hands, and telling me, as well as he could, that now he understood it all—that Clinton could not have held his sword a moment unless he had a bridle in his paim, and that now we should see some sport.

Another round followed with great spirit, and Archibald was hit—acknowledged it, by putting his hand upon his left side; but before I could wink he had returned it. And so it continued for several minutes, until the sweat streamed from both their faces, Archibald uniformly returning the hit instantly after receiving it, while Du Coudray could not stand still for his life.

"Two and two," said Du Coudray.

"No," said the stranger; "three to two."

Archibald smiled, stepped back, and, as Clinton followed, lunged and hit him.

Du Coudray clapped his hands. "Tree to tree now, sair, I suppose?" said he.

I wondered at Archibald's coolness and self-possession. It seemed impossible that he could look so, unless sure of his superiority—and yet, where was it?

"You smile," said Clinton; "my attitude doesn't please you?"

"No," Archibald replied. "You are a little careless. You don't come upon guard after lunging."

"And what else," said Clinton, with a sneer.

"Several things, sir," said Archibald, beginning to pull off his gloves, and look about for his coat.

"Stop, sir," said the imperious colonel—"stop; I have not done with you yet. I cannot let you escape thus."

"La plus belle!" said Du Coudray, handing Archibald the foil.

"Colonel Clinton," said Archibald, "you are mistaken. You cannot beat me. I am more than a match for you."

The colonel stamped with vexation; and yet there was, at the same time, a pleasant expression in his countenance as he turned toward the tall man, and wiped the dust from his foil.

"But you were pleased to tell me," said Clinton, ironically, "of some faults that I had fallen into. I should be proud of any further information from a master."

Archibald, with the most innocent face in the world, just as if he took it all in downright earnest, replied, "Colonel Clinton has been out of play too long. You hold your arm too high. I could give you the quatre bas whenever I pleased. When you coupez, too, quatre, and tierce, you are too low. You never press on my sword first, and do it so widely, that I should be sure to hit you if I lunged straight forward. You hold your hand too low for the circle—and double, and you degage like a schoolboy."

"Hell and the devil!" cried Clinton—"what do you take me for?"

"A fifth rate player," said Archibald, patiently. Clinton struck at him, and, as Archibald caught



the blow, came upon guard, and then lunged furiously several times.

"The button is off," cried Arthur. "Stop, stop. The button is off."

"Never mind," said Archibald, disarming Clinton again, while Du Coudray picked up the foil.

"It is broken," said Arthur.

"Never mind; it is all the same to me," said Archibald, in a tone of stinging sarcasm—"and, if I mistake not, much the same to Colonel Clinton."

Clinton could bear it no longer. He foamed at the mouth, his forehead turned red as blood, and he was hoarse with passion.

"You think that you can hit me," said he, fiercely.

"Yes, a hundred times running," was the reply.

"Break the button off your foil, if you dare then."

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly," said Clinton, aiming a blow at him (not with the point) that Archibald caught like lightning.

"With ail my heart, then," said he, stepping back. "Brother, stand back; Arthur, stand back. Du Coudray, take your stand with them, hand to hilt. Let no man interfere; for by the living God—(snapping off the button as he spoke)—I'll not spare my own brother, if he cross me now. You know how I have forborne, till human patience could forbear no longer."

We ranged ourselves immediately, with flashing eyes, opposite the three strangers. Arthur, I observed, as he drew his sword, planting himself face to face with the black-eyed one. I expected to see blood spilt—other blood than Archibald's. A single word would have sent us to the encounter.

Clinton and Archibald stood eyeing each other, and feeling their points.

The stranger took out a couple of files from his pocket, and offered to sharpen them.

Du Coudray glanced at my brother significantly, who immediately threw his foil to the wretch for the purpose, and observed, taking up the buttons, and seeing how near to the point they had been broken off, "That there had been some delicate management there. I observed a little of it. Did you file them, Du Coudray?"

"No," he replied, taking one of them.

On examining, we found that the point had been filed down, so that they could not but break. He looked about us for explanation, but my brother smiled darkly, and bade him beware, hereafter, how he lent his foils. The truth now broke upon us. It was a preconcerted plan. The gallant Frenchman had been made the instrument of a deadly preparation. The foils had been borrowed by some of Clinton's friends, and filed, so that a duel might be fought, in the heat of fencing, under pretence of accident. The whole mystery was now explained; and when the mortal combatants came upon guard for the last time, I felt my blood run cold.

They crossed their swords, and then, as if each had a word or two to say in kindness to the other, in memory of past times, the same love, the same battles, the—before they drove at each other's hearts, they both spoke:

"Archibald!"

"Clinton!"

"I owe you no hatred," said Clinton, "but it is too late. Are you prepared?"

"Fully—but stop a moment. If you play as badly

now as you did before we broke the buttons off, I foresee that it will be fatal to you. I do not want to run you through, but I shall do it. Nay, do not be impatient. Suppose you wrap a handkerchief round your guard."

Clinton's nostrils dilated with scorn.

"Come on," said he, "come on," advancing with an incessant motion. Away went his sword, but as Archibald did not follow him up, he recovered it again and came upon guard in a masterly style—so masterly, that Archibald's eyes sparkled with pleasure. They renewed the combat, and Clinton's sword entered Archibald's neck, when it appeared to me that, if he had straightened his arm, he would have run Clinton through the body.

"That was awkwardly done," said Archibald, dropping the point, and stepping back after Clinton withdrew his, and the blood spouted out as if an artery had been wounded. "You were entirely at my mercy. I—you had better stop."

Whether it was the sight of his own blood, or the sense of his danger, that did it, I know not, but his voice and look were terrible as he uttered the words, in a low murmuring voice, "you had better stop."

"Stop!" cried Clinton, with a scornful bitterness, as if Archibald had been crying for mercy. "Mistaken man." He pressed upon him again, but Archibald continued for several minutes as it appeared to me, to parry his thrusts with consummate dexterity, returning none, and not even making a *repaste*, in which Du Coudray had often said that he was unrivalled for his quickness and brilliancy, until both dropped their foils again, and stood panting, as if their veins would burst, the sweat running from their foreheads, and their hair wringing wet, though it was an exceedingly cold day.

"Now then?" said Clinton, approaching Archibald again with a mortal paleness about the lips; "Now then for the last round?"

"The last!" said Archibald, retreating with a fixed eye, while Du Coudray could not forbear watching every movement of his arm. Clinton rushed upon him, and played his weapon with an incessant flash; and then there was a word or two passed between them, a pause, and the name of Lucia Arnould was pronounced by Clinton, I believe with some other word I know not what; but Archibald leaped from the ground, as if wounded, saying, in a voice that went through me,

"Your blood be upon your own head!"

It was but a word and a blow—a death blow—for Archibald sprang from the ground; their blades flashed fire and rung; the guards struck; Clinton's flew twenty feet high in the air—breaking into several pieces, and Archibald's hilt sounded upon his breast. Clinton threw up his arms, the sword snapped in his body, and he fell dead upon the spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

For a moment there was a silence like that of the grave. Not a motion, nor a breath was heard. We stood appalled and thunderstruck at the suddenness of the catastrophe; but, the next moment, a loud, deep sob came from the body: it shuddered—rolled over, with its mouth full of blood and saw-dust—the face upward—and never stirred again.

Archibald stood over it as if struck blind; the broken foil in his hand, bright as silver, though it had just been withdrawn from the vitals of a human being: then, looking about upon us, like a murderer, he stood, as if—as if frightened at the sound of his own tread in the snow—afraid to trust his own voice—glanced at the broken weapon, which dropped

from his hand, as if it were death-struck—covered his face, and walked out into the open air—followed by Du Condray, Arthur, and myself.

We had not gone twenty yards when we heard the word of command, and, on looking up, found ourselves surrounded by a file of men.

"Stand," said the corporal of the guard. All obeyed but Archibald.

"Your swords," said he, advancing. Each of us obeyed without a moment's hesitation.

But Archibald either did not understand him, or disdained to reply, for he passed on.

"Make ready! present!" said the corporal. But Archibald never turned his head; and, but for Du Condray, who stepped before the men, with violent gesticulation, we should have had bloody work of it yet—for they were on the very point of throwing their bullets into Archibald; and Arthur was ready to second me in any retaliation, however desperate.

But the corporal had compassion on him, and went up to him politely, and begged his sword.

"My sword!" said Archibald, staring at him; "are you mad?"

"You are under arrest," said the corporal. "All the gentlemen have given up their swords—and you must give up yours."

"Must I!" said Archibald, drawing it from the scabbard. "By God! I'll cleave the first man to the naval that puts himself in my way. Who sent you?"

"The commander-in-chief," said the corporal, stepping adroitly beyond his reach, and beckoning to the guards.

"Lead me to him," said Archibald; "and mark me—at your peril, give sign or signal to the rascals there. Do it; and I'll make you a head shorter (whatever become of me) before mortal man can help you."

The corporal led on with a martial step, and we followed, till we were in sight of Washington's quarters, when the corporal signified that only my brother and I were to enter for the present.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It is not that I dread the death;  
For thou hast seen me by thy side,  
All redly through the battle ride.

"Captain Oadley," said Washington to my brother, as we entered his quarters, about an hour after our arrest—there was something exceedingly solemn in his tone: "How happens it, sir, that I see you with your side-arms?"

Archibald stood proudly, yet reverentially, before him, pale as death—his brown hair saturated with sweat, and frozen upon his white forehead, his large, deep, blue eyes fainting not, nor fading in the awful presence. He replied.

"I refused to give up my sword to any body but the commander-in-chief."

Washington raised his head; a slight movement of his nether lip seemed to betray an inward agitation as slight; but he merely stretched out his hand in silence, and Archibald obeyed it, by unbelted his sword with a resolute hand, and laying it respectfully upon the table.

Washington then turned, and made a motion to a

fine-spirited looking officer (Colonel Reid), which he obeyed by leaving the room.

A deep silence of some minutes followed; during which the commander's steady look was never taken from the sword, except to glance, for a moment, at my brother, who stood rather haughtily, I thought, after he had given it up; and then at me.

"You are brothers, I believe?" continued Washington.

"Yes, sir," said Archibald.

"You knew that duelling was prohibited in the army?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another silence of some moments, in which I could see the lip of Washington writhing again, and his broad forehead darken with thought; yet it was but just visible, like the emotion of one that great as he is, cannot, when his bones and blood are jarred, cannot forbear showing it in the calm of his eye, or the hue of his lip.

"Am I to believe that the death was accidental?"

"No, sir; I slew him deliberately," said Archibald.

"What!" answered the general, raising his arm in wrath, and then letting it fall upon the table before him, as if his great nature had rebuked him; and then he continued in a deep, tranquillised tone to speak as follows:—

"I have been assured that the affair was an accident—that several gentlemen had assembled for fencing—that, by some accident, Colonel Clinton was slain. Yet, it was intimated to me, that there had been a growing hostility between you for some time. It was for that reason that I have ordered your arrest. It is no light matter, young man, to have put in jeopardy the lives of eight men—eight officers. But my duty is a plain one. The law shall be enforced. Is it not enough that we have the enemy upon us from without, but we must be murdering each other in cold blood?"

He was evidently much disturbed; either at the thought of putting seven young men on trial for their lives, before a court martial, or at the death of Clinton, who had long been a member of his family.

"I did hope," continued Washington, with a temperate fervency of manner, that brought tears into Archibald's eyes, "that this would prove what it has been represented to me—a hasty, accidental affair; and that a young man of such promise would not have been the first to set that discipline at naught, which he has been so long conspicuous in the support of."

"May I be permitted," said Archibald, faltering a little in his voice, less, it was evident, from any terror of punishment, than the fear of having offended his commander, "to—"

Washington signified to him to proceed; and he continued, standing before him, with his arms folded, and his slight frame shaking with emotion, till he had told the tale as it was; and till the face of Washington altered—first to compassion, then to sorrow, then to admiration. I do not mean to say that he told the cause of the quarrel; but the whole of the quarrel, which ended so fatally, he did tell, modestly, but manfully, till Washington himself changed colour; and then, turning slowly to us both, said:

"I shall inquire into this. In the mean time, you will remain under arrest—but not in confinement."

We bowed, for the motion of his hand was not to be misunderstood or resisted; and withdrew, just as Colonel Reid was returning. He stopped as we



passed him—wiped a tear from his eyes, and gave his hand to Archibald: "Poor Clinton," said he.

"Poor Clinton," said Archibald, from his heart; and we passed on.

The whole encampment was in an uproar; soldiers and officers were crowding about us, at every step, some with menacing, others with compassionate looks, for Clinton was an universal favourite with the southern men; and universally execrated by the northern ones; nay, so far had things gone at times, that a mischievous spirit might have made a drawn battle of it, more than once, by a little meddling.

"Dear brother," said I, seeing him stop and put his hands to his head, as if in extreme pain, after we had passed the crowd, "you look wretchedly; are you wounded?"

"I feel so," said he; "put your hand here." I gave it to him, and he laid it on his temples; they beat furiously, but as he moved his neck under the pressure, I observed that his bosom was full of blood. I was terrified at the quantity; it was coagulated, and I could have taken it out by handfuls. I hurried him to the tent, and found that, at every movement of his head, it gushed out again, like a little spout; but the surgeon who examined it put me out of all apprehension immediately, as to the wound. "That is nothing," said he, with emphasis; "but—God bless me, what a fever he is in!"

He was in a fever—and, for two weeks, I never left his bed-side; but, at last, I had the happiness to see him on the saddle again, paler, a little, than usual; weaker, but not sadder, for that were impossible.

"There is your sword," said an officer, entering one day after dinner, and handing a sabre to Archibald; "the commander bids you use it, hereafter, not against your friends, nor his friends, but the enemies of your country."

Archibald bowed, and the moment that the officer had left the room, threw the weapon from him, saying—

"Brother! I have half a mind never to buckle it on again."

"Why?" said I, in surprise.

"I am weary of the trade of blood; it wears me to death."

"Archibald!" said I, "hear me; we have gone too far now to retreat—we have sinned; and have been dishonoured. Let us first atone for our transgressions, recover our name—and then! there is my hand, go where you will—when you will, I will follow you."

"How atone for them?" said he; "how recover our name? By spilling more blood! fighting more battles! killing more human creatures! Brother, I am not very sure, not so sure as I have been, that this war is a righteous one."

"For shame, Archibald," I cried, "for shame! would you have your children slaves!"

"God can make them free," he replied, "and they were better and happier as slaves, than if their freedom, that priceless heritage, were bought with blood."

"But God will not, cannot be hoped to work miracles for us; we must labour!"

"God hath said, thou shalt not kill; we dare to say, thou shalt kill! God hath bowed the heavens, and come down to us, and taught us that we are one great brotherhood—yet man, presumptuous man, hath dared to set his majesty at naught, trample on his law, and make the nations of the earth murderers. No! I must think of this. What I do shall be

done, not rashly, not unadvisedly, but temperately. There's much blood upon my hands, too much, it may be, for me ever to sleep quietly again—but all of it, all! that I have hitherto shed—nay, not even my own, is so loathsome and sickening, so terrible and blinding, as that of poor Clinton; yet, yet! as I am a living man, brother, were it to do over again, I would do precisely what I have done, though I went to hell for it."

I shuddered from head to foot—"Brother," said I, "what devil possesses you! You have been, at intervals, since that affair, frightfully blasphemous, yet you used to be somewhat solemn of thought, at times, and humble, and would pray, now and then; but since Clinton's death—"

"I cannot pray—I cannot," he said, turning abruptly away from me, "I dare not."

"But whatever be your resolution," said I, "you will not think of abandoning the army, while it is in danger."

"What danger?"

"Sir William Howe has taken the field, left New York, put all his troops in motion, and we are hourly expecting an attack. Lord Sterling has just been sent out. La Fayette—and, if the enemy does not attack us, we shall have the finest opportunity in the world for distinguishing ourselves; for his line of march, encumbered as it is with baggage for an army of eighty or a hundred thousand men, we are told, reaches nearly twelve miles along the road."

His eye flashed fire. "The sooner the better," he cried; "I only want to hear the stirrups ringing again, the trumpets blowing, and I shall be happy, happy! Alas, poor Clinton! to die may be very terrible, to die so suddenly, is so; but to survive—Oh! that is to suffer. Every thing that I touch feels of blood. Every thing that I see or smell, looks and smells of blood, detestable hot blood, foaming and smoking from the ground—Ha! was that lightning!"

"No," said I, "hark!—it is one of the cannon at the north; ah! that's the report."

"By Heaven," he exclaimed, putting his hand before his eyes, "I have become the veriest coward that breathes. Strange delusions are upon me. I thought, just then, that I was upon the Delaware again; that I saw a horse drowning in the black water, the body of Clinton entangled in the trapping. I was just on the point of leaping in, when the thunder broke about my heart; and the blue lightning flashed, like a serpent of fire, hissing through the water; are you sure that it was a cannon?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I'll lead you to the very gun in five minutes."

"And this! (striking the snow with his foot), this is the solid earth? You would persuade me of that, I suppose; why, John, I can feel it heave under my tread like the ocean; no, like graves about to give up their dead; and when I strike my foot upon it thus, hark! do you not hear a moaning? a jarring too, as if you leaned against a great organ while it was in full play?"

"You distress me exceedingly, dear Archibald," said I; "rouse yourself. These humours will be the death of you yet."

"The sooner the better, brother."

"That is impious," I replied. "You are young, full of high thought, and—"

"Weltering in human blood, go on—"

"And fitted," said I, "for much blessing to mankind."

"Rouse yourself, tear away the grave clothes that are about you, and come forth!"

"Come forth! come forth! speak to Clinton, brother; bid him come forth; bid him come forth from the holes of the rock, the charnel house; and I, by Heaven! I will take his place joyfully—you weep! Brother, it is unmanly to weep. Unmanly of you—yet I, I would give the world to weep, but I cannot; there is nothing but molten lead at my heart; no tears, none; they are all dried up; the fountain is full of dust and reptiles."

"A fierce and wayward spirit, brother," said I, deeply affected by his manner.

"A wayward spirit, brother, not a fierce one; a melancholy spirit, weary of slaughter, bowed down, not by calamity, not by peril, not by sickness, but by doubt and sorrow. That sky—look up brother—so blue and beautiful, sweeping darkly about us with a swiftness of motion—so uninterrupted and eternal—that we mistake it for an immovable vault; so swift! that we mistake motion for solidity! Brother, I never look up to that sky when the stars are in it, but there comes rushing over me a flood of brightness and disorder—I hear the neighing of horses, the clashing of armed men, the breaking of water about me and under me, and all the earth in commotion; wind and fire; while that serene and beautiful dome above, thickly beleagued with God's bright cherubim, rolls for ever above us, undisturbed, unmoved, in its sweet and awful repose.

"At this moment, brother, dark as it is, I can see a troop of horsemen racing like a disorderly rabble over the white snow, and wheeling and galloping in the moonlight. I can see their faces; count them one by one; distinguish all their horses; see the dark eyes of Arthur, streaming with fire; hear my own voice in the wind; all this with my ears stopped and my eyes shut, as plainly as I saw it, and heard it all the night before that inroad of murderers upon our house; the night before!—no, the very night; brother! oh brother, could we but have met them! and now—ah! a storm."

"No, dear Archibald; no, it is only the noise of distant cannon—surely you can see as well as I?"

"No, I fear not; I am blind and dizzy; shattered, I fear—let me lean upon your arm—dark shadows are about me, unpleasant faces; they jar my blood, and—Ha! there! that splash of the water! Oh, it was precisely the same that sounded on my ears, when the mare leaped out of the boat."

"It was not water, brother; it was the broad striped flag there, flapping in the wind."

We were just under it; it was the red and blue flag, striped and stained, and that was the first day of its floating.

"Where?" said he; "it is very dark—there was a beautiful starlight when I came out."

I stopped. There was something in his manner, more than in his words, that frightened me; for he leaned upon me with his whole weight, like a sick man.

"I see no stars," said he; "let us go back, I know not where I am. The ground is unsteady, and I expect it to fall in at every step. And while I hear a continual hum of voices, rattling of armour, a flapping, like many eagles above me, yet I can hardly persuade myself that we are not upon the Delaware again: it is a strange phantasy; but I can hear the quick sound of the rifles along the bank, and almost distinguish the horses that dash, hither and thither, as they did on the night of our first embarkation—and there too is the same cold, troubled moonlight,

sway at the north-east, gushing over the barrier of black clouds, like a white torrent, bursting in the wind—and now!—by Heaven! brother, you are weaker than I—how you tremble? does it snow? I can feel it driving in my face—or rain? or—what! are you weeping?—Stop; speak to me; am I awake, or not? Are we going on;—speak? are we upon the water?—or the land? going, or coming from Trenton?—"

I was utterly overcome; unable to articulate a word. And it was only when I had led him back to our quarters, and sent for our good physician, that I was able to step without reeling. The doctor looked alarmed; but attributed the sudden blindness of Archibald to a quick rush of blood into the brain, after sitting in a recumbent posture for a long time; yet, with all our care, it was some days before we were able to repeat the experiment of leading him into the open air.

But when we did—he took a new and firmer aspect. And when Arthur returned (for he had been absent several days on a visit to Mary), he was able to mount his horse, and accompany us in our little scouting parties.

At last, however, the signal was given. Our tents were struck; our log huts demolished; and our whole army put in motion. At the first sign of preparation, the noble fellow started up, as from a trance, leaped into the saddle, and dashed away to the head of his men, with all that high, heroic expression of earnestness which used to characterize him.

"Now, John," said he, plucking out his sword—"now! for something better than complaint!"

Yet, though we were constantly under arms, marching and countermarching, it was not until June 19, that we were able to make any calculation, from the capricious movement of Sir William Howe. At first we thought that he would cross the Delaware, and pour into our entrenchment, man and horse, without giving us time to breathe; but we soon found that he had left all his boats, and bridges, and heavy baggage, at Brunswick; and come, after a rapid march, unparalleled indeed for him—all at once, to a full stop. Washington himself, we could perceive, was confoundedly puzzled; but neither alarmed nor intimidated by these contradictory operations of his antagonist; and finally, when that antagonist had, after having thrown up a chain of redoubts, extending from Somerset to Brunswick—suddenly abandoned them, as soon as they were completed—retreating to Brunswick, and thence to Amboy, without striking a blow, except at the churches, court-houses, and other buildings upon the road, which he left, reddening and smoking with devastation, our perplexity was increased to a distressing degree.

We were willing to fight, anxious to fight—but few men could have borne, as we did, the uninterrupted tension of their faculties, for such a length of time, as we did—bodily and mental, during the period of indecision. All felt it, but no man more than Archibald; his sinews were strung to snapping again and again during the day. Again and again would the drum roll, at dead of night, and we would hear the trumpet ringing over our faces, as we lay, each man by his own horse—while the trooper that blew it, galloped along the darkly mustering battalions—we would leap into our saddles—form, and await the signal of battle, in the expectation that the enemy were upon us—a few volleys would roll over the clouded sky—a distant drum or two rattle for a moment—a solitary cannon peal like an earthquake



along the trembling ground—and we would be ordered to our repose again.

To Archibald, more than to any of us, this trial was terrible; naturally impatient, he was—(chiefly, I believe, that the uproar might drown certain recollections of Clinton)—unspeakably so about this time. And, at last, when General Greene had been advanced to fall upon the enemy's rear, and Wayne and Morgan upon their flanks, with Washington and the whole main body to support them—Archibald could be restrained no longer; and just at day light, when Morgan's infantry attacked the Hessian pickets, and drove them in, he rode suddenly down upon them—at the head of his troop, without waiting for orders—heedless, it would seem, of every thing but employment; for such was the disorderly nature of his attack, that, but for Morgan, who, for a moment, mistook him for an enemy, and suddenly called in his men to receive him, he would probably have been sacrificed for his impetuosity.

I heard Morgan speak of it afterward. "Damn the young madcap," said he, in his broad, fearless way, "I had brought my men off, and was just ready to give him a volley that would have left half his troop upon the field, when he came round upon the enemy in such a style, that it took my breath away; broke in upon them, cutting and slashing like so many devils; and would have been shut up, but for a company of my boys that poured in a round or two upon some infantry, who were rallying to support the picket."

Morgan literally rained fire upon the enemy that day; and so hot and fierce was the tempest, that they crossed the bridge, at Brunswick, and threw themselves into redoubts on the eastern side of the river; and then, without waiting our approach, abandoned them, and hurried with unspeakable precipitation along the Amboy road.

What possessed Sir William Howe to cut so many flourishes before a handful of men, and afterward retreat so precipitately without coming to action, has always been a question with military men. The uncharitable have attributed it to every thing but a want of courage; but I, I am not uncharitable to a brave man, nor unkind to the memory of an honourable one; my notion is that he overrated our strength; and what wonder? our countryman did so at least five hundred per cent!—that he had been electrified by some recent operations of Washington, when he was literally alone, standing up amid the war of darkness and ice that thundered upon America, deserted, doubted, and alone. This had taught Sir William a wonderful degree of wisdom and circumspection.

Our army now moved to Quibbletown; and Howe passed over a part of his troops and his heavy baggage to Staten Island, evidently with the hope of perplexing us still more. But Washington was too many for him; he drew in his light parties, and kept possession of the high grounds, determining not to avoid a battle, if it were offered on such terms as would do, nor to invite one, unless at some manifest advantage of position, that should counterbalance the difference in number.

Yet nothing effectual could be done. Lord Stirling, it was true, had a scuffle with the enemy for two or three hours, in which he manifested infinitely more courage than generalship—more rashness, I should say. His lordship was a brave man, but (and a bitter thing could not be said of a soldier, though we have chosen to take it as a compliment in the late war), he did not know when he was beaten,

nor when he was in mortal peril. Some changes in the northern army had taken place about this time; the long pending dispute between General Gates and Schuyler, was brought to a precipitate and foolish termination by the blockheads in Congress, who turned first one and then the other out of command, neck and heels, without trial or examination. And Howe finally passed over to Staten Island, leaving us in possession of the Jerseys again, with nothing to do but to listen to frightful stories of Burgoyne, who, it was believed, had already begun to pour in his legions upon us, like an inundation, from the north. I remember my own feelings; and love to recall the bright eye and clouded aspect of Archibald at this time, who was really, I believe it in my soul, the only man within our entrenchments whose heart did not stop sometimes, when the tale of Burgoyne and his army of veterans, his world of artillery—his own reputation, and the hordes of Indian marksmen that followed his camp, came to our ears.

But we were becalmed. We had no power to get up and stir our limbs. The enemy stood aloof from us; and we had the mortification to lie, like chained giants, ironed ankle and wrist, upon our beds, and hear clap upon clap from the north and east; the capture of Prescott, the retreat of St. Clair, the affair of General Herkimer and Staten Island; the valiant conduct of Arnold; and, finally, one report that shook us to the dust and jarred the whole country, the battle of Bennington, where farmer Stark served the enemy, hour after hour, with bayonet and ball; and brought them down, at last, a thousand men of war, prisoners and dead, to the sturdy yeomanry of the north. I remember the noise in our camp when the news came, as if it were but yesterday. There was a great outcry and tumult.

Archibald leaped upon his feet, struck his hands together, with a loud shout; and then the tears gushed from his eyes, and he shook from head to foot with shame and vexation. One only thing we found to relieve us.

A young fiery Pole had got a footing in our army, (it was the Count Pulaski) and Washington had permitted him to form a body of light horse; from that hour Archibald and he were inseparable. Pulaski was decidedly the best horseman, and the most daring beyond all comparison that I ever saw; and, after a while, he seemed to attach himself to Archibald with a feeling more like the passion of brotherhood than that of common friendship. Every day I could perceive the advantage of it. Every day we were taught some evolution that was new, or corrected in some mistaken practice of our own; indeed, at last the count was pleased to say (I heard him as he sheathed his sword, after manœuvring us for a whole afternoon), that he would put his legion now, man for man, against any on this earth. Archibald's mare stood upright at the sound, but not of her own accord, I imagine, for her flanks were reeking dismally when she passed me a moment afterward.

Again we were put upon the march. For nearly a month, by the continual and contradictory evolutions of Sir William's army, and the fleet of Lord Howe, we were kept in a state of perpetual anxiety and doubt, not knowing whether the enemy meant to strike at the north or south; one was as probable as the other; and we, unluckily, had no army of observation except the main body, which we dared not move a day's march from the centre, because what we believed to be the points of attack meditated.

by the enemy, lest, the moment we had turned to the right, he should dash to the left; or if we turned to the left, for the choice was always in his power, as it generally is with the assailant, he should face suddenly about and play the devil with our right. Yet for a whole month, from the 23rd of July to the 22d of August, this state of suspense and trial continued—altogether more painful and discouraging, I am sure, not only to the army, but to Washington himself, than any time of the same duration during the war.

But at length we were done with feints and manœuvres, and were put seriously upon the march for Philadelphia; for intelligence, that could be depended on, had arrived. The enemy were in the Chesapeake. We were about eleven thousand strong then; and at last, on the 10th of September, we took possession of a commanding ground on the east side of the Brandy-wine; our main body at Chadsford, with General Maxwell, occupying a hill on the opposite side, on which he entrenched himself tolerably the same night.

"Now," said Pulaski, riding up to Archibald, and saluting him with a motion of his keen weapon, that looked very like a play of firework for a moment; "now! my brave friend, we shall have an opportunity to try your metal, horse and blade."

"And temper?" said Archibald, whistling the sword in a circle of light (that one of the men swore to be seen there after he rode off,) about his head.

La Fayette was riding slowly by, at the moment, and smiling with that expression of calm benignity which made him the favourite of the whole army, reined up and exchanged a few words in French, (which I did not well understand then,) with Pulaski, whose eye flashed fire as he exclaimed in downright English,

"Aye! by the Virgin, as brave a heart as ever beat! He only wants age," glancing at Archibald.

We were soon after abreast of each other.

"A battle is at hand now," said I, "brother, what are your feelings?"

"Calm, unutterably calm."

"Do you ever think of home now? You have done speaking of it."

"You," he smiled, "you have a round about way of asking a question. But I understand you; yes, I do think of home, my only home, night and day."

"I am glad of it," said I, cheerfully. "We seemed by a common consent to have abandoned all conversation, and even all allusion to it."

"You do not understand me," he said; "I do not speak of our mother—God be merciful to her! nor of Mrs. Arnauld, Mr. Arnauld, Mary Austin, Clara, your Clara; what! a blush, a thrill! well, brother, if we pass through this trial, a way must be found to make her acquainted with this; I thought that you had forgotten her."

"No," said I, resolutely, "no; if we ever meet again, it must be by accident. I will have no interference."

"Nor I," he replied, "and henceforth, when you mean to ask me, if I have forgotten Lucia Arnauld, do not put your question in the shape of 'Do you ever think of home now?' Be frank with me, and I will with you. Artifice defeats itself. I hurt you; but it is well that I should. You will be the better for it. Deal plainly with me, like a soldier, like a man, John, and I will conceal no thought of my heart from you. Would you have me believe that you are a wily, love-sick fellow, toiling to win

another into some talk of her that you love, without the manhood to speak boldly about her? For shame, brother! You love her; and you pay her a poor compliment, if you deal thus with her. No, speak out, speak boldly, however she may have treated you; and, whatever happen, she will be proud of you, and that is better than her love."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Ah, few shall part where many meet;  
Their blood shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The battle of Brandy-wine was fought on the eleventh of September, 1777, and lasted all the day long. It was a bloody affair to us; and had well nigh been fatal to Greene and Sullivan.

We had been in the saddle about four hours, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hand, examined our points, pistols, and furniture, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and long continued one. The day—by Heaven! it was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west; our horses, in number about four hundred, standing as patiently as so many marble creatures; until, just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind, and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot—I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole, bareheaded, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, for the noble carriage of the man—the martial bearing of the soldier would permit either interpretation; it might be, in the awful employment of devotion—or, in the more earthward one of martial observation. But, suddenly, he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap—replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report—and the next moment, a part of our ranks was covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon-ball that struck within a hundred yards of the place that he had just left. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound; and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the noise of the enemy in his advance.

Pulaski unsheathed his sword—called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one, under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, like a dark, solid mass, in a direction toward Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in from the horse that we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting, for a whole hour, the sound of conflict; at last, a heavy volley rattled along the sky—a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum-heads. The whole air rung with it; another and another followed, and then, gradually increasing in loudness and loudness, came peal after peal upon us,



till it resembled one continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapour.

Archibald could not sit still—and his mare seemed possessed with a devil; in her effort to rush toward the quarter where the white, fiery, transparent smoke evolved and eddied, like that of a furnace in a high wind—with one uninterrupted reverberation, she struggled, and snorted, and plunged, till the clear bright blood ran out of her nostrils, and frothed and foamed about her lips; there was rebellion in her very eyes.

But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement, till he should be able to see with certainty the operation of the enemy in the vapour below. Meanwhile, several little parties that we had sent out came in, one after the other, in full gallop, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again and again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river.

A thin vapour now rose from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then, a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard was raised above it—some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it—like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke, on the very verge of the horizon—and after scouring the fields for a whole mile, within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions—one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall upon Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game: and Pulaski, whose war-horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with Greene, who was posting, all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle; and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill (upon which the morning sun broke out just then, as if leaving the heavens for a while), to turn the enemy's flank.

This arrangement would have been fatal to Knyphausen; but unluckily there was a stop put to it, almost in the very moment when we were ready to fall upon him, man and horse, by the alarming intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. There was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death of us. Greene was recalled; and Sullivan commanded to halt. Hardly had this happened, and our horses were covered with sweat and froth—fretting like chained tigers upon the bit; our men, covered with dust, and blinded with the wind and sun—for it was extremely hot and sultry—when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank; and Greene, whose division we had been attached to, was put in motion for the support of Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder clap. The enemy had passed, concentrated (as we supposed), and fallen upon our right. Lord! I never shall forget Greene's countenance when the news came; he was in the road side, upon a very

steep bank—but he wheeled where he was—dashed down the bank—his face white as the bleached marble—and calling to us to gallop forward, for encouragement, without throwing ourselves into the enemy's power, put his division forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that they marched four miles in forty minutes: we held on our way, in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan, all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating, step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse—covered with blood and sweat; and striving in vain to bring them to a stand—while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences; and there stood a while, upright in his stirrups, reconnoitring—while the enemy, who appeared, by the smoke and dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts: but at last he saw a favourable opportunity. The column wheeled, the wind swept athwart their van, revealing them, like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke: he gave the signal, Archibald repeated it, Arthur, and myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word; and when Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger—it was half a minute—so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean? gracious Heaven! my hand, convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment—when I saw that we were galloping straight forward, into a field of bayonets—yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him? We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad and open before us, with a wall of fire upon the right hand and the left, but not a bayonet nor a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire, through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we had made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column. But Pulaski—he, who afterward rode into their entrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and, having broken over them once—aware of his peril, if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning, through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red Sea—but no! the walls had rolled in upon us, and we were left no choice, but to continue as we began. The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy; I remember how he passed me, again and again, reeking with blood—riding, absolutely, upon the very bayonets of the enemy; and, at last, as they pressed upon him—and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles—when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful mare, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the joyful cry of success! success! and felt the enemy give way—heave this way and that, and finally concentrate beyond us. "Once more!" cried Pulaski, "once more!" and away he went again, breaking in upon them, as they were forming; and trampling down whole platoons in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet, or bring his piece to an aim: and the next moment, we were scouring over the ground, where I could yet see Archibald and Arthur battling it, with four or five of the enemy's horse: but our aspect, as we came thunder-

ing round upon them, proved sufficient. They took to their heels, and we brought them both off, unwounded—unhurt.

It was getting dark now, but the hour was that of sunset, when, in this climate, the sky is like a mass of coloured vapour floating over a bath. Greene was forming in our rear, with that fearful calmness which boded a terrible time always to him that ventured upon it. The ground was favourable to him; and the half-hour that the enemy lost by our charge, a mere handful in his solid column, was of inconceivable benefit to Greene, for his men were literally out of breath, and ready to drop down at the first onset. But that half-hour gave them an opportunity to see their commander's face, and hear his voice, and from that moment they would have stood their ground, though the heavens had rained fire upon them.

I have been in many a battle—many a one that made my hair stiffen afterward in my sleep when I dream of it—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, the rush of blood and fire so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene. We were unable to strike a blow. The enemy imagining us, no doubt, to be much more formidable than we were, had hedged in all his exposed points by a rank of men, kneeling with planted bayonets; and though we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces, yet not one of them shut his eyes, or fired a shot, but where he knelt he died, and his place was immediately filled by another as resolute, so that we could not—the thing was impossible—repeat the blow that we had given.

But one thing happened, within my own sight and hearing, that nearly brought me to the ground, in terror and helplessness. Two horsemen had set upon me, and while I was doing my best to return their visit, I saw that they were only part of a squadron, whom we had not seen before, or who had just been brought into action, and that several were upon Archibald, who, while I was looking upon him, reeled in the saddle, and took a blow I thought, that cleft his head, for his bearskin cap flew, and his horse broke from the encounter, and dashed off to the right. I followed, and soon came in contact with Weedon's Virginia brigade, which soon relieved me from all apprehensions on my own account; for the enemy fell before them, rank after rank, like flax in the blaze. They were supported by a body of the Pennsylvania militia, near the head of whom I saw La Fayette—the reins all loose, wounded in the arm, his red scarf shot away, and streaming in the wind, yet showing the same unaltered front, and leading the raw militia up to the very eyes of the enemy, while a sheet of fire scorched their faces.

I continued my course, and soon discovered a horseman staggering in the darkness, whom I knew, from the shape and bearing, to be Archibald, long and long before I could get to him. It was he—and he was faint, very faint, from the loss of blood. I spoke to him, and was reaching out my hand to catch the rein of his unmanageable horse, when the animal stumbled, rolled over, snorted, so as to cover me with a shower of blood, and died. Archibald fell with her; and for some minutes I stood over him, utterly unable to hear if he answered me or not, such was the terrible noise from the place of contention—so deafening, so blinding—and such the low, deep, inarticulate sobbing of my poor brother. At last, however—oh, how unspeakably dear was the first sound of his voice—at last he spoke.

“Arthur?—John?”

“Yes, brother,” said I.

We were sitting upon a wet bank, and it was quite dark.

“Brother, is it you? I would give the world for a drop of cool water.”

I left him, and ran about for a long time before I was able to find any—and, after all, was only able to bring him a small quantity in my leather cap, that, I dare say, had been trampled into, and bled into, by dying horses and men that day.

“God bless you,” he cried, drinking it every drop before he returned the cap, and without stopping to breathe. “Ha! the cannon still. Will they fight for ever? Let us go back.”

“What! are you able to go back?”

“Able!” he cried, leaping upon his feet—“able! aye, and will, though a whole regiment of horses had been shot under me. I—I—”

He staggered, and fell athwart the trodden turf, and lay for some minutes without speaking; so long, indeed, that the firing had ceased, and we heard the two armies moving away. Heard, I say, but I mean that I felt them; for, inconceivable as it may seem to those who have had no experience, it is true that the tread of a battalion, heavily armed, may be felt many miles by a person lying upon level ground in a serene day. The Indians know this, and profit by it.

But the battle was now over, and we were at last discovered by a party of our own troop, who, ignorant of their loss, were scouring the open country, to protect the wounded and cut off the stragglers.

We then crossed the river, and moved up towards Sweed's-ford, while Sir William Howe, who seemed to be satisfied whenever he had fought us without being beaten, and was never prepared to follow up any advantage, halted three days upon the field of battle to contemplate the havoc that had been made; while our cause was never in greater danger. We had lost nearly twelve hundred men, and ten brass field-pieces.

Archibald had been sorely bruised, and fatigued beyond example, in the strife, but in no other way was he materially injured.

Again we were upon the river, Archibald and I sitting together; and he, poor fellow, lamenting the loss of his mare as if she had been his wife. By this I mean, not that he whistled and sung, but that he wept—aye, wept, for the loss of the noble beast, and believed, I am sure, to his dying day, that she died of a broken heart. “Would that I had let her have her own way,” he said.

While we were ruminating on the event, and I was watching his full eyes, and almost mocking at his grief, we heard a loud cry and a plunge. We turned, and saw Du Coudray, whom we instantly knew by his beautiful uniform, in the middle of the current, upon the back of his furious horse. Unluckily, in the animal's terror, he had entangled his feet in the reins, so as to keep his mouth and nose under. The gallant Frenchman lost not his presence of mind for a moment, but threw himself from his saddle, while the fiery horse was beating the dark water all into foam about him, and attempted to gain the shore. In vain, in vain. He fainted, struck, as we always thought it probable, by the hoofs of his horse. He gasped a moment, made two or three desperate plunges, sobbed—the water rushed into his throat and he gradually sunk, till nothing but his beautiful hair was seen floating upon the wave, and the motion of his hands, blindly toiling under the water for a moment longer. Many an arm was near



him, many a voice. He heard them—tried to reach them; put his hands out of the water for a little distance, the fingers wide apart, and went down then for ever.

Poor fellow! Archibald was near to him, but not the nearest; and when he went down he uttered a loud cry, threw himself half out of the water, and sunk. Archibald plunged after him, but it was too late—Du Coudray had been swept away.

Again were we on the point of battle. It was the 17th of September. We were on the Lancaster-road, near the Warren Tavern. Archibald was just able to sit his horse, and felt particularly solicitous to do his duty again; for Washington had been pleased to speak to him face to face for his good conduct, and he was now to battle under Washington's eyes. Our van was already engaged, and Pulaski, all on fire for another dash at the enemy, was beginning to show the usual symptoms of onset, when all at once the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain poured down in such torrents that both armies drew off—ours with every cartridge that they had spoilt, theirs to march on to Philadelphia, of which they took possession immediately.

And here an affair took place in which Arthur was personally concerned. He had been detached with about twenty of our troop to the aid of Captain Lee's dragoons, for the purpose of destroying some flour. Colonel Hamilton was with us. We had succeeded in our purpose, and were about returning, when our videttes that we had left out came down upon us at full speed, with the enemy at their heels. I was near Hamilton, who immediately ordered us into a flat-bottomed boat, leaping his own horse in at the same time. I obeyed; and, as we put off under several successive volleys from the enemy, poured into us like hail from the bank and bridge above us, I saw Lee and Arthur. They faced suddenly, with one other dragoon in the rear, upon the advancing column, and dashed athwart the bridge in their very faces, under a general discharge. Over they went, with the fire streaming from the heels of their horses, and all eyes upon them—I, for one, holding my breath, and expecting to see their bodies fall off at the first turn of the horses. But no—not a bullet struck them. It seemed miraculous: yet so it was. And when I had hold of Arthur's hand a few moments afterwards, and saw his unaltered countenance and handsome eyes bright with his deliverance, I could scarcely believe my own senses—nay, scarcely refrain from tears.

"The enemy are in Philadelphia," said I.

"No, not yet," he replied; "but on their way there. What mean you?"

"I mean," said I, "that—that—are you entirely at ease about Mary?"

"Perfectly," said he, smiling. "Do you know where she is?"

"In Philadelphia—is she not?"

He shook his head.

"No," said he—"no, I thank you. She is in better quarters."

"By Heaven—Arthur—it isn't possible! that young man with you; can it be, that he—"

A young, handsome fellow had lately joined Arthur; and for a moment I was childish enough to think—what I am ashamed to utter. He understood me—coloured, and frowned.

"No," he exclaimed—"no; I do not ask you what you thought. I should not like to hear it. But Mary is safe—at Mr. Arnauld's. Ha! you

are strangely disturbed. Mark me, they are well, very well—all, except Clara and Lucia. They have heard of Clinton's death."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Through tangled juniper, beds of weeds;  
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
And man ne'er trod before.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear.

In hurrying rapidly over the events of this period, which related to the operations of the army, I have omitted to mention an incident, which, at the time, made little impression upon us (Archibald and myself I mean), but which, from the consequences that afterwards grew out of it, became exceedingly important.

I have already alluded to the jealousies and heart-burning between the eastern and southern troops; and it is a fact not now to be denied, that the New Englanders, with a few exceptions, were the most substantial men for the service. There was scarcely a foreigner in their ranks; all were natural born Americans. But the levies of our southern brethren were sadly adulterated with such rabble as could be bought cheapest. There were some noble exceptions, of course. Smallwood's regiment, and Morgan's, were full-blooded southerners; their arteries running with fire and chivalry.

About the time when these discontents first broke out, Archibald came accidentally in contact with a Yankee, named Copely, Chester Copely—a strange, cold-blooded fellow, with resolute features, light grey eyes, and a remarkably muscular, sinewy frame, of the middle size—with a little twist in his neck to the left, that cost him many a pleasant gibe. He was a man of few words—bitter—and sarcastic—and no companion. There was something mysterious, too, in his manner toward Archibald; for, contrary to his known habits, he seemed to court the acquaintance of my haughty brother. And in time (such was the nature of his temper—the cold, silent dominion that he exercised over all about him) that Archibald himself, a creature whose very tread was rebellion to all that looked like an assumption of authority over him—became so infatuated with this man, that he would put up with any thing from him. I never liked him, nor did Arthur; yet it would have been impossible to give a reason for it—except that there was a sullen, implacable steadiness; a sort of passionless insensibility in all that he said and did, which bore hard upon us, I confess; with an expression of superiority. Nothing seemed to move him. He would say the bitterest things, and the pleasantest, with precisely the same tone. Why he had sought Archibald's acquaintance, was a matter of inquiry with all our division. He was known and shunned; and, when they appeared together, there was a general expression of surprise. I suspected some design in it; yet what could it be? Archibald was not popular—nor rich—nor powerful.

This thing had continued about two months, until Arthur and I had forgotten to speak of it, even to each other; and the troop, who were passionately devoted to Archibald, had become, in a measure, reconciled to the cold evenness of temper (so unlike what it had been) that characterised him, and grew upon him day by day, after his acquaintance with the Yankee.

I have seen Copely when I thought him handsome; no, not handsome—something better, higher, nobler. There was a remarkable expression of manhood and strength in his manner of sitting, standing, or in even folding his arms. His forehead was very high, but sun-burnt and hard. So knitted were his joints, so compact his frame, so firm his tread, and so confident and cool were all his movements, that there was not a man in the army whom I would not sooner have encountered than Chester Copely. I have never seen a hero, for Washington was of a race above heroes, but my notion has always been, that Copely was intended for one. But let me give you some example of his conduct and conversation. They will enable you to judge better of his true character than any general description.

After we had first seen him, and noted him for the cold, strange indifference of his looks on all occasions—in battle and out—it was remarked that he would be absent for a week or ten days at a time in the neighbouring country, without any notice being taken of it; nay, it would almost seem, without asking leave; for, when nobody else was permitted to move beyond our entrenchments, the Yankee captain used to come and go as freely as if our camp had been a public market-place. At last a rumour came among us that he was in the confidence of Washington, to a degree passing all belief; and that he was consulted whenever any affair of moment was in agitation—alone, and apart from all the favourites of Washington. How true this was I cannot take upon myself to say; for he never spoke or hinted of any such power or confidence; and when others hinted at it, pretty broadly, too, at times, he paid precisely the same kind of attention to it that he did to every thing else; neither affecting concealment nor frankness—but wearing always the same—not haughty, it was not haughty, but proud, insensible, regal front. as if things that troubled other men were beneath his attention, except in the mechanical routine of his duty, and there he was unrivalled. His discipline was stern, implacable, unrelenting, less from any feeling of ambition, or because he coveted the name of a disciplinarian; but merely as if he scorned to be outdone, even in what he regarded as beneath him. That he was on a footing different from that of any other young man, in the army, with Washington, I can testify to from my own knowledge. I was eye-witness once of a scene where Washington stood before him, with a troubled countenance—and an agitated frame—and seemed for a whole minute unconscious of my presence; while Copely eyed me with his cold bright balls all the while as if he had been expecting me.

It was just about this time that he formed an acquaintance with Archibald; and there were hours when, as they passed me in the dark or at night, treading in time upon the snow before our tents, I should have believed that they were brothers, and I a stranger. More than once have I heard a suppressed sob; from, I dare not say that

it was from Copely, for his unalterable nature never showed a symptom of feeling equal to that in the day time—no tear, no smile, no laugh. Happen what would, he was the same to all outward appearance; collected and distant, not from affection or melancholy, or reserve or sorrow; but, perhaps I am wrong, but such was my thought at the time, from a natural feeling of superiority misplaced.

He was deeply read, and had travelled; but this was not to be discovered by a common man. He disdained to parly with a common man; not because he despised or pitied him, or was proud of his own character, but from a natural incapacity to herd with him.

It was thought that he never slept during the night; for, pass his tent when we would, he was always sitting at his table, if in camp, like one employed on forbidden matters, about which he was careless, because there was none but himself to understand them.

At last a report reached us, after one of his longest absences, at a time when we were just about breaking up, in the hope of a battle from Sir William Howe, that he was to be married—and that too immediately, to one of the most extraordinary women in the country. How the report came, where it originated, we know not. But there was a cloud upon his face at his return, and his conferences with Archibald were more frequent than ever. I remonstrated, and mentioned something of my suspicion and thought concerning him. Archibald smiled; but his lips were agitated; I saw that. Arthur observed, too, that he always went armed beyond what seemed required by his situation; that the door of his tent was always secured, and that he never admitted any person, till he had first made a bustle within. These were trifles, but they all served to quicken our observation and wonder. We learnt, too, that he was the subject of especial animosity to several southern officers; and one day, it was just after the report of his intended marriage had reached us, we made an attempt to rally him about it. He had been riding out with Archibald; and when they returned, whether it was that their faces had become flushed with the exercise, or that something had happened to disturb them, I know not; but I thought I had seldom seen two heads more unlike each other, and, at the same time, so full of character. Copely, too, had equipped himself in a new uniform, that laced athwart his broad chest, so as to exhibit all its manly proportions; and the contrast between his marked and athletic frame, and the delicate expressiveness of Archibald's, would have been worthy of a painter. Copely was a little the taller; but, in every movement there was the strength of a lion—but that of a lion sleeping; while every movement of my brother was that in the quietest time of a young catamount, her sinews always crouching, while her joints are all loose and supple.

But before I relate what I am about to, you will bear this in mind, that Copely talked to all men, on all occasions, in the same manner; saying, with a face like cast iron, the severest things in the world, without appearing to intend it. And yet, there was no affectation of dry humour, or simplicity, or gravity in him. All was natural and uniform, like the expression of a strong brain and solid heart; and when we were sometimes all struck



aback at the abrupt plainness of his manner, he would look round upon us, as if he pitied our amazement, and knew that what he had done was nothing, in comparison with what he could do. He had a strange faculty, too, of facing upon you, and throwing all your thought into disorder, by some short remark, that you could not forget to your dying day; were anxious to resent, but could not. Add to all this, that, without appearing to intend it, he always appeared to take his stand exactly upon that line which separates impunity from accountability. Time and again, have I seen dark eyes flashing, swollen lips writhing, and brave hearts throbbing under what he had said, while it would have been impossible to quarrel with him for it. He was hated, hated with a deadliness and steadiness, by the Virginian interest, surpassing all that I had ever seen. Yet my brother adhered to him, and held aloof even from his beloved Virginians, to consult with him. And now I will attempt to give you an idea of his manner, from a conversation that he held with us on that very evening after he appeared, for the first time, in a new uniform, which had probably given rise to the report that he was to be married. It was a few weeks before the battle of Brandy-wine.

Arthur, Copely, a Captain Henshaw (one of the most quiet creatures that ever breathed, but the devil in battle), and myself, were forming a party in the new quarters of Archibald, which, by the united effort of the troop, after his recovery, had been made very comfortable. Copely sat facing me, the red fire-light flashing in his face, his elbows square, and toes turned in, exactly as if he were on horseback.

We had been admiring the cut of his uniform.

"Well, Copely," said Henshaw, in his pleasant, deliberate way, "so you are to be married?"

"God forbid!" was the reply.

"Why so?" said Arthur.

Copely made no answer, except by shrugging his shoulders.

"Do you deny it?" said Archibald, I thought, with a slight agitation about the mouth.

"Yes," said Copely.

"What!" retorted Archibald, leaning toward him. "Do I not know that you are courting, and preparing for it; and that the day is fixed?"

"True," answered the impenetrable man.

"Then why deny it?" said I.

"I do not deny that. I only deny that I shall be married, and I recommend the same conduct to every other man. I would never own it till the benediction had been pronounced, unless I were sure that there was not another man in the world."

"You are very bitter?" said Archibald.

"No; I may be very honest. But you look (addressing himself to me) as if you had something at your heart."

"Delight and astonishment," said I.

"Pho! you don't mean any such thing—you may feel surprise and pleasure; but few things would delight or astonish such a man as you."

"But why marry," said Arthur, "with such an opinion of women?"

"Why spill my blood at sixpence a-day? Because I must be occupied one way or another."

"But why rail at marriage?" said Henshaw, laughing, "where there is such a charming ex-

ample before you—Colonel R——, he has married three wives."

"Yes, and that is not all."

"What else has he done?"

"Survived them. I reverence him—I never let him pass me without taking off my hat—rain or shine. I gaze upon him as I would upon the Duke of Marlborough, or Turenne, or Eugene. The veteran!"

"Copely," said Archibald, changing his whole manner, "do you know why I have called you together this evening?"

"No."

"There is a conspiracy against you."

"I know it," said Copely.

"They are determined to provoke you, and put you out of the way, if they can."

"I know it."

"You had better keep out of the way awhile," said Archibald, with some emotion; "will you?"

"But what will you do?"

"Exactly what I have always done."

"But they will insult you."

"I expect it."

"Challenge you."

"Undoubtedly."

"Cut your throat."

"I don't believe it."

"Shoot you."

"Probably."

"And yet, dear Copely," said Archibald, drawing his chair up to him, and leaning upon his shoulder, while Copely's stern features—no, not stern—his steady features, were red with the fire-light; "of what avail will it be? what can you do? You do not expect alone to fight up the New England character, do you?"

"Yes."

"You are mad; there are thirty of them, and not more than six or eight of your side, whose principles will permit them to fight a duel."

"I am mad."

"But what will you do if the whole thirty challenge you one after the other?"

"Fight the whole thirty—when I have nothing better to do."

"But why not keep out of their way?"

"Because they have threatened me."

"And so you throw yourself into their way."

"No, not a step. I behave just exactly as if I had never heard of the matter."

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The above will give you some idea of the man. I will now relate an affair or two which will give you a better one.

Just before the battle of Brandy-wine—nay, before the encampment broke up at Morrilstown, Archibald and I were tilting at a ring, in a large circular enclosure, which we called the riding-school. Copely was there; but he seemed to take no interest in the sport, until a Virginian, he of whom I have already spoken—Major Ellis—as the tall, martial, black-eyed fellow, that was with Clinton at the time of his death, after a hard game, had borne off the ring, repeatedly, in better style than Archibald, who, before his illness, had no match in the troop. Archibald was vexed not a little by the airs of the conqueror; and, as he backed his horse just in front of me, and caught my eyes, he struck his blade into one of the wooden posts with a force that astonished me; saying, at the same time, that he could bear to be beaten by any body

better than that man. The major scowled, and my brother, in a pet, swore that he was ashamed of himself and his troop.

I saw the cloud gathering. But Copely, turning to Archibald, asked him what he would give him to beat the victor?

"Give you!" said Archibald, "a pair of pistols, such as haven't their match in the army."

"Dismount a moment," said Copely, in reply, with his head on one side.

Archibald could not believe him to be earnest; and none of us had ever seen him in heat, as he used to call it, when a good swordsman went handsomely through his divisions.

"Mind the stirrup!" said Archibald, as Copely reined up the horse, and grasped the mane with his left hand preparing to mount, as if on parade; "if you touch the stirrup you will never touch the saddle."

Copely made no reply; but was in the seat, and running full speed at the ring, which he took off, and replaced at every successive evolution, till the whole circus rung with huzzas. Then he dismounted and returned to the same position which he had occupied before, and there stood, with his arms folded, precisely as if he had no concern in what was going forward.

Archibald could hardly forbear embracing him on the spot; but the major was overflowing with wrath and blackness.

"We shall have a quarrel out of this," said Archibald, turning a little pale; "I perceive it."

"Yes," said Copely, just as if he had been asked to take a pinch of snuff; "it is very probable."

And so it happened; for the major began abusing, first—all mankind; then, all horsemen; then, all strangers; then, all captains: and, finally, all Yankees. Finding that nobody was disposed to answer him, and when he had fairly run out of breath, after working himself into a passion, that I expected every moment, for he grew black in the face, would end in an apoplexy, he stood still, fumbling about the hilt of his hanger.

There was a dead silence. Copely stood with his arms folded, looking him in the face, as if he had been some object rather of curiosity than fear. "Did you know, sir," said he, in his natural cold tone, "that I am a Yankee?"

"Di—yes, and be damned to you," said the other, riding fiercely up to him; "and what then? Take it as you like it."

"Thank you," he replied; "I admire your courtesy."

For the world I would not have undergone the look that Copely gave him. There was neither contempt, nor scorn, nor pity, nor defiance, nor compassion in it; but it was a compound that would have made me feel like a fool for years afterward, had I thought of it as having been levelled at me.

"Stop, sir," continued Copely, seeing the other about to wheel off, as if to hide his perturbation; "I have a word to say to you;" this was in the same tone, the same attitude, and he was unamed. "You have said what I hope you will be sorry for. At present, I have no more to say to you. But, once for all, I would have you understand that this language is never to be repeated in my presence. I shall be happy to see you here to-morrow, at the same hour, with the same company."

"With all my heart!" said the other; "now or then, it is all the same to me."

"Nay, you appear to misunderstand me. You are in a passion. I cannot permit myself to retort now. I give you till to-morrow to think of your conduct. Remember—I do not challenge you: I do not come here to-morrow to fight you. But I shall meet you here."

The major looked down upon him for a moment, as if he would have ridden over him, in the scorn and detestation of his heart. But nothing moved Copely—nothing, though Archibald appeared exceedingly disturbed, and had been several times on the point of interfering.

"What do you intend to do?" said Archibald, after a silence of nearly half an hour, as we were returning.

"You shall know to-morrow. I never bark," was the reply.

The next day he went with us, unarmed, contrary to all our remonstrances.

"Pho," said he, coolly; "if I arm there will be bloodshed. I am not prepared for that."

We found the major there, surrounded by four or five as handsome fellows as I ever saw, looking black as death; however, while they held aloof from the exercise.

They saw that Copely was unarmed; and their lips curled, as they called the attention of Major Ellis to the circumstance; and he muttered something, which was too true—but it made my heart giddy for a moment, with passion—and Archibald's hand search for the hilt of his scimitar.

The exercises were gone through with, in a sort of sullen, discontented silence; and Copely stood all the while, precisely in the same spot—in the same attitude—with the same countenance—natural—and careless.

"Gentlemen," said he, turning his eyes leisurely round the enclosure; "I see some new faces; but are all here now, that were here yesterday?"

"Ay! ay! sir!" was the reply, from twenty voices at the same moment; while the major, leaning his warlike person over the broad, white mane of his charger, which swept abroad at every movement of the neck, like breakers flying in the wind, seemed delighted with the prospect; a little more, I thought, than was natural, for his feet rattled in the stirrups.

"Well, Major Ellis," said Copely, in the same unaltered, unalterable tone: "have you nothing to say to me, for the intemperate language that you held to me yesterday?"

"To you! God! is it come to this? I thought that you had something to say to me."

"I have," was the reply; "but I would first know if you have well considered it. You have nothing to say, then!"

"Nothing," said the other, haughtily.

"I am sorry for it. It compels me to use harsh language to you. You are a blockhead, an overgrown blockhead. You are an overbearing man, with, I believe, very little courage at the heart. You are a disgrace to Virginia; and had I any Virginian blood in my veins, I would cut your throat for the dishonour that you have done it, by your brutal misbehaviour. I have done."

I looked at the major; he was trying to draw his sabre, and at every moment I expected to see him fall from his unruly horse, as he bent over for the purpose; while Archibald, with a keen eye, and spurs ready to strike into his charger, sat with his blade glimmering in his hand, as if anticipating the result. But Copely, I was more



and more amazed at the expression of his countenance, at every movement. I verily believe that he would have stood with his arms folded, though Ellis had charged upon him, and the iron hoofs and glittering sword were above his eyes. But before the major could extricate his sword, which had become entangled in his trappings, one of his companions had interposed, and obtained a suspension of the judgment that his heart had evidently pronounced.

"You will hear from me," said he, yielding to his friend and passing out.

"If you please," said Copely.

"And me! and me! and me!" said the others.

"If you please," he replied to each.

We returned to our quarters; and were hardly housed, when a stranger brought a note to Copely.

He read it, and reaching it to Archibald, whose hand shook now, though it did not shake when he received Clinton's for himself, he asked him what he thought of it?

"Sit down, young man," said Copely to the stranger.

The stranger bridled, like a blood-horse fretting on the bit, and made no other answer than a reluctant, haughty inclination of the head. He was true Virginia! I could have hugged him for it; I hated the Yankees.

"I have nothing to say," said Archibald, returning it; "it is a matter for your own determination."

The stranger bowed, and said that the friend of Captain Copely would communicate with him, and return an answer when it was agreeable.

"Very courteous, very," said Copely. "But stop, young man. Tell the major I will meet him."

"Please to write it, sir."

"No, sir."

"And when?"

"When?—ah, well considered. I should like to spill some blood for my country first. To-day is Friday. Oadley, what think you of next week? I have a good deal of writing on hand."

"As you please," said Archibald.

"No, no; next week I am to be married. I must fight one battle first. I should like to rehearse. The major and I can fight afterward, though I should happen to be disabled. But I might not do for the enemy, after he and I had met. Tell the major, that I will meet him, and all his friends, one after the other. Let's see, to-day is Friday; any time that he pleases, after we have had one brush with the enemy; and I have had a—a—after I have had my likeness taken. I should be sorry to leave no resemblance behind me. Is he married?"

"Sir, I am in no disposition to trifle," said the stranger.

"Nor I, God knows. My question is enough to prove that. If he be not, tell him that I give him the same time that I shall take, to bequeath his lineaments; we might make it a very pretty family piece."

"And what am I to say, sir? Yes or no?—when, and where, and how?"

"Peremptory enough! But the where and how I leave to him. The when I must be permitted to determine. I wish that I could fix the day; but I cannot. These cursed matters of

marrying and fighting must be gone through with first. I am under an engagement; a foolish one, I grant; but I never break my word. After that, tell the major to call in any time when he is going by, and I shall be happy to entertain him, or any of his friends."

"And this is your answer?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"You will not be surprised, I hope, if the major should accost you with a horsewhip to-morrow?"

"Not in the least," he replied.

The stranger left us, and we burst out into one loud peal of laughter. There was something so irresistibly comic in the indifference of Copely, which, whether felt or feigned, every one of us envied.

But the major did not attempt to horsewhip him, probably from the fear of our commander; and Copely continued to go among them just as usual, till the afternoon previous to his marriage, when I saw him embrace Archibald, in whose eyes, when I met him, were the traces of tears; hot tears, such as are wrung from high hearts by a pressure that scorches, while it exhausts them.

But that very night, Copely returned again—or rather the next morning; for about two o'clock I heard his voice, and saw Archibald throw on his watch-cloak, and rejoin him; they walked away together, and appeared, whenever they approached, by the sound of their voices, and the movement of Archibald's shadow upon the wall, to be in earnest conversation. At last they separated; and when Archibald had thrown himself upon the bench, with a dim lamp shining upon his face, I saw it working for several minutes like a convulsion.

"What has happened?" said I. "He was to have been married to-night, was he not? What brought him back?"

"Death," said he, in a low voice.

"Death! heavenly Father! was she dead?"

"No, no; would that she were. But do not ask me. He is not married. Good night!"

"Good night."

I saw Copely in the morning, and fancied, perhaps it was only fancy, that he was paler and sterner than I had ever seen him; but perhaps he had grown paler by watching as he had, week after week. And so the time passed away, his intimacy remaining about the same, till the battle of Brandy-wine, in which he fought, it is said, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran, spurring into the hottest fire, with a senseless disregard to danger, utterly unlike the distempered eagerness of young men that are brave, and resembling what one might look for in a creature that felt himself to be immortal, invulnerable, and exceedingly potent. But, the battle over, and a moment of repose allowed to it, the pledge of blood was to be redeemed.

It was night—I had just heard the report of a pistol; and, on looking out, saw a crowd of soldiers rushing into Copely's tent. A part of them soon returned, bearing what appeared by their movement, as they staggered along over the uneven ground, to be a dead body. I ran out in a paroxysm of terror. It was a dead body—the body of Major Ellis. Copely had shot him through the brain. I entered his tent, and saw him in his shirt sleeves, bandaging his left arm, which hung, as if broken, over the chair—with

his own hand. He never took off his eyes from the arm, but continued the operation, though the sweat stood upon his forehead (and heart too, I dare say) in loose drops, when I entered.

Archibald followed me.

"What have you done?" said he.

"Shot the major," he answered, without lifting his eyes.

"And what has he done?"

"Shot me," was the reply.

"How happened it?"

"How! he accepted my invitation; called as he was going by, and I, having the vapours, I suppose, for I have been very low spirited of late, and would have done any thing for pastime, I consented to exchange a few shots. The man was exceedingly importunate, and thought it a pity to trouble him to call again; so I took one of his pistols, as I sat—he on one side of that table, and I on the other, just as I am now, for I had begun to turn in—and my coat being too tight for me, had thrown it off."

"Poor fellow!" said Archibald.

"Yes—poor fellow!" echoed Copely, in the same tone. "It was a great pity that he called, I told him so."

\* \* \* \* \*

I left the room in horror, went to my bed, and soon fell into a troubled, disorderly dreaming, that shook and wasted me like a long illness. Let me attempt some description of it, some only; for it would be impossible, by any power of language, to give a faithful one.

I was asleep. At dead of midnight I heard a trumpet, as I thought, sounding to battle. I arose, pained and dizzy, unwilling to go out, and desirous to skulk, if I could, into the holes of the rocks. Then I thought that it began to rain fire upon me; and the earth shook, and battalions of men, armed all over in shining mail, spattered with blood, came parading, column after column, from the earth—nation after nation, each of loftier and yet loftier stature still, warlike—and terrible, like the buried apostles of liberty: and then, all at once, there was a tremendous explosion, and I felt myself sinking in a swamp, the loose earth quivering like jelly, at every tread, and cold serpents and bloated toads all slipping about me, so thickly, that set my naked foot wherever I would, something that had life in it, some fat, icy reptile, would stir under the pressure, and then I was entangled in the thorny, creeping tendrils of many a plant that encumbered my path; dead bodies lay in my way; I was pinioned hand and foot, and serpents fed upon my blood, and vultures flapped over me. And then, out of the east there blazed, all at once, a light, like a million of rockets, that blinded me. And then, I felt a hand—the hand of a murderer about my throat—God! that could be no dream, it was too distinct! Even in my sleep I felt it, and started broad awake. My heart stopped—stopped as if struck with death! a hand was upon my head!—feeling about my hair, as if to get a good hold. I shuddered, gasped—"Archibald!" said I, "dear Archibald!" (Archibald had been suspected of walking in his sleep since the death of Clinton.)

The blood rushed back to my heart—I put out my hands. They encountered a human creature.

"Archibald!" I repeated, with all my force.

No answer. "What art thou?" I cried, starting up, and putting out my hands toward a hideous

shape, that sat on the table near me, with its long legs swinging carelessly under it, and creaking like the joints of a gibbeted man.

I heard something rattle on the floor. It was a large knife. The lamp gleamed upon the blade as the creature stopped to pick it up.

I was desperate now. I threw myself upon it in silence; and, after a struggle, in which I, who could have torn a wild beast limb from limb, had well nigh been mastered. I said to it—

"What the devil are you?"

"Nick Sampson," he replied.

"Nick Sampson! what business have you here? How is Ellen?"

"Djing. You have broken her heart. I came to kill you, but I could not. You were sleeping. That saved you."

Judge of my feelings. They were unutterable. It was a long time before I was able to speak, while the shapeless wretch sat before me, like a coiled reptile, his small, bright eyes glittering under his heavy eye-brows, as if he were hardly satisfied with his own clemency. At last, however, a new feeling took possession of me. My horror and affright had gone; and my eyes were already running along the bright blade of the knife, and glancing at the door, with thoughts, that even now I shudder at. He certainly understood me, for he addressed me, abruptly, thus—

"You had better not."

The sound of his voice scared the demon away. A rush of humanity and gratitude came back to me, flooding my heart with a gentle warmth, like new milk—the weapon fell from my hand.

"How came you here, Sampson?" said I.

"By dodging the sentinels."

"What, to-night! they are doubled, and very vigilant."

"Vigilant! I found one asleep; and the other I passed in his own shadow."

"And how is Ellen?"

"Ellen," his eye snapping fire; "Ellen! washing her heart away with her own tears!"

"God bless her?"

"What, Oadley, what! do you really pity poor Ellen, really? or (menacing me) are you—amn it, you cannot be such a villain; are you mocking me or not?"

"No," said I, amazed at his look and manner.

"No!"

"But where is she? how is her health?"

"I've told you, the sap of her heart is running to waste; she has cried herself blind."

## CHAPTER XIX.

I've loved to hear the war-horn's cry;

And panted at the drum's deep roll;

And held my breath, when, flaming high,

I've seen our stary banners fly,

As challenging the haughty sky,

They stirred the battle in my soul."

Nicholas left me, as he came, abruptly, and in the darkness; and I was awakened the next morning by the sound of Jasper's voice at my door.

"We have taken a devil?" he cried; "please to turn out. He swears to your acquaintance. Halloa, there?"



I leaped off the chest where I slept, and found poor Nicholas in the hands of two of our troop, who were menacing him with their sabres, at every flourish of which he ducked, less in fear than surprise, I thought. His countenance was so expressive, so ludicrously expressive, that I was fain to laugh.

"Run him up," cried Jasper, "run him up directly; the lieutenant doesn't know him."

"I know that," said the other, "and I've a mind to do it."

"What has the poor creature done?" said I.

"Knocked up the finest stallion in the troop," said Jasper.

"How, pray?"

"By running him out, fairly out o' wind."

"Be kind enough to tell me, so that I can understand you," said I.

"Well, sir," said Jasper, his red, honest face shining as if basted in blood gravy, "I was out near the north battery, just one hour before daylight. Simpson, Hodgers, and two or three more of our fellows, were sleeping at the guard-house, our horses saddled and bridled just by. Suddenly, I heard a shot—'Halloa!' I cried, for the round dozen that Corporal Capen had for sleeping on his post t'other night, had made our men more wakeful! 'Halloa,' said I, running out, 'who goes there?' Nobody answered me; but I saw a black shadow running, like a rabbit, along the ground; and then a shower of bullets was sent after him—damn it, don't laugh, beast; I'll stop your grinning. So I jumped a-straddle, leaped the ditch, and rode after him; Bill backed the stallion, and run him till he sipped his wind, while that devil there kept leaping the ditch, for half an hour, with one of us after him, first one side and then the other. Shall we hang him?"

I laughed at the impudence of the fellow, for daring to play such pranks in my presence, and sent him off.

"Where were you going?" said I to young Nick, as soon as we were left alone.

"Home."

"Suppose you enlist?"

"I will," he answered, "as soon as I have seen Nell, and said good bye," (striking his hands together with a report that made me start—it was like a pistol.)

"Surely," said I, looking at him, and wondering at the expression of his face—it was lighted up, and he stood taller, by many inches, than I had ever seen him! "Surely you are not afflicted with ambition?"

"Ambition?—what the devil's that?"

"It is that," said I, my chest heaving as I spoke; "it is that which dilates the heart, distends all the arteries, lightens and animates, and—"

"Ha! ha! ha! No, I've nothing of that. I have no desire to wear a beautiful jacket, or ride a handsome horse; would as soon taste blood in the ranks; nay, sooner, for there I should wade in it, as to drive my horse through it fetlock deep. No! but"—here was another outburst of brightness from his whole face,—"I am an American, a worthless, abandoned one; a wicked fellow, and willing to die, if it please God, a better man than I have lived. I love the trumpet. My heart bustles strangely when I hear it splitting a waw in the wind. The drum sets all my blood bubbling. And the new standard—Lord! I could

look at it for ever! the cannon, too, and the smoke, and—and O, I would die willingly, if I might be where such things are to be seen continually."

I looked at the creature in astonishment. "Surely," said I, inwardly, and shuddering at the deep, sanguinary hue of his lips, that quivered as he spoke—"Surely, the appetite for blood is natural to us all—He!—Oh, men have understood it well! he cannot withstand the prompting of a wayward spirit—the fierce instinct—though it cometh not to him, with the bright beckoning of a woman mailed, as it does to me, nor with a countenance of dominion. There is no command for him, no hope—nothing but derision and mockery; yet, for the pleasure of dabbling in human blood, and watching the red issue of broken hearts—he is willing to put body and soul in jeopardy."

"Why! what the devil have you there," cried Archibald, coming up.

I told him as well as I could all that I knew of the matter; and, in return, asked him how Copely was.

"Bad enough," he replied—"his left arm shattered—under arrest. And—poor Chester!"

"Chester," said I. "Who is he?"

"Chester Copely," was the reply.

"I thought his name was Charles."

"So did I till this morning, when I saw it written at length. He always writes C. Copely, and that is the reason, I suppose, for I never ask, that we have always supposed his name to be Charles."

"There seems to be a great bustle in camp," said I. "Does the affair make such a noise?"

"O, no; but we are on the eve of something, I know not what—ah!"

A horseman here came up, saluted Archibald, and informed him that the commander-in-chief was on horseback, at the west battery (a little redoubt, hastily thrown up,) waiting for him.

His horse was brought out; and he set forward, a minute or two a-head of me.

When I arrived on the ground, I saw him, bare-headed, fronting the commander, whose countenance was remarkably stern; but it gradually changed; and, just as I passed, I heard him say, "There is your commission, sir; I am glad to find that you had no hand in this affair. It must be put a stop to. You are brevetted for the present."

From that moment Archibald was a major. "I am afraid," said he, faltering, and I stopped my horse immediately, that I might not lose a word—"that—that I am not altogether blameless. Yet—I was not present."

"Enough," said Washington. "Keep in your saddle from ten this morning. We shall have work for you before night."

Archibald joined me, with a countenance particularly thoughtful and solemn.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"I am a major," he replied.

"And does that make you sorrowful?"

"Yes; I do not deserve it. Many a better man will be under my command—many a better man; and I am but a boy."

"But you can deserve it."

"Yes! that is true; and I will, or die. I will not be in the way of any man that deserves it better."

"Are we to do any thing?"

"Yes—did you see the general's face!"

"See it!" said I—"yes, and shook all over, as I did see it. How preternaturally dark it was."

"Very," he replied, "very. It bodes another Trenton visitation, I am apt to think. But hush. Let us be wary."

Washington passed us again now, at a slow, warlike movement, his tall-martial person habited in a uniform, which I will try to describe:—the waistcoat was buff, plain buff, without an atom of gold about it, very long, and opening at the bottom, with flaps; the coat, what we call a French blue, rather worn and dusty, exceedingly tight in the arms, and open always; breeches buff; and boots in the clumsy fashion of the day, reaching to the knees—but without any expression: the whole costume wearing the look of what is meant for service, rather than parade. As he passed us, he uncovered to our general salutation, with a dignity and plainness that I never saw equalled. But do what he would, he was always George Washington; full of beautiful simplicity and power.

In two hours more we were in motion, under himself in person, and advanced to Skippack creek, where we encamped. It was about sixteen miles from Germantown, where the main body of the enemy lay; Cornwallis having followed Howe to Philadelphia. Lord Howe had gone round from the Chesapeake, to co-operate with his brother, in reducing the forts upon Mud Island and Red Bank, in and upon the Delaware.

Washington was constantly in the saddle, and the whole army in a state of fiery excitement, from the news that came in every day, respecting the operations at the north against Burgoyne, who was already in a most critical situation. By the way, I forgot to mention in the proper place, that we sustained a severe loss a few nights before this movement, by General Wayne's suffering himself to be surprised, and then, most unluckily, parading his men in front of their fires, so that every shot told; we lost nearly three hundred of our best troops, bayoneted on the spot.

On the third of October we were handsomely reinforced, and Washington led us against the enemy at Germantown, rationally supposing, that the contemplated operations upon Fort Mifflin and Red Bank would leave the enemy's main body considerably weakened at Germantown.

The enemy were pitched about the centre of the town. His left on the Schuylkill, covered by the chasseurs; the right handsomely protected, stretching far out to the west—with a battalion in front, occupying Chesnut Hill.

Our plan was too complicated; the ground was broken up by enclosures; a heavy fog covered the whole ground, which was exceedingly uneven, and we could not see a pistol shot from our horses' heads. And, from the time we entered the field, leaping about in a most disorderly manner, until we heard Pulaski raging like a devil all about us, leaping hedges and ditches, and calling out the day is our own! the day is our own! I had not seen or heard any thing of Archibald or Arthur. But, in five minutes more, they had both passed me, erect on their saddles, and shouting to us, that the horse of the enemy (a squadron under Cornwallis, just arrived from Philadelphia) were riding Greene down. At the time, we knew little of what was going forward. Again and again were we lost, in the heavy fog, mistaking our own party

for the enemy, and being mistaken in our turn. A tremendous firing was kept up—it appeared at every corner of the heavens; a part of both armies had fallen into each other's hands; and, but for the abominable delay at a stone house (into which Colonel Margrave threw himself in the heat of the battle, checking our main body, and holding out till all the enemy were upon us), we should have given a good account of the day's work, I believe. But, be that as it will, we were in time to cover the retreat of our army—exchange some cuts with Cornwallis's horse; and hold him in check till Steven's artillery opened upon them, with a destruction like that which fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah; breaking through whole ranks at every discharge, and blowing platoon after platoon into the air—man and horse. The Marylanders, under Conway, (forming a part of Sullivan's division,) fought like so many armed knights.

Archibald got a cut over the left temple, which soon healed; but neither Pulaski, nor Arthur, nor myself was wounded, though I had my bear-skin cap riddled like a honeycombe; and my horse was bayoneted in three places; and Arthur had stirrup and bridle shot away. Yet I saw Pulaski cleave one fellow to the chine at the moment, it appeared to me, that a pistol was fired into his very face and eyes. I looked a moment, though I was hotly engaged with two good swordsmen, in the expectation of seeing him fall; but, in a twinkling, he was out of sight, his blade rattling like hail about the bayonets that hedged him in, as he passed in a circle of incessant fire, giving point and edge at the same moment. He had a horse killed under him, but immediately brought down his antagonists from the saddle, mounted his horse, and rejoined his men.

And here I cannot forget to mention, that a long time after the battle, Archibald and I rode over the ground again, step by step, each pointing out to the other the spot where every vicissitude and accident had occurred to himself. I remember, too, as if it were but yesterday, his pointing out the window at the left wing of Chew's House, which a spirited young officer, under the very eye of Washington, attempted to set fire to, and the very tree under which he died a few moments after the attempt. The window is yet shattered and blackened with the attempt, and the walls are indented and bruised all about with the idle cannonading of our light artillery; and a friend of mine lately informed me of a remarkable fact, which has escaped the notice of all our historians; and which, had it been known at the time, might have changed the issue of the day. When Washington ordered up the field-pieces, and they had begun to play upon the house, (which is built of a very solid, heavy stone,) he went a little in advance to reconnoitre: and, owing to the fog and smoke, was deceived into a belief, that one of the back buildings connected with the house had been changed since he had seen it, (for he had been perfectly acquainted with the house and family,) and deliberately fortified. The building even yet has a formidable appearance, and I can readily conceive that a military man might hesitate a good while before he would attempt to storm it, while seen through a mist. By this appearance, Washington was prevented from attempting to carry it in the rear, by which he would undoubtedly have succeeded, for there were all its weak points, there was it most



accessible, and there least capable of defence. But to return.

After this battle, we returned to Skippack and encamped; lying literally upon our arms, until the news of Burgoyne's surrender came upon us like a clap of thunder. I was not ten feet from Washington when the officer, covered with dust and froth, handed him a letter; exclaiming at the same time, "Burgoyne and his whole army have surrendered!" The news went like a peal of electricity through the camp.

"Hourra! Hourra! Hourra!" exclaimed the men, running together in all directions.

"Hourra! Hourra! Hourra!" shouted the officers, utterly forgetful of Washington's presence.

But I—I could neither speak nor breathe, nor take off my eyes from his face.

He read the whole letter through—turned it over in his hand—looked at the date—asked a question or two, as if taught by experience that good news were not lightly to be depended upon. But when it was all confirmed—all!—I thought for a moment that he would have fallen from his horse. A mighty paleness overspread his whole face, like moonlight over Roman sculpture. His great heart laboured, his lip worked, his chest heaved; he turned up his clear eyes to God—gave his hand to the messenger, who looked as if he could have fallen upon his face, and lain there for Washington to drive his white charger over; and then dismounted, and withdrew alone—all, all alone to his tent. I am sure that it was to go down upon his knees—yes! I am sure of it; and every man that saw his troubled port—the august, patient tread of the hero, as he bowed his great forehead again, uncovered as it was, and walked away, felt as I did, that Washington had gone to prayer. It was a whole hour before a living man approached him. Who would have dared? who!—to obtrude upon George Washington, while in conversation with Jehovah?

I will not stop to relate what I was not an eyewitness of—the operations upon the Delaware. You will find the story well told in every history upon which you can lay your hand: but keep upon the track that I have chosen.

One thing I had forgotten. Young Sampson had remained with us; and, it was said by a Virginian, though I did not see him, fought like "a ring-tailed panther," in the battle. All that I know is, that he was taken prisoner, as he said, once or twice that night; and escaped as often, with the blood of his captor, and his spoils into the bargain. To my knowledge, he had three handsome watches and some gold, when he returned to the camp; and was smeared and smoked in human blood: nay, his very hair was stiffened with it; and, for a week afterwards, the snow where his head lay would be soiled with crimson, though I made him wash it twenty times at least. Yet I doubt if any of it was unfairly shed; unfairly I mean, after the usages of war. His face was blacked and scorched with gunpowder, and he was nearly blind for a time; and his eye-lashes were singed off. But he was not otherwise injured than by a bruise in the side, as he said, from a regiment of horse running over him.

"With gun-carriages at their heels, I dare say," added Copely, who heard him account for it.

Copely was now able to attend to duty again, and went about it with the same unaltered front—

a little paler, and perhaps a little calmer than usual—with his arm in a sling.

Our condition, at this time, was deplorable beyond all belief. Several thousands of our troops had not a blanket to wrap themselves in, though the winter had now set in with unparalleled severity; a large portion without breeches, shoes, or stockings. We had exhausted all our money and credit—and were, for a time, hardly less ragged than our men.

On the 4th of December, Sir William Howe advanced upon us, in power, as if determined to exasperate us, naked and suffering as we were, to a rash engagement, that he might go into winter-quarters with a tolerable feeling of security. But, after manœuvring several days in beautiful style, performing some of his evolutions within reach of our cannon, he quietly, like the king of France, with twenty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again.

Our whole army was struck with astonishment; and Washington not less than our troops. What could have led to such an unequivocal avowal of Sir William's respect, it would be difficult to say; but we ought not to forget that we were altogether his inferiors in every respect at the time; and that every man in our army felt the retreat of Sir William, as if we had obtained a victory over him.

On the eleventh, we began a movement in search of winter quarters; and finally pitched upon Valley Forge, a place about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. We arrived there on the sixteenth; and here let me pause. Here began our severest sufferings. Men may talk of their Romans and their Greeks; of armies that have perished in their own blood; cities in their smoke; martyrs and apostles to liberty chanting their own death-song. I have been in battle many times, by night and by day; I have been willing to spend my whole life in it; I have been wrapped in smoke and blaze; stunned, for hours together, with the noise of cannon; and blinded, for whole days, with the flash of musketry. Yet, so help me God, I could spend a long life in one uninterrupted battle, with less suffering than I (and my care was nothing to that of some others) than I spent that winter at Valley Forge. Our poor fellows were barefooted, as I have told you; naked and starving. As I am a living man, in the presence of my Maker, I declare to you that I have seen the dark, swollen, discoloured, and lacerated feet of a whole company, frozen to the ground, in their own blood, when we halted for ten minutes. I remember it well; it is no exaggeration. There were not ten men among them who had either stockings or shoes; and when they put their bruised soles to the earth, the blood gushed out as from a trodden sponge, so swollen and bloated were they. But why dwell upon it! why? Because, since the creation of this world, there never was an army that endured so much, so patiently. Greeks and Romans! blisters on the American tongue, that shall dare to name them in comparison with our poor fellows! every foot-fall was martyrdom; and when the winds blew, and the storm beat—and the fine snow drifted over them, as they lay, shivering and naked, upon their pallets, their stout hearts were never heard to complain. No! they lived while they could; and when they could live no longer, they died in silence. I have seen many a stout fellow; but one I particularly remember, frozen hand and feet, chafing his purple limbs, for

whole hours together, without uttering a word of sorrow or complaint. We made a town of log-huts at the suggestion of our commander; kept constantly in motion; and were all inoculated with the small-pox; and this in the very face of our enemy. For whole days we were without a mouthful of bread; though our foraging parties were all sent abroad, in every direction, to seize an appropriate clothing and food; yet we were without either, owing to the mismanagement of Congress—always interfering, whenever it was possible, to make mischief. You would not wonder at my indignation, if you had seen a thousandth part of the suffering that I did, for the want of articles that were actually lying about the country, purchased and paid for, and rotting in the woods. I—but, no, I cannot trust myself to do more than relate two or three simple facts. When we were eight thousand strong, we were obliged to report three thousand unfit for duty, on account of their nakedness; and this number was continually augmenting, till the greater part of the army were obliged to sit up, all night long, before the fire, smothered and blinded with smoke, instead of sleeping quietly, for they had no clothes to cover them. When we were prisoners, too; but no—that ought to be a prohibited theme to a man of my passion. Great Britain dealt with us like a destroyer; but we must try to forget it. Thank God! and I do thank God for it, I was never their prisoner. But I have seen them that were—and Archibald, I remember, after his escape. He never recovered from it. "They have poisoned me," he cried. "I have seen powdered glass in the wretched food that they gave me, on board the Jersey prison-ship. It was a slaughter-house; and the water grew black about her, as if with the plague, choked up with human bodies." This was all that he said. But he never forgot or forgave it; and, to my knowledge, exacted a fearful retribution for it. He was squalid and filthy, I have been told, beyond all expression, when he returned; but there was blood incrustated upon his face. One of his keepers had given up the ghost for his insult and cruelty; and Archibald burst his chains at the same moment.

Follow me; a few steps will bring us to the opening of a new campaign. France had joined us. Gates, I believe, was at the bottom of a conspiracy to supplant Washington. Pulaski was appointed to a legion of horse, with a rank of major-general; Archibald's brevet was confirmed; Arthur was promoted to a captainship; Copely to a lieutenant colonelship in the infantry, and I—I remained a captain.

We had now been nearly two years in actual warfare. Neither Archibald nor I had seen our mother for fifteen months, though we frequently heard from her: and he, I suspected at the time, more frequently than ever. But at last, on the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton to supersede Howe, and the evacuation of Philadelphia, we heard that Mr. Arnauld had removed to that city. My heart throbbed mightily when I heard of it. I longed to fall in their way (her way I ought to say) by accident: and yet, there was the sunny-haired Ellenor; how should I meet her? I trembled at the thought.

Washington called a council of war, and proposed giving Clinton battle in his retreat; but, unluckily, was overruled. So that—allow me to say, that there was a battle fought, called the battle of Mon-

mouth, in which I received a wound that cost me my leg afterward; and that Arthur particularly distinguished himself in it. This is all that I know of the affair. Archibald used to contract his forehead, when I spoke of it, saying, that "it was a hard-fought, desperate, and unnecessary battle." He had begun to study the science of war at the time; I had made considerable progress in it. "It would never have been fought," said he, "had not Washington forgot himself, in his exasperation with Lee. And Lee—by Heaven he is an injured man! rash and haughty as he is. He was brave and skilful; and the court-martial, with Lord Sterling the president, were all a pack of blunder-heads, or something worse, for suspending him."

## CHAPTER XX.

Grim-visaged War has smoothed his iron front.

Nearly three years had now passed in war and trial. 'Twas time to repose a while. The French fleet had arrived. The war upon the ocean began to break out in bright spots, like volcanoes, here and there. Sir William Howe had moved off to the south; and was battling in Georgia. We had little to do, except to plan small enterprises for our out-posts to execute. Our mother had rebuilt a house upon the ruins of our old mansion under the superintendence of an old servant; and Arthur had begun to think seriously of making himself happy, while it was possible for him to be so.

"Where now, brother?" said I, seeing him on a new sorrel charger, caparisoned in beautiful style, and Copely on a large white horse with a black mane and tail at his side, "where now?"

"To Philadelphia," he replied.

I felt oddly about the head, but I couldn't speak.

"Will you join us? there is a furlough," (handing me one). "Bless my soul! brother! hey! what! whoa!"

I staggered against his horse.

"Yes," said I, "yes, happen what will; yes!"

"To horse! to horse!" said Copely, dashing out impatiently to the right, to which I replied, in five minutes from the time of notice, by galloping alongside of him on my noble racer.

"Upon my word, cousin," cried Arthur, his handsome eyes breaking out into light. "You have not been so much yourself since, whoa!—since we manœuvred in the snow, on the night of—of—"

"No more," said Archibald, clapping spurs to his horse; "we shall expect you."

"Ay, ay!" was the reply, and we instantly set forward at a brisk trot.

For some miles not a word was spoken; for my part I could not speak—my heart was too full; and as for Archibald, there was a look of deadly faintness, every now and then, in his face, which took away from me all power of questioning him. But Copely rode onward with the same countenance; his left arm, yet stiff from the shattering that Ellis had given it, and his head turned, with that peculiar cast, on one shoulder, which, unless I had known that it proceeded from a sabre cut, I should have called affectation—something of the arrogant and lordly, worn because it fitted the turn of his chest, and fashion of his face; and it did fit both; no man ever lived, on whom the patrician sat better



than on Chester Copely. He looked not only as if born to dominion; but as if dominion had been familiar to him from his boyhood; not the dominion of a Persian satrap—peevish and effeminate; nor that of a lazy bashaw; nor that of an English aristocrat, spiteful and jealous of all encroachment, yet wanting the manhood to resent or resist it. No; but it was that of one who would look a giant in the face, without winking, and tell him, in a slow voice, "Beware! the boy is already born, that shall break your sceptre!" Nay, that boy was born: allow me to digress for a moment. I think I can see him now, with his high forehead partitioned all over with swelling veins, half as large as your little finger, a little bald; just as he sat and looked but a few years ago, long after the Revolution, when I saw him in conversation with Aaron Burr, the Cæsar of America, the most astonishing and dangerous man of his age; a man that infused his own rebellious and fiery spirit into every thing material or immaterial with which he came in contact; a man, who went about working treason, tampering with the bravest and stoutest hearts of all our country—in the light of Heaven, with an audacity unlike any thing ever seen before in the history of disaffection; setting our laws at defiance—mocking at our strength—doing that, which now he has failed in it, has been called madness; yet, for which, all the talent, and learning, and power of the country, were unable to punish him! a man, that poured his spirit of revolt, like a flood of fire, into every heart that he came near—disturbing the oldest and most cautious of our veterans; one that seemed to put himself, life and name, into the power of every human creature that he approached; yet, with all this seeming, was he never in the power of mortal man (as Wilkinson and Eaton can show); a man that suffered the legal wisdom of the whole country to array itself against him without trembling, and then just put out enough of his own strength, and no more (wasting no jot or tittle of his power), to defeat and shame them. O, it was miraculous! and since the time of the Roman, there has never been a man on this earth so like Julius Cæsar, as was Aaron Burr. Why did he not succeed? is the question with me, not as it is with the deeper politicians of the age; why did he attempt it? The plan is deeper than is known—his resources greater. Aaron Burr was never the man to hazard all for nothing: a step more, and Mexico had been his; and then, who would have staid the conqueror? Where could you have entrenched yourselves? in no other place, and by no other means, than by encompassing yourselves round about with a wall of fire. You must have had swords passing for ever about you, and artillery roaring night and day. Ay, one blow! and we, who now laugh the threat to scorn, would have seen the President of these United States, the Congress, and all others in authority, driven into the Potomac. But enough. Let us thank God, that a soldier and a despot was blasted when he was; and not believe, as we are apt to, that we are inaccessible. Yes, I can see Chester Copely now, at this moment, as plainly as if he were before me; his bald head leaning upon his hands—his grey eyes riveted upon the tempter, who sat, pouring his deep, deep eloquence into his heart so naturally, with such an air of beautiful simplicity, that when it was over, Copely said to him, "You are a traitor, Aaron Burr; and I do not wonder that all who listen to you are traitors."

Perhaps, (will you pardon me for a moment?)—I would give you some notion of the artful, terrible in-

sinuation of Aaron Burr. We had been speaking of the danger to be apprehended from the continual enlargement of our territory. I knew Burr's aim. Copely knew it. Both of us would have slain the man who should have dared to propose a dismemberment, directly; yet, before Aaron Burr had done, we were ready—or at least I was—to draw my sword for him. Gracious Heaven! what attitude and dominion are given to eloquence! He first remarked, that we were already too large: and, after some argument, we assented to it.

"Where are the thirteen states now?" said Burr. "Look at the map. Look at their territory. They are a spot only in our empire. A few years, and they will be crushed. Of themselves, in their integrity, they are invincible. But lengthen the sceptre, and you weaken it, at the same time that you render it more unmanageable. It is not only weaker, but more difficult to be wielded."

"True," said I, and Copely nodded an assent.

"Well then," said Burr, "when shall we stop? where shall we stop? Are we not already too large? where is the profit of these new states? There is none. It costs more to govern them, than we obtain from them, even in peace. How shall we protect them in war? Are they not too large?"

"We assented, for how could we help it?"

"Would it not be better then," said he (remember that I am giving you only the sum of his process; the detail I am unequal to), "if it might be amicably done, to retrench our dominion; to separate—contract our strength, and draw in our resources to the limits of our ancient empire—the thirteen confederate states?"

"Certainly," said I, "if it could be done amicably."

"And give them the power of constituting a government for themselves? them that have joined us, I mean?" said Copely, moving his head thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Burr. "Yes. If we withdraw, we must leave them to build a government for themselves. Let that be what it may, we should always be too formidable for them. Suppose, then, that they should wish to separate," he continued, after a slight pause, as if collecting all the dark subtlety of his mind, for that special occasion, "would you oppose them?"

We were silent for some moments. "I think not," said Copely.

"But suppose that we wish it—no matter for what reason," said Burr—"and that they oppose it, which side would you take?"

"That of manhood and reason," said Copely—"cut them off, as I would a withered or rotten member, if the health of the heart were endangered."

"And who shall determine for us?" said Burr, in a deep, thoughtful voice.

"Congress," said Copely.

Burr shook his head, with a mockery and scorn, that no mortal man could have withstood.

"Congress," said he. "They have not the power. It is the people."

"Men!" He rose from his seat. "Men! You love your country. So do I. You have fought her battles. So have I. You would die for her. So would I. You would risk life and limb; nay, reputation for her. You admit that our country is too large; that it would be wise to retrench it. You say that you would assist in doing so, if the excess were to desire it, or if our own original states should deserve it. This is enough. The salvation of your

country is in your own keeping; we must pass a two-edged sword round about her—we must lop off, without mercy, the diseased and exhausting members? They wish it; we wish it. All the wise and good know it. Then why wait for the tardy movement and legislation of—”

“Aaron Burr!” said Copely, rising, and facing the arch-traitor, with the air of one that could take away his breath at a word. “I wonder at your power, I shudder at your disposition. You are a traitor, Burr; and he that listens to you will be, must be, a traitor; nay, is, if he do not silence you. To-night, you are under the protection of my roof. To-morrow, mark me, to-morrow, we are enemies. Good night!”

He left the room—and I followed him, as he said these words, leaving Burr, like the enmeshed lion, snared in his strong-hold, with his dark eyes sternly rivetted upon the door through which Copely had passed; his right hand thrust up to the elbow, into his bosom; the left clenched, and resting motionless upon the table. I shook as I saw him. Was he baffled? or were we? It were hard to tell. He was the least moved of the three.

Copely had known him twenty years before, intimately, I believe; but, now, he cut him away, with one blow, from his heart, as if he had been something deadly and hateful; vegetation, sprouting in its heat, verdant, with the verdure of a stagnant pool; bright, with the brightness only of corruption. But let me return—to the revolution.

“Are you much acquainted in the city?” said Copely to Archibald, as they rode on toward Philadelphia.

“No; I was never there but once,” was the reply.

“Ah!” exclaimed Copely, contracting his forehead.

“But your brother—he has been there more than once.”

There was something in his manner that I never liked; but his way of saying this was inexpressibly provoking to me.

“Yes, sir,” said I, riding up to him, and putting my hand upon his horse’s mane—looking him steadily in the face all the time—“Yes, sir! his brother has been there, more than once.”

“Twice, I believe,” said the impenetrable being.

“Oh, you colour,” said Archibald, smiling; “what is the meaning of this?”

“He can answer you best,” said Copely, reining up, to let me pass him. “I leave it to him.”

I was exceedingly nettled at this manner of proceeding; it was too haughty, cold and forbidding.

“Sir,” said I.

“Nonsense, brother,” cried Archibald, leaping between us. “I will have no quarrelling where I am. You are enemies to each other, from ignorance. I would have taken some pains, before, to reconcile you; but I knew that it would be a troublesome affair; and, as you could not often meet, I have put it off. You know me, Chester; and you too, brother. Each had cause enough, if he could read the other’s heart, to cut his throat. But both are mistaken in the origin of the feud. Shake hands like men. Let us jog on quietly to the city; and, I hold myself pledged, when I return, to make you love each other, more heartily than either of you now love me. What say you? are you the men to forbear for three or four days?”

Copely stopped short, in the middle of the road; looked at my brother, and then at me, for several moments—as if—though his countenance changed not—and my heart, upon my word, felt, as if it had

been drifting about in cold rain for a week, drenched and soaked through—chilled. At last, he deliberately drew off his glove.

“Oadley,” said he, giving me his hand. “I have wronged you. There is my hand; I believe your brother. It is his fault that we have not been friends before; had he defended you, ever before, as he has now, I should have been a different man toward you!”

I took his hand, wondering what he meant, yet—I cannot deny it) gratified to the very heart with the proud, frank carriage of the man.

“I do not ask you,” said I, “what are the circumstances to which you allude, now—”

“I observe it,” said he.

Archibald smiled, and stooped over his horse’s neck to conceal it.

“But,” continued Copely, “I must tell you what they are. Ride on, major, ride on; we will overtake you in a few minutes.”

Archibald threw up, in a fine martial style, and cantered a-head.

“You were once rather intimate with a woman—” My heart was in my throat.

“For, a woman she was, even at the age of childhood—a passionate, enthusiastic creature, a—in short, you know Ellen Sampson.”

I had expected another name; and felt, with a bitter disappointment, a deadly sickness at the heart.

“You look very pale,” said he, in the same tone of voice. “Do you know what has become of her?”

“No,” I replied. “For a year I have not heard.”

“Should you desire to know?”

I bowed.

“And of her brother—father?”

“Yes,” I replied, wondering at the minuteness and emphasis of his inquiry.

“He is—the brother, I mean, a wanderer;—his sister is dying of a broken heart; the father is ready to dip his hands in your blood, wherever he can meet you—and—”

“Heaven and earth!” I cried in unaffected astonishment, “what have I done to merit this!”

“What done!—Look at me, Oadley, stately and cold as you are—honest, as you appear to be—have you not broken the heart of one proud girl, wantonly, and like a child—visited another—I do not ask you how, nor where—with.”

There was a pause—(of deep emotion, I should have said—but for the nature of the man.) In another, it would have been emotion. In him it was not.

“Ellen Sampson is my half-cousin. You are startled. I doomed you to death, before I had seen you,—I came to your tent. I would have slain you; but a similarity of manner led me to make the attempt upon Archibald—I attacked him with a sword.”

“Gracious God!” I cried, looking at the man in amazement.

“Yes,” he continued. “I had never seen either of you; I had heard only the name. I rode to your quarters. I belonged to Gates’s army, and left it early when Morgan arrived, in consequence of a quarrel with Arnold; and it was then that I heard of Ellen’s shame.”

“Her shame! What mean you? As I live, Copely, there is some mistake in this.”

“Silence!” said he, “hear me out. I left the Northern army—came here—sought out your brother—led him abroad, one clear star-light evening



—insulted him—fought, and was disabled; nay, should have been slain, had not an accidental interference given me time to discover that I was mistaken in him; and, at the same time, to show him that the lady, of whom I had been speaking, was not, as he had misunderstood me to mean, Miss Arnould."

"Miss Arnould?" said I, faintly.

"No, Miss Lucia Arnould," he replied. "This led to an explanation. We agreed not to mention the affair; and your brother extorted a promise from me not to assail you, till I had given him notice: While I was yet on the point of bringing the matter to an issue;—for it was enough to drive any man mad, who doated on a woman as I did on cousin Nell, to see her wasting away like a struck flower—I—I—his voice did falter now—by Heaven it did!—I saw Nick, a desperate creature, though one of the best-hearted monsters in all this world, running about the camp. I was a good deal alarmed; but, owing to an ugly affair (raising his left arm, and compressing his lips, as if with extreme pain,) that had happened a few nights before I saw him, I was prevented from pursuing the matter—do you know your brother?"

"I do not understand you," said I.

"Isn't he," (laying his fore-finger upon his forehead,) "a little, a very little touched here?" Don't smile. I think so. I have asked him; but he denies it. I'll tell you why I think so."

"Why?" said I—pained by his strange levity, not of manner, but of thought, inexpressibly pained—why?"

"In confidence, then, I will. You do not know him well. He is mad, very mad. He loves Lucia Arnould; rein up, will you. Would you ride over him? She loves him to death and distraction. Yet, he set my heart in such a blaze, that," (he breathed very hard for a while, and then continued) "I was fool enough to hunt her up, and attempt—accursed driveller that I was!—to win a way into her proud spirit. I failed. She loves Archibald, and him only; and he, O that men will trample on what would give lustre and fragrance to a death-bed! He shuts up his eyes, and turns his back upon her. Hey! prick up, let us join. You know all."

As he said this, he dashed alongside of Archibald, and left me to my meditations. My knee was quite painful, and I felt unwilling to trot, until the pain had subsided.

"This, then," said I, "is the secret; this accounts for the mortal anxiety that I have always felt in that man's society. He was the messenger of evil to me; and my soul covered in his presence, instinctively."

I looked at him. He sat his horse, just as he did every thing else, like a creature of great strength, slumbering in his own security. All that he did was of the same character; if his hand fell upon yours, though by accident, you felt that it wanted but the will in him to give it a momentum that would have crushed your's, bone and joint; so, when he spoke, he opened his mouth, and his heart ran out, like a current dammed up,—and ready at his bidding, to waste and thunder, like the spring tide, and swollen rivers of our country, loaded with ice and foam, and blackened with wreck and ruin.

I looked at Archibald, and wondered at the great manhood of his countenance. It wore yet all the fiery intrepidity, but none of the sullenness or melancholy of his youth. It was now the face of wisdom and deep thought, sorrowful, dim, and lofty.

His very port too, diminutive as was his stature, had an indescribable stateliness and majesty in it. It was difficult to believe, when he was walking or riding, that he was only five feet six inches in height. Yet he was no more, though tall men have stood like boys before him. Nay, he was not yet twenty-two; and there was that in his eyes (for calamity and thought are severe chasteners,) which a man of thirty, deeply tried in the wisdom of the world, and wrenched again and again in its concussions, should not have been ashamed of. In short, he was a lordly-looking fellow—fuller of genius than Copely, but not so full of dominion. I looked upon them, followed them; listened to them, with pleasure: wondering, all the day long, at the patience and greatness of Archibald. His forbearance when assailed; first in life, and then in love. This accounted for their intimacy; his distress, agony, unutterable agony, when Copely returned unmarried. I remember it all now; it rushed in upon me like a volume of pictured light—a vapour full of population, loveliness, and variety. Nay, why not speak of myself? I was no longer the same man. I was more thoughtful, devout; and I do believe, a better man now, than when I joined the army. Arthur had made me so.

"We must throw off here a while," said Copely, turning, and calling to me, just as the evening wind began to blow in our faces; while they turned aside from the main road, and I followed.

"Are you for an adventure, brother?" said Archibald, turning about in the saddle, and leaning, with one hand upon the crupper, till I had come up with him.

"With all my heart!" I replied. "What is it?"

"Hush! hush! walk your horses" said Copely, in a whisper. "See to your arms. Follow me."

We did follow him, in a dead silence, for more than an hour, through a wilderness of beauty and damp greenness.

"Now! now!" he said, coming out suddenly upon a circular, green, turf flat, while the stars broke down upon us, all at once, as it appeared to me emerging, I suppose, from the darkness of the wood. "Now! tread softly."

"There was an air of seriousness in his manner, and yet a dash of pleasantry. But Archibald looked troubled; he did not understand it, I saw; and when Copely fired off a pistol, suddenly, as we sat, he started as if it had gone through his head.

In two minutes, however, a fowling-piece (as I judged from the whistling sound,) was fired at a great distance, on some hill; and a horn or conch shell began to wind very pleasantly upon the wind.

"Forward!" cried Copely, dashing over the green at full speed, with Archibald at his heels, "forward."

We soon came to a beautiful farm-house, built of stone, substantial and large, with every room in it lighted.

"Another wedding!" said I, carelessly, but with more meaning than I was ready to avow.

Archibald dropped the reins, and tried to speak. I saw that he did; for he caught Copely's arm; and, after a while, repeated it, as if, poor fellow, he knew not what he said.

Copely threw himself from the saddle, fastened his horse to part of a Virginia fence, projecting over a ruinous stone wall, overgrown with coloured shrubbery; and, motioning to us to follow his example, led us round the dwelling to a place where we could see, through a fall of thick white curtains and a half-

closed window-shutter, the motion and bustle of several persons; women and children, as it appeared, by their shadow.

"Stop, Copely," said Archibald, grasping his arm, "what are you about? Who are there? Have you any surprise for us?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What is it!" said Archibald.

"Follow me, and you shall see." He tapped at the door, which instantly opened, and, at the first step, a young woman threw herself into his arms, sobbing and clinging to him, like a delirious creature.

"O, Chester! Chester!" she cried.

I staggered at the sound. A sudden giddiness and darkness rushed upon me; and Archibald, who stood like a statue for a moment, caught my hands in silence.

Just then the fire flashed broadly out; and I saw the yellow tresses of one that I knew—bound up new, like coiled gold, in a more womanly fashion—and a white forehead, transparent as the broad magnolia leaf, resting against the bosom of Copely. I felt relieved—unaccountably relieved at the sight; for I knew not what strange fancy had possessed me for a moment; or, rather, I am ashamed to tell.

At that moment, another female passed me, as coming from the open air. "O, no!" she articulated faintly—"he is not there."

"Mary, dear Mary," I cried, embracing the sweet innocent. She was beautiful—with that patient, lovely, humble loveliness, which awes the stern man.

"Archibald," she cried, breaking away from me, "O, Archibald, we have not met since—since"—she could not utter another word—she was choking.

"No, dear Mary," he answered, pressing her wet forehead with his lips, "but let us forget that—look up, cousin, look up! upon my word, you are an altered woman—and if he—poor Arthur!"

She caught Archibald's hand to her lips, looking all the time into his face, with streaming eyes—as if dying to ask some question, but dreading to hear the answer.

Archibald anticipated her—while he stood, as in a trance, before the bashful woman, so full of love and love's inquietude, that every limb was eloquent with expression. "Dear Mary, I cannot speak to you yet. You have taken my breath away," said he—"I should not have known you. Nay, do not blush; let me retain your hand; am I not your cousin? O, I understand you. Yes—he is well—very well—and—ah, how deadly pale you are! hark! (in a whisper)—he will be here to-morrow."

The poor girl was overpowered—and would have fallen, in the sweet tumult that followed, had not Archibald caught her, and gently led her to a seat, where she and he sat, wondering at each other, in speechless admiration.

I stood in the shadow all the while—the door was open; and, when Mary left me, I stepped back into the entry, unwilling to intrude upon them, and unable to think steadily for myself.

Mary sat looking him in the eyes, directly facing me—her gentle lips just moving, now and then, as if her heart was stirred, and they stirred with it—the bright tears running down her cheeks, drop after drop; her mild eyes wide open, and overflowing with lustre.

"You tell me, Archibald, that I am altered—but you! oh, your own mother would not know you. You were always a proud boy; but you look prouder than ever. I cannot talk, I am too happy to talk—

I—my heart is too full. I had a thousand things to say to you—to ask you, but dear Archibald—I cannot remember any thing but that you are here—alive—and strong—and that I have not seen you for many a year—and—"

Just then, the beautiful apparition that had fallen upon the neck of Copely, in the deep, awful, hushed expression of devout tenderness, lifted her head, and dwelt, with her eyes shut, and head turned aside, as if in prayer, upon the bosom, against which her young cheek leant; again and again, had I seen her pale orbs opening for a moment—upon his—that lightened over them; and then a convulsive, involuntary pressure would follow; and she would sink down again, as if—altogether too happy for expression—and too weak to conceal her happiness. I felt a pang—I cannot deny it. It was humiliating to be so utterly overlooked; and, for a moment, I forgot that Mary Austin had seen me, many times since she had seen Archibald, who had been her school-fellow from the cradle, till about a year or two before the inroad of the Hessians;—and that Ellen Sampson—the spiritualised Ellen Sampson—was the cousin of him, upon whose manly bosom she was leaning. But I could forbear no longer. I stepped forward into the light, and met her eyes, just as she was raising them, once more, with a renewed thoughtfulness—and a deepening hue; for they seemed at first, so strangely pale were they, to have discharged their colour and brightness with their tears.

She saw me. A swift paleness, like a blast, covered her face instantly. Her eyes shut, and she fainted dead away in his arms. Copely looked at me; not fiercely—not in sorrow—but like a judge, holding the power of life and death in his hands. I moved not, I stirred not, till I saw her lips parting; and then I took her hand gently, and hung over her, as she lay with her head in the lap of an elderly woman, whom I had never seen. Copely did not reprove me; but a strong hand caught at my arm, yet I heeded it not: nay, though I knew the voice that muttered in my ear to be that of the brother that had stolen upon me sleeping, and knew not but he might hold his hand uplifted at the moment, yet I never turned my head; nay, though I felt the disordered glance of an old man, whom I had seen before, but heeded not, while he hobbled toward me, with his parched lips moving with a malediction—I heeded them not. And when she opened her eyes, and attempted to raise herself, I observed that she did not appear terrified, as with the apparition of something hateful—Oh, no! but every moment, as her collectedness returned, the early flashing of her spirit returned with it; and she almost—the dear capricious creature—almost smiled, as she carried my hand, at last, passionately to her lips.

Copely had held one of hers till that moment; but then he dropped it—why, I could not imagine,—was he not her cousin? had he not loved another? Yet, by Heaven the man shook from head to foot, as I could see, by his shadow upon the wall, or—"Oh! it must be," I thought; "it is only the flickering of the fire light—the shadow may quiver; but Chester Copely cannot." I was mistaken. He came to me, took my hand—and hers; looked at us for a moment, as if subduing some swell at his heart by main force; and then spoke as follows:

"Do I understand you both?"

"No!" said Ellen. "No!" said Mary—both at the same moment. "No!" cried Archibald. "No!" said Nicholas. "No, no, no!" said the old man, tottering to his seat.



It was like the continued echo of many uninhabited, desolate places.

"Hush, hush!" cried Ellen—starting upon her feet; throwing back her banner of hair, that had fallen all about her in disorder; and recovering, instantaneously, all her ancient frolicsomeness of expression.

"You are all mistaken—all! all! You, Chester, in particular—so don't scowl, but take a hint, while you may. Don't leave a maiden, 'all forlorn,' offended, and alone—where she may meet with as handsome a fellow as that," (pointing to me.)

I was thunderstruck at her vivacity.

"You had well nigh lost me. Ask him all about it. He may tell you. Yet it was not his fault—no, (more seriously, and with an emphasis that thrilled to my very heart)—I—I might have loved him; nay, why should I not tell the truth? I did love him better then, than I could have loved you. Your cold—why how black you all look! I am not mad; no, upon my honour, I am not. You were too cold, and haughty, and repulsive; and when you left me—it was—O, Chester, not as a man should leave a young, sensible heart, that he would hold in his, for ever and ever. But, you do not know what you owe to that young man. Perhaps—but no, he may tell you. If he will not, I will."

"One word, Nell," said Copely, in the same tone; while she laid her pretty hand upon his heart, and shook her head, maliciously, as if to say—speak as you will, look as you will, this cannot be mistaken again—"Do you love him?"

She coloured, dropped her hand, described a circle in the sauded floor with her toe; and then, while I stood breathless before her, answered, "yes," looking him up in the face, at the same time, with a beautiful confusion, that—hang me, if I could persuade myself that I was at the bottom of—

"O, Ellen!" said Copely, embracing her, "that is enough. I understand you. God for ever bless you, my girl! now I understand you—your tears—paleness. Enough, Nell, enough."

She laughed, snapped her fingers, and then cried, her red lips parting with suppressed laughter, and her eyes running over at the same time. "Now, prisoner, look up. It's now my turn; nay, no flinching."

Copely almost smiled; but raised his eyes only, without speaking.

"Do you, Mr. Oadley, keep an eye on your brother—Nick, a glass of cold water—there! all ready—aim! Chester Copely, do you—lord! if you won't look me in the face, I won't speak at all. Do you love Lucia Arnauld?"

At that name, Archibald moved back a step, drew a breath that appeared to shatter his chest; his nostrils dilated, and he half raised his hands as if to cover his face; and then dashed them away, as if indignant at his own want of self-command.

"Love her!" said Copely, "yes, better than any thing beneath that firmament."

"Oh!" said Ellen, half terrified at the earnest, lofty expression of his voice.

"Except," locking her hands in his, and smiling. O! I never saw such a smile upon the lips of man; nay, nor of woman; nay, nor upon the unsullied, innocent lips of the newly-born—it was all truth and purity.

"And will you forgive me for the trick?"

"The devil! was it you, you Ellen?" said Copely, a little angry. "I half suspected it before; but then as I thought that you had forgotten me, I gave

up the notion. Yes, I do forgive you. But you put me into a desperate affair. I believed the letter, and went on the night appointed to be married. Does she know it?"

"No. From that hour to this, she has regarded you as far less presumptuous than you appeared. The only thing that worries her is, that you wrote to her instead of asking her for her answer. It would have saved you a long ride."

## CHAPTER XXI.

I can fix nothing further of my thought,  
Save that I longed for thee, and sought for thee,  
In all these agonies;—and woke, and found thee.

"Brother," said I, as I entered our lodging-room, the night after our arrival at Philadelphia, and found him rising from his devotions, "what is the meaning of this? what disturbs you?"

It was some minutes before he was able to reply; and, when he did, it was in a manner unusually solemn.

"There are many things, my brother, to weigh down the pride of my heart. I am ashamed of many things; afraid of many, that I have been proud of, too long, and set too frequently at naught. The blood of Clinton is upon me. It is in vain to deny it. I am wretched. I never shall be otherwise. Though I were to wash my heart away in my own tears, the blood would be there yet, mingled with the minutest atom. It is in vain to reason. Even Copely, the stern, unyielding, dispassionate, and inscrutable Copely,—he has never slept soundly since he slew a man. Why this is, it would be hard to tell.—We have slain many a brave fellow in the field; many better men than Clinton; or the major. Yet, for all that they, or their troubled spirits may do, we are happy. This is one thing; another is, that I, and you too, brother, have not been to a desolate and bereaved parent—a widowed mother, what we should have been. It is in vain to deny it, John. We have left our mother in the house of a stranger, at the mercy of a stranger. This, I cannot believe, is required of us. Heaven never will demand a sacrifice so unnatural. I have thought much of it. One of us must go to her, and dwell with her. You, from the patience of your temper—and being lame, you are the one. However, let us think more of it. I am willing to take my chance. It is too much for her poor heart, to be left husbandless, childless, houseless, in her old age."

"Not houseless, brother; another dwelling has been erected."

"Upon the embers of the old! Think you that our mother can ever sleep in it? As well might she slumber in the church-yard, where death and dishonour had gone their rounds, and all that she most loved lay interred."

"Brother," said I, "let us never speak of this. We have understood each other well enough hitherto. That scene must never be thought of."

"True—let us forget it. That has led to this alienation. Gracious God! father and son, husband and children! turning upon her, the broke

hearted woman, when she is most in need of consolation—Oh, my brother.”

We embraced, and I determined from that moment to return to my dear mother, and be dutiful to her, whatever became of my country.

“And Copely,” said I, hesitating—“I—”

“I understand you,” replied Archibald, with a look of deep distress. “The thing is all explained; a bitter and terrible misunderstanding it has been. He loved Lucia, because I loved her; because she was like himself, and chiefly because Ellen appeared to have forgotten him, and attached herself, heart and soul, to you. And she, the rash, thoughtless girl, glorying in her own disinterestedness and magnanimity—went, bound with flowers, to martyrdom, in the hope of promoting his happiness. It would be idle to detail the series of wild, extravagant inventions, by which she brought Copely to declare himself to—” (he coughed, with great emphasis—and I knew well what it was for—he could not pronounce her name, and was willing to make me believe that a sudden fit of coughing was the reason—but no, the impediment was in his heart,) “to Miss Arnauld.”

“Not Miss Arnauld,” said I, smiling.

“Well then,” he replied, a little impatiently, and colouring, “Miss Lucia.”

“Not Miss Lucia,” said I.

“Damn it, brother!—why will you make me swear? Lucia then, Lucia Arnauld!—will that do?”

“Why—a—yes,” I replied, imitating the frigid manner of Copely.

“This declaration was by a letter—and, just after his own nature, abrupt, frank, and peremptory. The answer came—giving him reason enough, I confess, for I saw it, to believe that he would be a bridegroom. It was a childish affair; but with all its childishness, has been wonderfully well arranged; and we have reason to believe that—that—Lucia—ahem!—does not know to this hour aught of Copely’s design in visiting her, in his new uniform, at the time that he did! I could smile at his disappointment and mortification, were he not such a noble creature; and, did I not know that he sought her, less for his own sake, than for hers, and mine.”

“For yours! how?”

“Yes, for mine. I knew her excellence. I knew that she was capable of making such a man as Chester Copely happy, beyond all other men—proud and happy. Our tempers were alike, his and mine, I mean, unostentatious, deeply, inwardly devout and affectionate, but seeking concealment rather than display. If she could love me, therefore, she might love him. Besides, he was the greater man, the stouter heart, the steadier —. And, if he could love Ellen Sampson, despite of all her waywardness and caprice, for her high heroic nature, ardent temper, enthusiasm, and sensibility, how much more would he love a creature, that, with all these great qualities, had none of her girlish, quick frivolity—I do not speak of her caprice. Both are capricious; but both, I do believe, now, less from a natural inconstancy of temper, than from pride and pique—willing to sacrifice themselves, and impatient for it too, that they may rend and tear a heart, that, to their thought, has been too insensible of its approximation to theirs—ah!”

“Dress! dress! there’s not a moment to

lose!” said Copely, striking the door open with his arm, and standing before us, with an expression that I never saw in his face before. “Go with me! they are carrying all before them.”

“Who? what do you mean?” said we, both at once.

“Lucia and Clara—and—Arthur arrived last night; and I set off directly. The house was, as that romping Ellen says, getting too hot to hold us all.”

“Can I believe my ears,” said I. “Has Chester Copely caught the versatility, and —”

“I know what you would say,” recovering himself. “Yes, I have caught it! I have no disposition to deny it. There is a strange affinity between us, growing out of contradictory materials.”

“What a result might be expected,” said Archibald, half smiling, “from a chemical combination of two such hearts. But, soberly, dear Chester, what are you driving at?”

“Soberly then—dress yourselves in your hand-some. I will call for you within an hour.”

“Within an hour!” said Archibald; “wait ten minutes, and I will go with you.”

“And you! can you equip yourself as quickly,” said he to me.

“Yes,” said Archibald, “even for the battle—ten minutes are enough for John, devotions and all.”

“I dare say so,” said Copely, gravely. “So with Frederick of Prussia: he made his men pray by beat of drum. At the first tap, they knelt; at the second, prayed; at the third, rose. And if any man presumed to be devout, one second beyond the time; or, if he did not keep time in his devotion, he was lashed to the halberds.”

In a very few minutes we were on our way. He led us to a large mansion—blazing with lights. My heart beat deliriously, and I could hardly hold myself up as we approached it.

“I am very faint,” said Archibald; “is this Mr. Arnauld’s?”

“No,” said Copely; “this is Mr. Patten’s.”

We were soon upon the landing.

“Stop!” said Copely; “remember where you are. All eyes are upon you. You go under my introduction. Trust to me; and remember that you will meet some women that could shake the stoutest heart in our camp; some men—some officers of the enemy, out on parole! and not a few, who know a good deal of our history. Heads up!”

Ere I could get my breath, I found myself standing in the middle of a large room, with Archibald leaning on my arm, and every seat occupied; the walls studded with eyes and lips; and all about me a mortal silence. I thought that I should fall to the earth, particularly when I heard a voice that I knew, even in a whisper. A dark mist went over my eyes, and I was fain to catch Copely’s arm.

“For shame!” said he, in a low voice; “shall we deserve their upbraiding? Remember that you are an American officer.”

We threw out our chests on the spot; and trod outward like princes.

Lucia Arnauld was the first person that I saw. She gave me her hand instantly, without the least appearance of embarrassment, though I scarcely dared to lift my eyes to her face; and was afraid of every rustle near me, that the apparition of another would start up. The silence was insup-



portable—cruel. How could human beings so sport with the sensibilities of a soldier. Where was their humanity?

"Talk," said Lucia, in a whisper, taking my arm, "say something—anything, and let us walk."

I did so, and our example was soon followed. I heard a step. I lifted up my eyes. It was she. She was pale as death; but her beauty was awful. Her movement was full of self-possession; and—yes, it was sorrow! that sorrow, which none might presume to comfort.

We continued our walking, with an occasional broken, incoherent question, until I had sufficiently recovered to look about me.

I was not a little struck at the arrangement that we had fallen into, whether by design or accident. There stood Archibald, leaning upon the mantel-piece, fronting the capricious, wild Ellen, about whom a score of fellows had gathered, their eyes dancing an accompaniment to her voice. There was a dazzling air about her—a blinding atmosphere; the transparent changeableness of her complexion; the vivid brightness of her singularly faint eyes; her glittering hair—and altogether she was, to my view, something spiritual. Archibald appeared very absent; and she, I could perceive, was malicious enough to observe it.

In another part of the room, went Copely and Clara, in deep conversation. Was she listening to him? I believe not, for, as she passed along, at the further extremity of the room, he relinquished her arm, for a moment, to join Ellen, beckoning Archibald to go up to Clara; but Clara did not seem to perceive the absence of one nor the approach of the other; and I, while I was looking at her, and wondering if the tall, queenly creature, whose very step was full of dominion, could possibly be the same that once leaned, overpowered, upon my shoulder, and sobbed there, as if she were dying, she stood, as in a reverie; but, raising her eyes a moment, they encountered mine, and she turned them away with a quickness that went, like electricity, through my heart. Yes! she was thinking of me; and she started, when she lifted up her eyes, and saw mine fixed upon her, as if my apparition had stood suddenly before her. And then, for I could not take my eyes from her, she blushed all over; why? with shame and vexation that she had betrayed herself—so like a child—by musing, absence; and quickness when caught. She awoke, therefore, all at once, and entered into conversation, headlong, as if—poor Clara! to retrieve what she had lost.

"That man," said Copely—coming up to us. "Do you know him?"

There was no embarrassment in his manner; and when he bowed to Lucia, it was with an expression of deep reverence, and I hardly knew what else to call it; it was not pity, nor compassion, but something of sorrow and sympathy. Her lips trembled, and she gave him her hand; but would have withdrawn it, I am sure, had she seen Archibald's face at the moment.

"No," said Lucia, "I do not know him, and have no desire to know him. Do you, Ellen?" (addressing the sprightly creature, who came forward, half on tiptoe, at that moment, while Copely fell back to enjoy the luxury of contemplation; and I saw his fine eyes roving over her round, beautiful waist, delicate feet, and voluptuous bosom with the feeling of a husband, sanctified, and delighted.)

"Whom?" said Ellen, tapping her gently on the arm, "that elegant fellow."

"Yes, that elegant fellow," said Copely, dwelling on her words with some emphasis. "He is a scoundrel; and—"

"Hush, Hotspur," said Ellen, quickly—"Hush; I see powder burning in your eyes! and forty thousand small swords in the blaze. Don't quarrel; there, there, stand back, I will send him about his business directly."

Copely smiled; bit his lip at the beautiful tyrant and stepped back.

The stranger was, certainly, one of the most elegant men that I ever saw. In his manner, voice, step, action, every thing, there was an air of high fashion that I had never seen before; and a dash of pleasant profligate ease, that had been new to me, till I saw Mr. Arnauld.

I listened to him for a moment, until I found him engaged in a playful repartee with Ellen, who manifested an astonishing readiness. But still, hers was not the manner to check his impudent, graceful familiarity; but that of Lucia was. Hide it as he would, he dared no further encroach upon that quarter. Ellen saw it, and urged him to repeat his invitation.

He had just offered his hand to Lucia for a walk; but she put it back, with a manner that left him no hope—and yet left him nothing to complain of.

"O, no," he replied to Ellen, "no—the law of gallantry, as well as modesty, will prevent a renewal of the solicitation."

"Modesty," said Ellen, smiling, "whose modesty?"

He put his hand gently (it was a beautiful hand) upon his heart, and bowed.

The eye of Lucia said—puppy, as plainly as ever eye spoke in this world.

"Upon my word, Mr. Bosworth (the name of the stranger) you have disordered some of the definitions in my mind, exceedingly, by that gesture; I had always taken modesty to be—"

"Not exactly synonymous with—ahem!" laying his hand again on his heart.

"Not exactly," she replied, pleasantly.

"O," he continued, with a careless swinging of the arm, "I was always reckoned remarkable for my timidity and bashfulness—quite a wonder—from a boy."

"You are so yet, Mr. Bosworth," was the reply.

"I dare say so—my own mother used to say that I was the most retiring and bashful of her boys."

"You were an only son," I presume.

"Upon my word, Miss Sampson, I, I—would stake my reputation on—"

"On what?" said she, pressing him, with a little bitterness.

"On any thing that you please," said the libertine, endeavouring to get released from a strife, which was becoming altogether too keen for his play.

"I dare say so," said Ellen, promptly—"and be glad to lose the stake."

He coloured, and would have replied, sharply, I believe, had he not caught the look of Copely, at that moment, and turned dark in the face.

The eyes of all the company followed his.

Copely advanced, leisurely, up to him; and, touching his arm, walked toward the door, poor Ellen looking as if she would fall to the earth.

There they stopped, a moment; the look of Copely was menacing. He pointed to the door. The other hesitated. Copely waited a moment, stamped with his foot; and, I believe, would have seized him by the collar, if the other had not dodged it, and passed through the door.

Copely then returned, leisurely, to the same spot; and all the company crowded about us—asking, with eager eyes and pale lips, "Who is he? what is he?"

"The servant of an English lord," said Copely. There was a general exclamation of astonishment and disbelief. "It is true," said he—"and there goes another; see what company (raising his voice) we are brought into, by our unthinking hospitality. I saw that fellow once, in Quebec. I was sure of it. He robbed his master soon after; and, the moment that I met his eyes fairly, he betrayed the symptoms of guilt. Then, mistaking my forbearance for doubt, or timidity, he began to deny it, and to resist; and, when we had arrived at the door, he recovered his self-possession, all at once, and attempted to face it out. But, he is gone. Our hospitality is dishonoured, our daughters—"

"Alas! poor Henrietta! poor Henrietta! What will become of her!" exclaimed a dozen voices, at the same moment, while a beautiful girl, whom I had seen upon the arm of Bosworth an hour before, fainted away.

"Who is she?" said I, to Lucia.

"Infatuated girl?" she uttered, in a low voice. "She never loved him; but the wretch told such magnificent lies about his family, rents, and equipage, that her brain was turned."

"Yes," said Ellen, colouring with shame at the self-inflicted lesson of her own heart—but endeavouring to carry it off, "it was the carriage and four that conquered her. And now that the carriage and four have gone—Lord! this accounts for what he said, that he drove a coach and four. I dare say that he told the truth, after all, he walked so like a coachman." A general laugh followed this observation—and she continued, conscious that Copely's eyes were upon her—"I would send her a tin carriage and four, to trundle about in her dressing-room; that would be a consolation—I—"

Copely's eyes were upon her: and her's filled instantly. Her head fell, abashed, at her own upbraiding, and her voice died away; and, as soon as she could, she crept up to him, where he stood, with a serious face, meditating, as it seemed, upon what had passed.

"It was very childish," said she, slipping her hand into his, so that nobody could see it, except Lucia and I—"I—I—forgive me, Chester."

I saw him press her hand—and turn toward her, with his heart in his face. But he said nothing, yet he looked plainer than any language could speak—"Say what you will: do what you will; rally servants, or lacerate the broken hearted, I cannot be angry with you."

"You are very absent," said Lucia to me, with a mournful smile.

"Am I?"

"Have you spoken to Clara?"

"To—to Clara?" said I—not knowing what was to become of me.

"You have not, I believe," said she; "will you?" I lifted my eyes to her's; they were beautifully bright, hers I mean: yet there was a

solemn darkness in their centre, as if death had extinguished a jewel there. I was silent a moment, and then said—

"You have not seen Archibald" (I felt a convulsive contraction of her arm)—"will you see him?"

"Yes," she answered, firmly—"yes, if you will recollect yourself, and meet Clara. She has not forgotten you."

"But when?" said I.

"Leave that to me," she replied. "We will withdraw early. You'll go with me; I will take care that Archibald, your brother, shall attend her. I want to see you. And my father and mother desire to see him. But, do not mistake me. I am prouder than ever. What I do, now, is the extent that I shall ever do. Let Archibald and Lucia be friends. They can never be any thing more. Tell him this. If he have the strength, the forbearance, to be content with that, we will renew our acquaintance. But if he have any doubt, any hope, beyond that, let us never meet again. I am firm."

"I will speak to him this moment," said I, strangely affected at her solemnity, and distressed at her agitation. I announced the commission. He heard me through, the sweat started out upon his forehead—"Noble, excellent girl," he said—"I will; lead me to her."

I brought him up.

"I accept your conditions, Lucia," said he—and she gave him her hand. When they touched—I felt my blood thrill. They were like two dead creatures, suddenly galvanised.

"Let us go; I have much to say to you," said Lucia—"Colonel Copely, give your arm to sister—Mr. Oadley, you'll attend to cousin Ellen."

The order of march thus arranged, we descended to the carriages; but there, a new difficulty arose; and, finally, I knew not how it was, I found myself sitting on the same seat with Clara, her hand in mine—her head upon my shoulder. I held my lips to her forehead—I bathed her whole face with my tears—and was endeavouring, for we were alone in the carriage, to raise her pale face, so that the lanterns would show me her features. She was motionless—she had fainted. I burst open the door—leaped to the ground—took her into my arms, and was hurrying into the first house, when I saw a man at a distance, whom I knew to be a watchman. He ran to me, and, after a few moments, she recovered; but, when I proposed entering the carriage, she resisted, faintly, but positively.

"No," said she, "let us walk. It is a beautiful night, and I have much to say to you. Let us walk."

I assented, and we continued our ramble for half an hour, in one of the most delicious nights that ever breathed upon the forehead of man. There was a firmament, full of blue eyes, all over us.

I could not have uttered a word, had it been to obtain my own salvation.

We had come at length to a little low railing, and were walking, steadily and silently, by it, when the temptation to sit gave me courage, and I led her to it.

We sat down, but still I was unable to speak. She was agitated to her fingers' ends. And I—I was running over all my thought and dreaming again. The proud creature was within my power.



"I—Clara!" said I, faintly; "speak to me; you have not forgotten me; what troubles you?"

Her bosom heaved audibly; and her breath was like one suffocating.

She arose—she stood up; and when, just as I had done at our last meeting, I put my arm round her waist, and beheld her bright eyes waning in her tears—she did not rebuke me. My heart felt—O, I cannot describe it—giddy and faint with rapture.

"Clara, dear Clara," said I, more tenderly, holding her soft hands to my forehead.

"I knew not," said she, at last, recovering some degree of composure, "what my true nature was. I never shall know, I fear. Two hours ago, no mortal breathing could have made me believe that, after many years, it would be possible for me to stand by a man, with his arm encircling me, who had so blighted and trodden on me:—I—I—"

Her tears fell like rain upon my hands. I arose, and pressed her convulsively to my bosom. "Nay, Clara," said I, "let there be no reproach or recrimination between us now. Our meeting is but for a few hours. We may never meet again."

I felt her dear arms contract, and her bosom heaving against mine.

"Else, might I say, why was I trodden on, why was I blighted, heart and soul?"

"Oh, Mr. Oadley—we have been much to blame. Both have been too proud for our own happiness. I thought that I was able to live and die proudly, as I have lived; but I cannot. I doubted you. You could have quieted me. A word, a look would have done it."

"We have been mightily abused; my own, my inexpressibly dear girl. It was pride—I grant it. I weep for it. I should have told you, as I can now, that I never wronged you—never, at least, till after our separation."

"Ah!" said she, raising her head. "Then all that I have heard is true. Hear me. I love you, more than life. I have wept myself nearly blind since our parting. I have become convinced of your innocence, and exceedingly penitent."

"Of my innocence! is it possible?" said I; "then why not tell me so?"

"What! would you marry a woman that should pursue you to the camp, with entreaty? No, I would sooner have died a thousand deaths. But I honoured you—almost worshipped you; and I trembled at the same time. I felt that I had wronged you; but how had you borne it? carelessly—carelessly, Oadley; leaving me to die, a broken-hearted woman. Oh—I cannot speak any more. But hear me, no matter what has happened I can forgive it all—forget it all—except that—give me your hand, Oadley. Do you love me yet?"

"Upon my soul, Clara, ten thousand times more than ever," I exclaimed.

"Well, then—one more question. I put it to your truth and honour. Are you worthy of me?"

"No—I am not—not altogether worthy of you." Her arms dropped; "but, nothing has happened, since we met last, that I am ashamed to tell you. I have been weak, love; vain, very vain, but not criminal. There is my hand. I dare to offer it to you. Dare you receive it?"

She took it; and then were we indeed, with our eyes lifted to heaven, and all streaming with the

flow of the heart—then were we indeed a betrothed pair, wedded before God, and all his angels in the warm, beautiful air.

"Now then," said Clara, receiving my kiss, like a bride, her nuptial benediction; "now then, I am prepared to die. Let us go. But oh, my friend, let us be more patient and forbearing hereafter. Think of what we have suffered—done—endured."

We finished our walk in silence, with a holy, deep, passionate tranquillity; such, I do believe, as the married feel, when all their apprehension and sorrow are hushed, and no mortal arm can pluck them asunder; and the murmur of their first embrace, the passionate heaving of their youthful hearts, hath subsided for the first time, like a blue summer sea, in the moonlight.

We found Archibald parting with Lucia, as we entered; a general expression of cordiality in all eyes, even in hers; and I was welcomed, with a tinge of shame, and a little pride; but that was soon over, and I turned to depart.

"Farewell!" said Archibald; "Heaven bless you all! Lucia, farewell!"

"You will see me again before you leave us," said she.

"If I might," he replied, taking her hand reverentially, and gazing on her dark, wet lashes, as if he would have given the world only to touch them with his own: "If I might come and go, Lucia, when and where I pleased, I would spend every leisure hour with you."

"Will you walk with us to-morrow evening?"

"With all my heart," he replied: "to-morrow evening? at what hour?"

"Dine with us, and we will all go!" said Mrs. Arnauld; "let us go *enbonpoint*."

"*Enbonpoint*," said Mr. Arnauld, peevishly; while Lucia coloured and smiled.

"Yes," said Archibald, "we will dine with you, to-morrow."

"Good night."

"Good night! good night! Heaven bless you, Lucia!" said he, passing out, and resting his fine eyes on her. She burst into tears, and turned away her face.

I saw that all admired him; and that her heart was too full for a word. Was it shame and penitence, for having so lightly estimated his proud spirit?

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Caro!—a me caro! questa è una parola che mi fa venire unsudore di inorte ——— Non so che dire.*

Our dinner was abundant and stylish; every thing to provoke the appetite, and enough to allay it; yet, for such things would happen in olden time, where they that loved truly were assembled—scarcely a plate was soiled. We could not eat; and it was with some difficulty, when Mr. Arnauld, with that air of high fashion so eminently his own, filled his glass, and commanded us to follow his example, that we were able, either to manage the decanter or the wine. Our very faces shook.

"Come, come," said he, turning to his yet-

beautiful wife, "none of that, but let us partake fully of the joy that is about us. We have been foolish, very foolish—~~ready!~~ Let our prayer be, (rising from his seat,) that, out of this folly and transgression, wisdom and caution may grow; and out of our sinfulness, sorrow and penitence."

"Amen!" responded all hearts, devoutly and fervently.

"Let us be gone," said Lucia, taking Archibald's arm, and moving to the door; we shall return about candle-light, mother."

Her mother smiled, shook hands with Archibald, and lifted her gentle eyes upward, as a mother would over her own child. I know not what his emotions were; but mine were delicious. I—I felt as if all the time that had passed in displeasure were forgotten; and that now, in a single moment, our hearts had been brought into that warm, intimate, thrilling, and soft contact, once so dear to both. I forgot all the bitterness and darkness of my lot; and, if I could, I would have turned and fallen upon her neck, and wept—the mother of Lara! my mother.

Clara's arm was upon mine. I felt her hand tremble; but was inexpressibly delighted at the change of manner which I now perceived, in the deportment of the two sisters to and each other. It was cordial, affectionate, and very tender. Once before, there was something of high reproof—something ungentle, in the manner of Clara; and in that of Lucia, the air of a princess, conscious of her supremacy; for, in beauty and power she was abundantly superior to Clara. This had pained me, distressed me, even in my sleep. It looked unamiable in both. In Clara, it had an air that I could not endure to think of, that of pity, nearly allied to—contempt? No; but of such a feeling as that with which we regard a child; while the dark, melancholy eyes of Lucia—the swan-like movement of her neck; her beautiful person, not so tall as Clara's, but modelled with a most voluptuous symmetry, were all radiant, with the expression of defiance and conscious superiority.

This was over, and it made me so happy to see that they loved each other more, as I would wish, that I could not forbear, when Clara demanded the cause of my silence—laying my hand upon hers, with all my heart, and looking at Lucia.

She understood me, and a faint hectic passed over her pale forehead.

"I was wrong," said she. "I judged the dear girl too hastily. I never saw a woman like her. She has her faults; but they are dazzling ones. For a time I treated her as a capricious child. I was unspeakably deceived. Lucia Arnauld never was a child. Her faults have always been those of a woman. You do not know her. Your brother does not. Yet, I do believe, that he knows her better than any other mortal, not excepting myself. She astonishes me, whenever we measure thoughts together for a moment. The stature of her is always above mine, by a whole head. I know not why it is; but, I do not feel of late as if I were the elder sister. You smile—"

"I do, for my feelings towards Archibald are of the same nature. But pray—" said I.

"No, I foresee your question," she said, quietly interrupting me. "Never urge me on at that point. She loves him, I verily believe. Nay, it is probable that she would not scruple to tell him so; for she is, as I have already told you, unlike any other woman that I ever saw or heard

of; but let him not hope. I can say no more. Ah! they are speaking of some matter that disturbs her. I know by her stopping. Let us walk slower."

I held back, and observed that there was a troubled stateliness in her tread; and that Archibald occasionally made a full stop, for a moment, and almost faced her in his earnestness.

We continued our walk for some time, talking upon indifferent subjects, and watching their movement, with uncommon anxiety. At last, she made some proposition, in a low voice, to which he did not immediately reply: she repeated it. He shook his head; but after a few minutes he stood fronting her, with both his hands clasped, and, as we were approaching them, I heard him say, very distinctly—

"The thought never occurred to me; but I am of your opinion. I will forward it, with all my heart and soul. Brother—"

I was stepping forward, but Lucia said, "No, not yet. I will lead you to a place, where we can all sit down together, and deliberate upon the matter, like a congress.

So we continued our walk.

"You have been very ill, Clara, have you not?"

Her voice trembled, as she replied, "Yes, rather ill—rather—but—I am well again."

I understood her, and when I endeavoured to look under her broad bonnet, I could only see enough to convince me that she had felt my question.

"And you—you walk a little lame? and—"

"Yes!" I replied, "I had nearly lost my leg (I felt her arm shiver in mine), I shall probably never recover its use entirely. It pains me a good deal, now and then—particularly on horseback."

"Then, why go on horseback?"

"As an officer, I must."

"True; but, have you not done enough for your country?"

"Clara!"

"Forgive me. I am wrong and selfish I fear; but your brother said something of your intention, or his, to return to your farm, and protect your mother."

"O, dear Clara!" said I, carried away by feeling, "that reminds me of my duty to her. I did not know till yesterday how much I owed to your gentleness and assiduity for my poor mother." I could not go on—my tears choked me. "I—God bless you for it. Yes, I do believe that, after this campaign, I shall return, at least for a time, to comfort the declining years of my mother; and, if Clara—if—"

The poor girl could hardly stand, for what reason I know not. Perhaps there was something in the tone of my voice—something, the purport of which I knew not, for my heart failed me; and after the silence of a minute, I asked her some indifferent question. But no—it was no moment to trifle. We were upon the banks of the Schuykill. The blue water ran smoothly below, just tinged with the red sunset. It was the quietest, blessedest hour of all my life. A high railing ran, rough and irregular, along the bank, just even with our breast. I turned, and leaned over it, retaining her arm all the while, and dwelling patiently upon the water. The air was damp—Neither of us spoke. Archibald and Lucia—Copely and Ellenor were out of sight. Our



hearts were full, very full; and, before we knew it, the water below sparkled with rain drops, yet the sky was cloudless. We wept without knowing it—wept in the mere capriciousness of rapture. My cheek lay upon her hand, as I leant forward, and affected to rest upon my own arm. I felt the blood rushing through it; and, before I knew my own purpose, I had pressed my wet lips to it.

She turned away her face, and I saw her bosom heave strangely for a moment, and felt her frame shake, as in the blast of winter.

"Clara," said I, at last, regaining a little composure; "by what has already happened, we have been taught wisdom. Yet—yet—it might happen again. We are very proud."

"Very," she said, faintly.

"I am going away, Clara. Another campaign is before me. When we last met—let me not distress you—we were happy as we now are; a single hour changed the current of our blood—made all dark about us; bereaved our hearts. Might it not be so again?"

"It might."

"And is there no way of providing against such a calamity?"

"I know of none," she replied.

"But I do," said I, "Clara, (I wondered at my own composure, but I was desperate). You have been satisfied of my innocence, in the case of your sister."

"Yes, in the case of my sister."

"You are emphatic, Clara. Have you any other doubt? Is there any other whom you—speak, Clara; now is the time."

"No, John; allow me to call you so." As she said this, she turned and faced me, with an expression that I never shall forget; so full of truth, and tenderness, and sincerity. "No, John, I do not doubt you. Once I did, and it almost broke my heart; nay, perhaps, had I not been undeceived by another, less proud than yourself, it would have broken it. I—"

"It was not my pride, Clara, but my honour that prevented the disclosure. Yes, indeed it was. You smile—well, let there be some pride in it. The truth is, that I would never humble that man in your eyes, whom I hoped to see your husband. No, Clara, I loved you too sincerely, too devoutly for that. I could have died for you—would have died for you; but I could not, and would not, even to save your own life, which was a thousand times more precious to me than mine own, have done aught that would have made you less willing to make me your lord. As your lover, I might have put my forehead in the dust. As your husband, I would not. But how did you know it? from whom?"

"From Lucia herself. She told me how you had met her, and—ah! what ails you?"

"I am very faint."

"John! I tremble for you. Your passions are exceedingly violent and I—I am of a jealous nature. Yet—look at me—I am not jealous."

She was pale as death; poor girl!

"But my head aches. What is this mystery? Why are you so disturbed?"

"Dear Clara!" said I, firmly, as soon as I could get my breath; "I cannot deceive you, but at the risk of losing you for ever; nay, nay, Clara—remember the last meeting—do listen to me! There are some things that I cannot tell you. I

love you. Let that satisfy you. I will be true to you, to the last breath, the last pulse. Let that comfort you. I have never forgotten you but once, even for a moment—and then, I forbore to darken your image in my heart: no, Clara: without first veiling that, I could not sin. And no mortal hand shall veil it! Mine cannot. Mine have failed at the thought. Enough of self-exculpation. You believe me. Look at me. Have you that confidence in me? ask your own heart—take your own time to answer the question; that, happen what will, you will sooner believe me, if I lay my hand upon your arm, as I do now, and say to you in this voice: Clara! I am innocent! than in the assembled world—than, in your own senses! If you cannot answer me in the affirmative, O, Clara, let us part! whatever it cost us, we shall have escaped the bitterness of that death, which will happen, if I am doubted again. I am proud, so are you; quick and resentful under suspicion; implacable where I am not necessary to another's happiness. So are you. Think of it. If we part again, it must be for ever—for ever, Clara. I am growing old; and, as a rational man, I must determine soon, never to marry at all, or to marry immediately. I cannot live in air. These are my words. Can you, dear Clara, happen what will, believe my simple word? If I say that I am innocent, believe it, let who will swear that I am not. Believe, too, that if I do wrong, I shall be the first to tell you of it, and wet your hands with the weeping of a broken heart: and, in short, never believe that I have wronged you, in thought, or word, or deed—unless I have told you so, with my own lips! Let me not hurry you. Take your own time. It is all important to your happiness."

"I ask no time," said she, solemnly, placing both her hands in mine; "you have all my confidence. I shall never believe aught against you, unless from the evidence of your own lips, or my own senses; nor then, until I have given you an opportunity for explanation. But—"

"Do that, Clara," said I, clasping her to my bosom; "do that! and your confidence will never be abused; but what were you about to say? You smile."

"But," said she, smiling, "my mother, who is a woman, you know, of some experience, has been giving me a little excellent advice respecting you."

"How to manage me, I suppose?"

"Precisely. In the first place, she says, that you are of a jealous disposition."

"I am."

"You are!—well, I confess that your frankness is pleasant enough. But do you not feel, that jealousy may become a very uncomfortable companion—a—"

"Clara!—my jealousy is peculiar. I should never doubt you—never watch you—never speak of aught that could distress you—no, never! and though—permit me to say what cannot happen—I had become convinced that you loved me no longer; nay, that you loved another (do not weep, Clara), I should never speak unkindly to you—never! I should only kiss you, and say farewell to you."

"And perhaps—"

"Yes, Clara, I understand that blush—the emotion that shakes you—abandon you, and yours—my own babes, though it broke my heart—without uttering a word."

Poor Clara coloured to the temples at this; but,

after affecting to smile, though the tears ran down to her lips all the while—she shook her finger at me.

"You ought to have Ellen; she would manage you. She would bring you back, dead or alive."

"Dead, she might—but, if I were not sure of my own strength, I would hang myself up at the first lamp post—or, I—"

"For Heaven's sake, dear Oadley, do not talk so. I quake to hear you. Let us change the subject. What think you mother says? She would have me keep you a little jealous, always; and Ellen vows that she has made up her mind to keep Copely, for ever, in hot water."

"Beware of that, Clara. It is no light matter to trifle with the devotion of a proud heart. Men, who know their own value, are jealous of it to a degree, surpassing all that women ever believe, in their first feeling of power. They are slaves, to you, to be sure, so long as they are persuaded that your tyrannical weakness grows out of your abundant love for them; and, while they believe that, they will forgive you almost any thing. But woe to the woman that is once suspected by her husband of practising upon his affection. No, Clara! I have no fear for you; but I pray you, do not permit Ellen even to talk of such a thing, in the way of conversation. It may, after a while, become too familiar to her thought; she may be reconciled to an experiment. Alas for her, if she ever should! The spell once broken that encompasses a heart like Chester Copely's, it is gone for ever. It is a panoply of crystal. You cannot shatter it at all—without shivering it to dust. It may bear many a heavy blow; but, no longer than while it is whole. Weaken it, and it is shattered for ever and ever. I—I—pray, why are you smiling. Tell me, dear Clara, will you not?"

"Certainly—I am smiling at your fine language. Does it seem unnatural?"

"Very; I have never heard you guilty of any thing that resembled it."

"I—"

\* \* \* \* \*

(The publisher, after all, is obliged to admit the truth of the remark just made; and to apologise to the reader, and to the author, for a very pleasant omission here, of a whole page, which a friend, to whom he applied, has attempted to supply. The truth is, that one of the half sheets, by some accident, was lost by a compositor: and the publisher has done the best in his power toward remedying the loss, by making up about the same quantity, to fill the chasm in the form.)

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well then," said I, stopping again just opposite the moon, which was overtopping a clump of trees at the left, and pouring her tranquil, pale light into Clara's eyes; "I know your firmness, steadiness, and independence of thought. I am about to leave you. Away from you now, I shall be inconceivably weak and wretched, imagining ten thousand evils. Dare you, dear Clara—dare you give me a title, to think of you without trembling?"

She was silent for a moment—awfully silent. "I know not what I should reply," said she, at last. This proposition is sudden and unexpected; or, rather, it should seem so; and, perhaps, it is not wise nor delicate for me to understand it so readily. But, I cannot pretend to misunderstand you. Let me deal plainly then. I have expected it. It startled me, nevertheless; but your manner,

about an hour ago, prepared me for it. I have thought much of you. And it has always been my notion that important matters are not to be hastily determined. We should be always prepared for the question of death or marriage. You smile—I am sorry to see it. I was never more serious in my life. What I mean to say, is this—that, sudden as your question is, it has not found me unprepared. There is my hand! I leave it to you. My father and mother have permitted me to choose for myself. They love and respect you; and always have, without ever understanding the motive of your silence or departure. Take it; give yourself the title, of which you speak, whenever you please. I shall not tremble—for my husband—while he does not tremble for his wife."

I could not speak for five minutes—wife! husband! pronounced by the dearest lips in the world, too. Ah! it made a fool of me and my heart—I grew giddy with my own blood.

"But," she continued, "you are going into battle. Is it wise, think you, to be hasty? Would it trouble you less, the thought of leaving a bride or a widow, than a mistress behind you?"

"No; it would not trouble me less, dear Clara; but it would, with all the trouble and alarm that it sent through my heart, send with them ten thousand pleasant and sustaining consolations. God bless you! God for ever bless you. I shall hold you to your word—and—"

"Here they are yet, upon my word," cried Ellenor, running down the hill, and clapping her hands, with Copely walking leisurely after her, his hat off, and his hair drenched with wet.

"Where is Archibald?" said I, affecting carelessness.

"And Lucia," said Clara, colouring.

"Where is Archibald—and Lucia? Well, did you ever hear the like, Chester?" cried Ellenor. In Delaware by this time, I dare say. I never saw people walk like them in all my life, except—why, bless me, are you walking against time?"

"They are over the hill yonder," said Copely, "and I have come to look you up. Go with me, and we will return by a favourite path of Miss Arnauld's."

Saying this, he took the little hand of Ellen, who shook her fingers at the touch, as if they tingled to the marrow. "A pestilent rough hold you have, Chester. That's the way you handle your arms, I suppose?"

"Precisely," he replied! "arms and hands alike—why not?"

"Well, I'd thank you to be a little more tender of mine—they are all black and blue."

"Want of practice, Nell," said Copely, taking her hand again, pulling her arm through his, and walking over the hill, with Ellen expostulating all the way, as fast as her tongue could run, and scolding him for his military stride.

"The devil himself cannot keep the step with you," said she.

"So I perceive," said Copely, in the same tone.

"Saucebox," she replied, breaking away, and skipping over the wet grass. "I—"

Her foot slipped, and she fell upon her hands and knees—awkwardly enough, I confess. I would have run to her assistance, but Clara held me back, bidding me watch Copely.

He started at first; and then, as if coming to his senses, walked leisurely up to her where she stood,



blushing and pouting, her pretty hands all soiled and stained with the turf.

"Monster! your handkerchief."

"With all my heart," said he, taking it out, and wiping her hands with it, just as if they had not been the prettiest hands in the world.

"What! sulky, Nell? I'll tell you what it is, you'll break your neck some o' these days, by your romping. Remember, you are to be the wife of a man that—"

"That never jumped a rope in his life, I dare say. Pray, Chester, did you ever go to a fire?"

"Never," he replied. "I have heard the bells ring now and then."

"But could never get there till the day after?"

"Never. I always started the day before, if I meant to be in season for a fire, or to help a creature like you, whisking about in the dew and twilight, like a shadow cut adrift from its body. Come, come—let us be friends."

"No, no—I won't," said the spoilt girl, skipping over a rail two feet and a half high, at the least inch, and sitting down by the side of Lucia, who started upon her feet as she did so.

"Pray," said Archibald, rising, with a countenance that struck me—"shall I propose it now?"

"Yes," she replied.

"My dear brother," said Archibald, turning to me, "and you, Clara; I pray you to hear me for a moment, patiently; and you, Copely; and you, Ellen."

"In three days more we shall leave you. Our troops are ordered to the south; Heaven only knows when we may meet again, if ever."

Ellen's head dropped; and, while her redundant hair blew all about in the faint summer wind, she stood swinging her bonnet in her right hand, and leaning, more fondly than I had ever seen her, upon the arm of Copely, who stood, as if wondering what all this preparation tended to.

"We have known each other long—long enough, it appears, to be willing to commit our happiness to the keeping of one another. What more do we want? The chances of battle are terrible, precarious, and trying; those of love yet more so. Of three women—nay, of four, that I know—Lucia, let me not wound you; what I say grows out of the occasion."

Lucia stood aloof, resting against a large, over-shadowing tree, and leaning upon her hand, just so that her dark, wet eyes, gleaming through their lashes, could be seen under the pale sweep of her forehead.

"Of these four, Clara is the only one whose heart has not erred for a moment, a single moment. I know four men. Of these four, I am the only one—no, I am mistaken, Arthur and I have never wavered. Mary faltered; Clara stood still, and bled to death; Ellen—"

Ellen covered her face with her hands, and leaned upon Copely's shoulder.

"Ellen," continued my brother; "even the dear, passionate, enthusiastic Ellen, forgot her religion; and Lucia—"

Her arms dropped lifeless at her side, and when he offered his hand to her, she had scarcely life enough to take it; yet she could not stand upright.

"Even Lucia forgot, and forsook the chosen one of her heart; forgive me, Lucia, Copely turned to her, and drugged himself, in his madness, at another's eyes. Jonathan Oadley, too, for a moment, ceased to be my brother, ceased to be a man. I know it all.

John—all!—do not alarm yourself—and Clara knew it, and Copely knew it, long before you told it. Look at that timid girl—(pointing to Ellen)—she had the courage to tell it—all her shame, all your forgetfulness."

Copely kissed her forehead, and I saw her shoulders heave in the moonlight, as if she were sobbing.

"Now hear me. Copely, take her hand; John, take her's. My recommendation to you is, that you marry before you part again."

I had expected this; and when he finished, I turned my eyes to Clara, who blushed, vivid as fire, when she met them, and smiled at the coincidence. But Ellen, she could neither look up nor speak; and Copely himself appeared thunderstruck for a moment—yet he was the first to reply.

"With all my heart, Nell."

"Don't call me Nell," said the blushing girl, looking him up in the face.

"Well then, Ellen, love—what say you? But why need I speak? You have not forbidden it. The thought is new to me, I confess. But why not make certain of this creature, while I can. Somebody may snap her up before I have turned the corner else."

"Are you ready, Oadley?"

I looked at Archibald, wondering what he would say: he was holding Lucia's hand.

"He speaks to you, brother," said Archibald; "what say you?"

"Why," said I, "it would be folly to mince matters any longer. The women know that we are soldiers, and that as soldiers' wives, they must expect short notice for pitching tents, or striking them;—we say, yes."

"Well then, yes it is!" said Copely; "and now that we have resolved, the sooner the better. I hate a long grace. But Archibald, halloo!—where now?—stealing off?"

Archibald halted, as if on parade; faced about, with an air of ill-disguised suffering; and Copely continued, taking Lucia's hand, who left it passively at his disposal, and placing it in his. He trembled; and her full eyes quivered in their sockets.

Archibald bowed his face upon her hand—held it a moment; and when he raised it, I saw that his nostrils were swimming in blood.

"Would you?" said Lucia, faintly, very faintly; the words just reached my hearing, like the last murmur of sweet lips dying; "would you, dear Archibald?"

He wiped away the blood from his lips; the flesh of his forehead shivered in the moonlight; and he stood, with his sublime eyes upturned to the sky, as if a deadly commotion were going on within his heart; his face altered, visibly, till it was like the face of a dead man.

Again he bowed his face upon her hand, but was unable to speak.

"Enough!" cried Lucia, in a voice of unutterable tenderness; "enough!—O God, I thank thee!"

She caught away her hands, and sunk upon her knees on the wet turf, covering her face with her shawl, and weeping aloud. Archibald attempted to raise her; but it was too late. The flower of the grass had fallen. She was lifeless. Her heart had broken it seemed, in the rush of her blood.

We were inconceivably terrified; and he, poor fellow, he raved over her, like a distracted creature, as she lay, with her head in Clara's lap.

But at last, Heaven be blessed! she opened her

beautiful eyes, with such an expression of thankfulness, that we wept together at meeting them.

"Let us go," said she, "let us go—it is very late—I am happy now, Clara, perfectly happy. The load is lifted—I am very faint—I—Archibald, let me lean upon your arm."

He approached, ghastly as a drowned creature, and I heard her repeat in the ear of Clara, "Now I shall die contented—I—I am so happy."

"Well then," said Copely, wiping off the first tears that he had ever shed in his life, I am sure, "I suppose that we are to take all that for a consent."

"Certainly," said Ellen, laughing through her tears. "Would you have a girl spell her answer? That is plain English—joining hand—writing it—in reality."

"Don't you tremble, minx, at the thought of standing up, with a regiment of women, to be married to a regiment of men—I—"

"Dear Lucia, I am so happy," cried Ellen, taking her hand—"so we shall all be;" her voice fell, the hand dropped, as she saw Lucia's face. It was not the face of a bride.

"Never," said Lucia.

Archibald reeled away at the sound; but instantly recovered himself, and walked apart with us.

"Will you not join us," said she, kindly, extending her hand at the same time; "I—"

"Stop, Lucia," he said, in an altered voice, so unlike his own five minutes before, that my blood thrilled, as if a stranger had suddenly spoken among us. "Stop! the three raps that we heard last night upon our table were not idle."

(It was a strange circumstance to which he alluded, that had happened the night before—I had forgotten it; while he and I were sitting together, at our table, in a dead silence, there were three loud, distinct raps upon the centre of the table, as if a strong hand had struck it, smartly, with the flat palm. Archibald, I remember, turned pale; and, when I arose to examine into the cause, mocked at me, saying that he had heard it before; aye, the very night before the death of our father.)

He continued—"There is a death near to us. Do not tremble, woman. It is not your turn. But I have not forgotten Clinton."

Lucia uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands.

"Perfidious girl!" he cried, are you never weary of torturing hearts that would die for you! O, shame upon your unprincipled, bloody nature. Eyes after eyes are quenched for ever! hearts that were, O, God! Lucia, I cannot, even now, maddening as I am, under this accumulated outrage, I cannot speak unduly to you—forgive me—O, forgive me!"

He caught her hands and held them to his heart, while she turned away her face, and stood like one about to drop into her own grave.

"I have never touched that chord before—never will again. You loved him, Lucia, and—would that I were in his place."

She recovered. I was amazed at the awful beauty of her countenance; her bonnet had fallen back, and her white forehead glittered in the pride of its loveliness and purity.

"Come hither, all of you," she said; "how little you know me. You spoke of Clinton. Look at me—pronounce it again. Do I turn pale—do I tremble? Archibald, I am sorry for his death, very sorry; more sorry that he died so suddenly; and yet, more sorry, infinitely more, that he died by your hand. But I have heard it all!—all! I do not

blame you very much. I forgive you. There is my hand. Would that you could see my heart! You would find a reason there, that would startle you, to explain my refusal. Is it love for Clinton? mistaken man! He lived long enough to tread out the last spark of affection in this heart. No! Archibald, no! But what it is, I cannot now tell you. Suffice it to know, and I pray you all to remember it, whatever become of me; that is a reason worthy of Archibald, worthy of me. Bear with me patiently. The secret shall not be kept for ever. A little while, and you may all know it."

Our tears fell like rain upon the grass—the sound of her voice was that of an Eolian harp, waiving to the low death wind.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Blood he had seen, could see—unmoved—but then—  
'T was shed in combat or was shed by men.

Lo! they wrestled with angels from the going down of the sun, even unto the rising of the same.

"Well! of all the capers that ever I heard of, in my life, this is the drollest," said Mrs. Arnauld, when she heard of our resolution.

"Just what I told 'em! just what I told 'em!" said Ellen, shaking her hands, as if she would shake them off, at the same time. "It's a burning shame, said I; an outrage on all regular-bred novels—what I! for two couple, face to face, in a bright evening—to—paugh! it makes me feel sea-sick—to ask each other, pop the question, in downright English—all in each other's hearing."

"Shocking, wasn't it?" said Nick, peeping through his fingers.

"I am not at all pleased with it," said Mrs. A—.

Mr. Arnauld shook his head. "I am," said he. "It is precipitate. But, I see no reason why, in such times, people should not be precipitate—nor, when every hour is precious, why our children should undergo a formal courtship."

"Nor I," said Ellen, meekly, in a faint, timid voice, crossing her hands in her lap, and holding up her head, like a little lady. "Just what I told them—la, said I—"

"Hush! hush! don't expose yourself," said Copely, leaning over her chair, with his cast-iron face.

"Ah! You there—Lord!—think of the—ahem—and he is sure to appear."

"You can never be alone, then," said Copely.

"Never without him, of late," she replied, nodding.

"Come, come, children, no more of this," said Arnauld, his fine eyes lighting up as he spoke. "This is no matter for trifling, no time for raillery. I do not oppose your intention. I do not upbraid you for your suddenness. You have known each other long enough, to render it unnecessary to deliberate much upon what, if you have not been altogether children, you must have become prepared for. You have known each other too intimately, I might add, for the common artifices of the world to have any weight with you. I have been meditating much on the matter. When do you leave us?"

"On Wednesday, early."



"So soon," said Mrs. Arnauld, putting her beautiful hands upon my shoulders, "so soon, my implacable son-in-law! I would know more of you, if I could, while your ancient kind manner is upon you."

"On Wednesday?" said Mr. Arnauld, musing. "Let me see. Do you wish it private?"

"Assuredly!" said Copely; "and I—assuredly."

"I commend you for your discretion," he replied.

"But there needs some preparation; not much, it is true—but some. Mr. Sampson must be here, feeble and disordered as he is. Don't weep, Ellen, we must speak plainly. Your father shall be here; and the good old Dr. Hastings, who would not sleep quietly in his grave, if one of my children should be married without his participation; we must give him another Christmas dinner this year, and leave it to him to find out the occasion. There is Mrs. Oadley too, your mother, sir, who must be here. Parents can have no representatives in a duty so awful and tender as this. And perhaps—you have a friend near us, I am told, whom it has been (a deadly paleness shot over his face as he proceeded) my misfortune, no, my wickedness, to offend. Shall we send for him? It may be the hour of reconciliation."

"Yes," said I, impatiently, "for him and—"

"Brother," said Archibald, interrupting me—while Ellen glanced her blue eyes at him with an expression of intense alarm. "Yes, Mr. Arnauld, Arthur Rodman shall be here; and I do not doubt that—" (I could see by his face that he was thinking of Mary.)

I would have anticipated him, for I did not then know his whole reason; but his forehead darkened, and he turned away his face; adding, carelessly, "I will see Arthur, and—see what can be done."

"Will you take the chaise, Mr. Oadley," continued Arnauld, addressing me, "and bring up your mother. Make what arrangements you please about her return. But my motion is, that we had better occupy one house during your absence. I shall leave the city immediately, and go back to the farm."

My heart was too full to speak a word; and Clara, as I went by her, and gave her my hand, contributed not a little to augment that fullness, for she said, with a look that I shall never forget, "Our mother, dear John, must not be left alone; she shall have one child to watch over her and comfort her, whatever happen."

"God bless you, Clara! God bless you!" said I, hurrying to the window, where I heard Mr. Arnauld give orders immediately for the chaise, and saw dispositions making to fetch Mr. Sampson.

"What!" said Copely, striking me on the shoulder, "ruminating? or reconnoitring?"

I could not look round; but I took his hand, as I would that of my own brother—and held it, in silence.

"Would that we might have a third bridal," said he.

"O, would Heaven, that we might!" said a voice near me—the voice of Mrs. Arnauld, faint with emotion.

"Amen!" echoed another at the window. It was that of the father.

I turned, lest Archibald should have heard it; but he was occupied with Lucia, upon a distant sofa. We were all silent for a minute or two, watching their countenances.

I felt a soft hand upon mine—"Might it not be? they were made for each other?"

"True, true, dear madam," said Copely, his under

lip quivering as he spoke; "and for that reason, I have no hope. Let us not mention it. They are creatures of their own mould. Their stature is not of this earth. But yesterday, or the day before, Archibald would have died ere he had permitted the thought of such an event to enter his heart. Today, he would die, and so would she, I am sure, rather than hear the sound of it aloud."

"It is inconceivable," said Mrs. Arnauld, almost sobbing; "so passionate—so devoted—so melancholy as they are. O, if it might be; but, no, I dare not wish it. Heaven's will be done! I—"

"The chaise is ready, sir," said the servant, popping his head in at the door, and disappearing.

I bowed, awkwardly enough, I dare say, to all the good people at once, and endeavoured to give an air of pleasantry to my farewell, even of a few hours, a day or two at most; but I could not—for, when my eyes met those of Clara, I stopped: the bow was arrested—I was fain to take her dear hand in mine, and lead her to the door; where, without any body seeing it, I had just time to put my mouth to her white forehead, and spring into the chaise.

\* \* \* \* \*

My mother—O, how altered she was. The absent wandering, mournful darkness of her eyes had gone. There was a lowly, obedient manner of resignation now, in every movement: a quiet, unrepining, patient spirit, that it did my heart good to see.

We were many hours together—many of the happiest that I ever spent in my life. Her womanly beauty was not, even yet, utterly defaced; but there was a gravity, and steadiness, or simplicity now, in all that she said and did, altogether more worthy of her age than I had ever seen. While I looked upon her dark, full eyes, coal-black lashes, and eye-brows black too, as the raven—her forehead just flushing, when she spoke, under the thin grey hair, that mingled with the jetty black of her plain parted tresses—there was a chastened, subdued dignity in her face that awed me. I never had respected her so tenderly. Misfortune had laid her hand heavily upon my dear mother: her youthful vanity—her almost innocent pride of beauty, had been smitten to the dust. The wind of desolation had gone over her dark tresses, and they were withered and blasted. A shadow had fallen upon her majesty; the snow upon her hair—and her very eyes were the eyes no longer of a spoiled beauty, nor a delirious woman; but of the widowed and desolate one, broken of heart and contrite in spirit.

We talked much and calmly of the past. She made no complaint; but her voice was tremulous, when she spoke of her desolation, and the kindness of Clara and Lucia. They had been daughters to her—and Mr. Arnauld, Heaven bless him for it! had personally superintended the erection of the buildings where we now were.

She spoke of Arthur, and Mary—the "poor dead Mary." I was amazed! thunderstruck! Could it be possible that she had never heard of her being alive? Yes, it was possible! and I found it necessary to prepare her for the intelligence, very gradually. Yet nevertheless, when it fell upon her, her eyes were fixed, as with sudden death; and she put her hands to her ears, as if the shriek of a woman were yet ringing there, and gasped for breath. At last, however, the tears gushed out, and she fell upon my bosom and sobbed, and prayed, as if her heart were bursting with gratitude.

"O, my son!" she cried, "we have abused the patience of our Maker—turned our faces away from him, when he entreated us—forgetful of all that re-

remained upon the earth. His ways, my boy, may be ways of darkness; but, assuredly, (laying her hands upon her heart, with all her strength,) assuredly they are ways of wisdom and peace. He is the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless! Do not forget him. Pray to him—pray to him, for ever, my child. For he hath compassion upon the sorrowing; and abused." Her sobs were hysterical now, and she was obliged to rouse herself, and leave me for a while.

I understood all her feeling—all her thought; and my heart stood still at the sound of her voice. The reproof cut me to the heart. It was—O, I cannot deny it—it was true. We had not loved our mother as we ought. We had seen some innocent vanities in her, for she was certainly the finest looking woman of her age in the country, except Mrs. Arnauld; and, Heaven pardon us for it! we had overlooked her affectionate heart, steady principle, and undeviating rectitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last, we were on our way—having left the house, under the care of our aged and experienced overseer, who had long been a tenant of my father's; and a companion of our family, till the irruption of the enemy, when his house had been levelled even before our own; and he, with a numerous family, had been driven out into the cold world. He was a good man, and an honest one.

But why delay the story? We arrived on Tuesday about noon, and found all the parties ready, except Arthur, who was hourly expected; but I observed that, whenever I spoke of him, the eyes of Archibald were upon me, with a strong expression, until I could no longer support it; and asked him the reason.

"Say nothing of Arthur," said he; "wait till he appears. Keep your eye upon Mr. Arnauld."

His voice was cheerful; but it was a cheerfulness that distressed me more than all his sorrowing. It was the look of desperate, calm effort and determination. Lucia too, while she seemed utterly absorbed in the bustle of preparation, was fearfully pale and languid; and, ever and anon, there was a slight shadow, and a sort of heaving, that went over her face; the very flesh of which seemed to shiver at times, when no eye but mine was upon her; and, to all the world, she appeared to have no thought, but of the business in hand. Yet, she breathed with difficulty—and every breath was a sigh; and, often and often, would her eyes fill; and she would turn away her face, or drop it, as if to bite off her thread—when I could see, that she had hardly the power left to raise it again.

My mother embraced her; and we were, if it were possible for human beings to be so on this earth, really happy.

The lamps were lighted. The two brides were ready—the good parson about to stand up; and sudden and fitful interruptions—forced remarks—and a painful, solemn silence succeeding to each, had rung the preparation for every heart, when Archibald entered, and announced the approach of Arthur, with a lady.

"A lady!" said several voices at once.

"A lady!" said Mr. Arnauld; "I am sorry for that. We have carefully avoided inviting any body; and—"

"Arthur will help to make a third couple," said Archibald, smiling.

"Ah! well, that may do very well. They will keep each other in countenance. I am glad of it. But what agitates you so—and you, Ellen?—tears!

bless me! one would think that our two girls were about to be buried alive."

"Pray," said Ellen, stepping up to Archibald, "is she prepared? I have some apprehension for her."

"Yes, Arthur has provided for that," said my brother, in a low voice.

The door opened, and Arthur Rodman entered, with a veiled woman leaning upon his arm—trembling from excessive emotion, and literally clinging to him; his forehead was uncovered; and when he entered, upon my word, I do believe, that there was a general exclamation of surprise and pleasure. Arthur had grown very handsome; and his usually calm features were all in a blaze now with expression.

Mr. Arnauld advanced, and offered him his hand, which Arthur accepted, at the same time that Mrs. Arnauld exclaimed—

"Dear Mr. Rodman, look at the lady! look!" She had nearly fallen at the approach of Arnauld; but then she suddenly recollected herself, and threw back her veil: Arnauld recoiled to the wall, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an apparition, with his eyes set, and mouth open.

The sweat was upon his lip, and his look was that of unutterable horror and dismay. But the blood came back to his heart—rushing over his face, and blinding him; and he fell into a chair, where he sat, for some minutes, in the terrible silence that followed, breathing like a half-drowned man.

At length he arose, and came forward; at first, with a faltering step; but as he came nearer, and Ellen had fallen, with her eyes shut, into the arms of my mother, his tread grew firmer.

He took his wife's hand.

"I do not ask," said he, in a sepulchral voice, "by what miracle this has been brought about. Enough for me to believe that it is. I am—a—greatly bewildered here (putting his hand to his forehead,) but—look at me, Mary (attempting to take her hand; but she shuddered at the touch, insensible as she was).

"Mary," said Arthur, "stand up, and face him. Stand up, my beloved, and faint not. Why should the innocent and beautiful quail before such men! Arnauld!"

"Nay, Rodman, let us not renew our hatred. What has been done, cannot be undone. I am a penitent. I leaned upon a spear. It wounded me. The wound rankles yet. Mary Austin, can you—will you forgive me? me! Frederick Crawford."

She burst into tears at the sound of that name, and was speechless, she could not answer.

"Say that you forgive me," said Arnauld, hurriedly, "Oh, say it. I am growing old, Mary, and my death-bed will be less painful, if the woman that I have most injured will forgive me. Say that you forgive me! or, if you cannot speak, sweet innocent, signify it, by putting your hand into mine."

"May I—can I?" said Mary, just moving her lips, and looking up into Arthur's face; "may I?"

"May you! love—yes, give him your hand, and wish him well, here and hereafter."

"Well, then," said Mary, timidly putting her hand into his, "I do forgive you, Mr. Craw—Mr. Arnauld, I do, and may Heaven forgive you as truly! I do not reproach you. You were not all to blame—not all—I—I—cannot say any more. Dear Arthur—I—I—the thought is hateful to me."

"There! there!" said Arnauld, rising in all his manhood, at once, and standing before his injured wife. "There is a pattern for woman! That is the blessed creature of whom I told you; the truest and kindest: the most affectionate, yet timid and trusting heart, that ever beat—except yours, my wife,



(pressing his own wife to his bosom,) and now—peace—peace! to mine own.”

“Mary Austin—Arthur Rodman, are you ready?”

Mary bowed her head meekly, as the clergyman arose, and opened the book.

“And you, Mr. Oadley? (Archibald stepped back!) and you, my daughter? (Lucia stood more erect.) Are you also ready?”

I took Clara’s hand, and we advanced to the appointed place.

“And you, colonel? and you, Ellen?”

“Not quite,” said the incorrigible girl, “these plaguy gloves,” tearing her hand through one of them, with a petulant vivacity, that could not conceal her emotion.

“You tremble,” said Copely, tenderly.

“Pho, pho—no such thing! there, deuce take the glove! I’ll be married without mittens.”

“Don’t be frightened,” said Copely, soothingly, and really distressed at her vivacity, for her lips trembled incessantly, and her eyes ran over whenever she shut them.

“Frightened! who’s frightened? You must have been dining out, man. Hush! the deed is doing. The incantation—Lord, how cold I feel!”

“Hush, yourself, you pestilent little baggage.”

But she would not let him proceed. The clergyman had just come to the word obey; and Mary had just pronounced it, with a deep, sweet emphasis.

Ellen pointed at her. “Do you believe,” said she, loud enough to be heard by all of us; “do you believe that I am going to tell that lie?—obey!—I obey?—whom?—you! no. I shan’t promise any such thing.”

“I’ll make you,” said Copely.

“How?”

“Choke you.”

“How?”

“With kisses.”

“Faugh!”

“Come,” said Mr. Arnauld, “come, colonel, it is your turn now.”

Copely stepped forward, and would have taken her beautiful hand; but her distress was getting too evident to be concealed.

“Lord, what a fumbler!” she cried, shaking from head to foot, and pale as death.

“There’s a dreadful ringing in my ears,” said Copely, softly, as the clergyman moved to his place.

“There will be, if you don’t hold your tongue,” said Ellen, raising her hand.

“How bright your eyes are, Nell!”

“I’ll tell you what it is, Chester Copely,” said she, looking him up in the face, while her colour came and went, like flashes of fire over alabaster, for a moment; “you will break my heart, if you are not more serious.”

His countenance fell, instantly; his eye-lids quivered; and he held her hand to his lips. But not a word did they hear—not a word, I am sure; for when the clergyman paused for the response, she looked up, as if starting from a trance, in the prettiest confusion imaginable.

“Love, honour and obey,” said the parson.

“Love—honour—and (glancing maliciously at Copely)—“ahem—O—O—”

“Love, honour and obey,” repeated the clergyman, seriously and emphatically.

She hitched forward her pretty shoulder pettishly; and Copely began to prepare his lips for the threat, by wiping them with his cuff.

“Obey! obey! obey!” cried the mad girl, rising

on tiptoe, and laughing faintly, as if her very heart were breaking.

The ceremony was over; and Copely was about to offer the salutation of love, when the clergyman put in his claim.

“Stop, sir,” said Copely, gravely; “that woman is my wife, now. I will have no man—and no minister, the last of all men, profaning her lips, now!”

We all stood thunderstruck.

“I have trifled hitherto,” said Copely, walking two paces forward, “for there was no other way to win her. But, henceforth, she is mine—mine, for ever and ever—in peril and in death! Shame on the man, shame on him! who, under the sacredness of his office, is the first to teach to the young bride, a familiarity with the lips of a man—not her husband. No, sir,—I honour your office. I love my Maker; and I can worship as profoundly as any man, at his altars—where the wind is blowing through my hair, and the stars shining down upon me. But, I have so little reverence for the infirmities of a priest; so little compassion for his weakness; so much of a deadly hostility to his temptation, that I would strangle you, sir—you—upon the spot, sooner than you should touch the forehead of my wife.

“You are amazed—all are terrified—all! even Archibald, who knows me best; even Ellen, my own, my wedded one. You do not know me. You could not. Look at this scar: for ten years it has been bleeding inwardly—yet, I never told it. I have deeper ones that bleed yet. Come hither, Ellen—nearer love. This wedding of ours shall leave an impression upon your young heart, that no time shall efface. Hear me. I loved you once. You scorned me—mocked at me; and then, after I had won my way, by openness and manhood, into your heart, you forgot me, and shut the gate upon me, the moment that my back was turned. I loved you mightily. I swore to be revenged. Yet, hear me through. You know not the man whom you have made a lord over you. Archibald stand back! Arthur Rodman, I will have no interference! Mr. Arnauld, your eyes cannot intimidate me. Hear methrough. To win that girl—man! if you do not wish to see blood spilt upon the spot, stand back! and, when I have done, strike. Your sister shall judge me. For nine years, I have battled against her dominion. For three I have done violence to my whole nature—counterfeiting all passions—feigning festivity, when my heart was breaking—shutting myself up, from all mankind, when my very spirit yearned for communion—why?”

“TO BE REVENGED!”

“I pursued another. I gave in to a deception that I hated. From the first to the last I loved you, Ellen, with all my heart and soul; and till I saw your magnanimous nature, in the affair between Lucia Arnauld and myself, I never relented, nor wavered—my whole aim was to bring you to my feet, and then—break your heart, and leave you.”

We shuddered. The creature was awful. “But”—his voice changed, trembled. The tears gushed into his eyes, and he folded her hands to his heart, while she stood leaning against Mr. Arnauld, like one struck suddenly mad. “But that was impossible. My stern heart wept. I began to love you devoutly, and with a kinder spirit. With that spirit I love you now, Ellen. Henceforth, I have done with all trifling. It is unworthy of me. With vengeance, for your heart, love, is not a fit companion for one where that devil is closetted. Look up, dear, look up, and bless me. Here is your last trial. I have counterfeited a character that is not my own; but I have not counterfeited a better one than my

own. Your happiness is secure—my love unalterable. And this—(kissing her forehead)—this be the pledge, that henceforth, happen what will, you will never hear or see aught of this temper again."

The poor girl shook her head, and attempted to stand up, but her strength had gone. It was a minute or two before she could speak, and when she did, it was only to say—

"You frightened me sadly, Chester. I thought of Blue Beard—the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood, all the while that you stood there."

"Poor simpleton," said Copely, "will nothing make you serious?"

"Yes."

"What, I pray?"

"Why, now that we are married, if you will only be very agreeable and frivolous for a while."

"The mere spirit of contradiction, then?"

Why, y—a—a—o—beside, to tell you the truth, it sits so awkwardly upon you, that I feel ashamed of it."

"Oh! Ellen," said Copely, "you are incorrigible, I am afraid. But let me entreat you, once for all, dear, not to dishonour your noble heart and excellent understanding so frequently, and—"

"Upon my word," said Ellen, colouring, "are you serious?"

"Very—very serious."

"And you do believe, then, in sobriety, that I am neither a fool, nor—nor a creature of no feeling?"

"Yes."

"Then why have you treated me so continually as if I were? Copely—my husband. You have said that we do not know you. I believe it. But you do not know me—no, not me. Come to me as a man; treat me as a woman; neither flatter, nor coax, nor tease me, and, lord! there's no knowing what a Spartan I shall become. What are you laughing at? I can't open my lips, but your gravity vanishes like a spectre, so that I am fain to talk foolishly and flippantly, lest I shall look silly. Come, this appears to be a general reckoning day. I have a secret to tell you. Treat me like a woman of sense, and I will try to deserve it."

"Ellen, upon my soul, that remark of your's—that little, short remark carries more comfort to my heart, more security than all that I have ever heard you say in your life. Oh! hang it, you cannot be serious."

"But," said the clergyman, "there is another couple."

"True," said Copely; "I beg ten thousand pardons. I had quite forgotten. Ellen, let us step aside, and give others a chance."

I glanced at her face—it was a bright crimson.

"Not another step," said she. "There! they are ready."

"What! you do not surely mean to look on, and watch how they undergo the ceremony?" said Copely, moving off.

"Indeed I do," said she.

"Perverse and—"

"Barbarian," she replied, gently yielding to him, as he drew her to the window-seat.

This was the last that I saw. My heart was giddy. I felt a painful rush of blood through the channelling of my temples; and, though I was told afterwards that I went through the ceremony with exceeding steadiness, yet I knew nothing of it till I felt my lips throbbing against Clara's.

She was full of dignity and seriousness; exceedingly pale, but firm and collected—devout and prepared.

The clergyman paid me a remarkable compliment, I remember, when he was through.

"You have thought more of this ceremony, and of its great obligation," said he, "than all the people that I ever married. May Heaven bless you."

"Ah! a horseman!" cried Mr. Arnauld; "what is the meaning of this?"

We all crowded to the window, and saw Archibald dismount. We had not missed him—and Lucia, where was she?

The next moment he entered, his hair all in disorder, his forehead covered with sweat, his deep blue eyes strangely disordered in their lustre.

He bowed hastily, and said something in the way of apology for leaving us—something that none of us could understand or recollect after he had glanced rapidly round the room, as if in search of somebody—

"Lucia," said he, "where is she?"

"Here I am," said Lucia, stepping forward from the corner, where, hidden by the heavy curtains, she had sat for one hour concealed from our observation.

Her step was singularly firm: her carriage haughty.

"Will you favour me with the conversation which you promised?" said Archibald, advancing toward her, and offering his hand.

"Assuredly," she replied; "but are you ready? is all prepared?—all!"

"All," said Archibald.

"Follow me for a moment, then," said she.

"Mother, I shall not be gone long."

Her hand was upon the door as she said this, and her mother, struck by her preternatural steadiness of manner, advanced a step or two, as if to address her.

"No, my dear mother," said the haughty girl, her sweet lips parting with a mournful smile; "no, it is impossible—we must be alone."

A bright colour flashed over the eyes of Mr. Arnauld, and he exchanged a glance of disquieted, earnest pleasure with his wife as the door shut upon them.

They had been gone about ten minutes, though it appeared much longer, for we were breathless in our expectation, trying in vain to start some subject for talking, but not one of us had our thought or senses sufficiently at our command to understand any thing whatever. At last, all at once we heard a sharp cry, as if a dagger had been driven through and through a human heart: a cry that froze our blood. It thrilled through every apartment of the house. We sprang from our seats, the women screamed, and we burst open the door through which Archibald and Lucia had passed.

The great doors that opened into the hall, from the portico, were wide open; the lamps blazing; and, at the foot of the steps, there stood a horse, saddled and bridled, with the gate open behind him.

While I was wondering at the signs of preparation below, something—to me it appeared like a spectre, starting out of the solid wall—came, staggering out of the darkness, athwart the hall. It was Archibald. The room behind him, the walls beyond, were all black as midnight. The light of the lamps could not penetrate so far.

It was all the work of a moment. As he approached me, aiming blindly toward the portico, I pronounced his name, with a sensation of unutterable alarm; but he heard me not. His hair stood upright. There was blood upon his lips—and sweat upon his forehead, as he went by me, with his eyes wide open, without seeing me.

I know not what followed, for a minute or two—



I was like one suddenly deprived of all motion and life. The whole family rushed into the room opposite; a loud and general shriek followed—and, the next moment, while I was groping my way to their aid, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I encountered Mr. Arnould, staggering under the body of a woman—(it was Lucia;) the mother and all the family following, like distracted creatures.

Archibald passed on—in the general consternation; descended the steps; leaped into the saddle; and was gone, ere any other voice than that of wail and lamentation was heard.

I had only time to see, as Copely turned fiercely round, and ordered his horse, that blood was upon Lucia's hands, and a print upon her forehead as of bloody lips—when—

When—O, righteous Heaven! she opened her eyes, locked her white hands, gasped for breath, and then fainted away again.

Her distracted father bore her away—followed by my mother and her's, and my wife; while I, God only knows what had been my thoughts—I cannot recall them, but they were very terrible, so terrible, that, when I saw Copely bare-headed in the saddle—with his holsters over his arm—I could have cheered him onward, to the massacre of my only brother.

The whole house was in an uproar, the servants running hither and thither, and we utterly unable to control them.

A trampling of hoofs followed—and a horse, with the reins loose, and saddle turned, came thundering into the court, the fire flashing from the pavement, like a rocket, at every blow of his irons.

"Whose horse!" said I—"not Copely's—is it?"  
"No, sir," said a servant—"it is not the colonel's; I gave him the parson's, as he stood ready tackled."  
"Merciful Heaven," said the good man. "I tremble for the consequences! But, let us be prepared."

"Joy! joy! joy!" rang a dozen voices, all at once, from the top of the stairs.

We crowded to the place, and fell upon our knees. The blessed Lucia was herself again—unwounded, unhurt; the blood upon her face and hands—she knew not whence it came. She was rational—and told us that we had seen Archibald, she believed, for the last time.

A new horror took possession of us. The composure of her tone was too unnatural, too calm, for aught but settled despair. Was it his blood—then—his—that we had seen? and by whom shed?

"Ah! Copely! are you hurt?"  
"No!" he replied—shaking the dust from him; "but where is Rodman? what is the meaning of this? why is he not in the saddle? Ha! Rodman—mount! mount! and away. Take your pistols, and if you get as near him as I did—mind your reins before you fire. Bring him in, dead or alive. The murderer! I should have brought him down, but for that cursed horse."

"Man," said I—"laying my hand upon his shoulder. I am Archibald Oadley's brother. What have you done?"

"Risked committing murder; risked breaking my neck; risked covering myself with the blood of a brave man, the dearest friend on earth—that I might bring a murderer to justice—poor Lucia!"

"What have you done, Copely?" said I, collecting all my breath, and all my strength, to hurl him from the steps, if he answered me, as I expected.  
"Did you overtake Archibald?"

"Almost, and called to him, again and again;

but he rode on, galloping as if the avenger of blood were at his heels; and my horse became unmanageable—and I, hoarse from shouting—and—

"At last, I lost my patience—stop! Archibald Oadley, I cried, stop! or, by the God of my fathers, I will bring you down with a pistol bullet! I was near enough, almost, to grapple with him once, but he saw nor heard me.

"I levelled—"

"And fired?" said I—raising my arm—

"And fired!" said the cold-hearted man, without moving a limb, or retreating one inch from the blow.

"Did he fall?" said I, delaying it.

"Not immediately," he replied—"but—ha what is the meaning of this? Are you all mad?"

"Answer me," I replied, "before I strike you dead at my feet—"

"You! Oadley! you strike me dead! I pity you. But, you are his brother. He is safe. I saw him, holding on his way—long after I fired. He may thank my horse for it, though, and the holsters over my arm; for the moment that I fired, he reared, stumbled, and threw me, head over heels, into the dirt."

"Do you know," said I, almost choking with the thought of Archibald's escape; and Copely's too—I may say, for, had he wrought Archibald's doom, I should have slain him, I am sure. "Do you know that Lucia is safe? uninjured—unwounded?"

"Merciful Heaven! Oadley—what! but—Do you dare to trifle with me? Speak! speak! is she not wounded? speak!"

"No—no," I repeated—"rash man, she is not—but God only knows if my brother be not."

Our distress was inconceivable for a time—but Arthur returned, at last, with the intelligence that Archibald had been seen, in the company of a strange man, riding toward the wood—in the same attitude—still at full speed, but sitting upright, sustaining himself in the saddle as no mortal man could, if he were wounded. This gave us comfort; but our wedding night was one of sorrow. All the darkness through, we were walking about, husbands and wives, like creatures that have been shipwrecked, and wait for the light of morning, to know where they are.

And when the daylight came, it was bluish, frightful and cold; so that, as I was preparing to mount my horse, and go in pursuit of my poor brother, dreading now the disorder of his intellect, rather than any bodily calamity—I felt weighed to the earth with apprehension; and I was hardly in the saddle, when one of the servants cried out, from an upper window that overlooked the high road, that a man on horseback was riding toward the house.

A minute more, and he was visible to me. He was a young countryman; and the moment that he entered the yard, he gave me a dirty paper, which appeared to be the tattered leaf of a book. Upon it was scrawled, in the handwriting of Archibald, these words—

"Be happy. Do not alarm yourself about me. Tell our mother that I shall go to the army, and not return till—the war is over. Farewell—farewell. Heaven bless you all.—Archibald.

"P.S.—I am very well this morning. Farewell."

"How did he look?" said I to the man.

"Look, sir? don't know, sir—kind o' smiled—and I a'most cried to see him."

Poor Archibald! he never smiled again.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The tender blue of her large, loving eye  
Grew frozen, with its gaze on vacancy.

Just as we were rising from our dinner, on Tuesday, a letter was put into Copely's hand, saying that we should not be wanted for a week, that our furloughs were all extended for ten days, and beseeching us not to lose the occasion, by hurrying away from all that was dear to us—perhaps for ever. It was not in the handwriting of Archibald; but there was an authority within signed by Washington himself, upon which was an indorsement—that we knew. That was by Archibald. "Love to all the family," it said. "Be with us any time before ten days. Pulaski's legion are off, and we are ordered for the south.

Judge of our emotion—we had sat mournfully all the day long beside each other, like people who can count the moments of their happiness. Our hearts were full, and our eyes reeled in their lustre, as we arose and struck hands, and embraced all around.

Let us hurry over these ten days. They were the happiest of my whole life; days of deep feeling, quiet love, and confidence so holy and pure, tenderness so still and hushed, that when I recur to the memory of them now, in my forlornness and abandonment, my heart feels warm again; and if I shut my eyes, I can feel the wet lips of Clara upon my forehead, trembling there, and my arm encircling her. Oh! Clara. Peace to thy shadow, love. Thou art very dear to me.

At last the morning came—not the tenth morning, but the eighth; for, happy as we were, husbands as we were, we had not forgotten the duty of a soldier, and our horses were already pawing the green turf under the open windows, and snorting gallantly to the wind.

Imagine that you see us, three stout men and true, nay four—two of a very lofty stature, and two, Arnauld and Copely, not tall, but moving with an air of irresistible authority; old Mr. Sampson, recovering a little, and leaning on his crutches at the open door that looked into the yard, his white hair blowing about his keen eyes and red face, like a thin vapour about a bed of coals; my dear mother and Mrs. Arnauld, and three brides, with Nick, full of heart and glee, teasing first one and then the other—all huddled together, half sobbing and half smiling, the lofty Clara in the middle of them, like a queen among her maidens, looking out upon her husband as he prepared to vault into the saddle; the roguish eyes of Ellen beautifully dashed with a timidity that keeps them continually upon the earth, while her parted lips appear constantly opening for a sally, that she can find no voice to utter; Mary, the soft, gentle, patient Mary, with her quiet eyes roving continually after the form of Rodman, while the colour flashes over her transparent forehead every time that she meets his. It was a picture full of beauty and meaning.

"But where is Lucia?" said I—"I promised to see her this morning."

"She is waiting for you," said her mother—"really I forgot it." So, I hurried off and found the dear girl, sitting at the window, with a large shawl wrapped round her.

"You will see Archibald," said she; "give him that lock of hair. He will prize it. You need have no fear that he will not. I know his heart. He knows mine, now. Watch over him, my bro-

ther; you are my brother now, I feel it. Take the blessing of your sister—her last, it may be, dear John."

"A sister!" O, I could have fallen on my knees, and wept in her lap; the name of a sister was so sweet to me—so new and pleasant.

"Comfort your brother. You know not, you never can know, what a blow has fallen upon him. Tell him, however, that I shall do as I promised; love him for ever; respect him for ever; weep for ever and ever, that we may not be nearer to one another than we now are."

"But why not? dear Lucia, why not?" I cried, catching her hand—heaven and earth! how her face altered.

"Because," said she, "I love Archibald—love him, O man! with what truth and solemnity—yes, the sublimity of devotion! for that reason we can never meet."

I looked at her. Her eyes were strangely bright; but her voice, broken as it was, had meaning in it—and reason. Was she disordered? I knew not. I only knew that she was unintelligible. We parted; embraced—parted—with our tears upon each other's cheeks; Clara too—dear, dear Clara! thy tears are there yet.

We parted. Enough. We were soon in camp.

"Brother!" said Archibald, throwing himself into my arms, with a sob that shook his whole frame, almost to dislocation—"Brother!"

I understood him but too well. I looked at him; and pressed him to my bosom. Poor Archibald. It was too late. I had seen many fearful changes in my day; many! many in his countenance, that had terrified me; but none that resembled this that I now saw. He was wan as if he had risen from the bed of death, his temples sunken, his lips blue, and his eyes beautifully bright and thoughtful.

"Your hair is very wet, brother," said I, as he leaned against my face.

"I believe so," he answered, mildly; "of late it has been so, night and day. But," locking me wistfully in the face, "you are happy—all are happy, all!"

"Not all," said I, putting the lock of hair into his hand.

"What is this, brother?" said he, opening it with a hand that appeared to move of its own will. "Hair! whose hair? Brother, in what spirit was it given? not in mockery I hope—I trust—I believe."

"No, no, Archibald; but after she recovered."

"No matter for that; pass over that. I know all about her recovery. I thought her dead."

I repeated her message.

"God for ever bless her for it!" said he, the tears starting out under his compressed eyelids. "O, brother, let me lean on you. I am very faint. There is not such a woman upon the earth—so lofty—so—"

"Then why abandon her, Archibald?"

"Why? look at me."

I did, and was terrified: his eyes shot fire, and were blood-shot, with the convulsion that my words had called up.

"I—I," his voice grew fainter—gentler—he put his hands upon his heart, "Brother, I love her; she is a noble creature. Let that testimony comfort her. She has done most nobly. I venerate her; love her—the hand of death is upon me."

I would have rebuked him, for what he said; but I could not. I had not the heart to contradict



in. It was too true. The hand of death was upon him.

"Ah, Copley!" (He entered abruptly.)

Archibald," said the untractable man, as he put out his hands to him, "do not curse me—do not; I cannot bear it."

"Say no more, my excellent friend," said Archibald.

"I understand you. You are a good shot—see here, (raising the flap of his coat, and showing where the ball had gone through.) You would certainly have brought me from the saddle, had you been upon your own horse. Not another word about it. I know it all, and forgive you; nay, do not even blame you, except for missing your mark."

"Your voice is very much altered," said Copley, "and you are wasted, wonderfully, since we parted, I—but no, I will not ask. There is my hand—if I can do any thing for you, say so. If not, there is only one way: hear it. Where is Pulaski?"

"Gone south."

"And we are to follow, are we not?"

"We of the horse are detailed; and, perhaps, you can exchange, as you are so fond of fighting."

"I beg your pardon, Oadley. I am not fond of fighting—no man likes it less; but, just now, I begin to have some qualms."

"Vapours," said Archibald, with a sickly smile; "you are newly married."

"And," said Copley, "I do not much care to expose that little witch to widowhood, nor to a troop of bayonets."

"What mean you? your wife does not go with you?"

"No, not in person, but in spirit, I believe, poor little puppet. She has become quite rational of late, and I should be sorry to part with her."

"Hourra! for the major!" cried Jasper, galloping up to us; "hourra for the legion; we are off at daylight."

"I am glad of it," said Archibald, fervently; and we immediately separated, each to arrange his arms, shake hands with a few brave fellows, and receive their congratulations.

"We must put you in the front rank," said La Fayette; "you three bridegrooms would carry all before you. It was a rash affair, I think; but you will fight the better for it—if that be possible."

We were soon upon the march, in a cloud of dust, and never rested or halted a single hour beyond what our cattle required, until we encountered Pulaski himself, and were paraded in front of General Lincoln's tent, before Savannah, in Georgia.

The Count D'Estaings had just arrived, with a formidable fleet, and the British on the station had fled, like birds before the fowler, leaving three of their ships in his power.

His army, about three thousand strong, were just arranging themselves at Beaulieu; and on the fifteenth of September, we were brought up, at full gallop, by the unconquerable Pole. Lincoln was behind, and endeavouring, with all his power, to effect a junction, preparatory to an attack upon General Prevost, the enemy's commander in Savannah.

Till the twenty-third, we were in a state of continual preparation; Pulaski dashing hither and thither, night and day, with his men, and ex-

ercising them for ever in the broadsword; and Archibald, with the same death-struck countenance, mingling impatiently in all the storm of preparation, as if to drown the suffering within him. Still the moment of the town's reduction appeared distant, very distant; yet, without an hour's intermission, for several days and nights, there was one uninterrupted roll of thunder from the cannon of the enemy and ourselves; nearly two hundred pieces in all. And often, while Archibald and I were treading the rounds, in the deep midnight, we would be covered all at once with sand, or made to reel with the wind of an exploding bomb or passing cannon-ball; till, at last, it was really wonderful how unaffectedly careless we became. The whole sky was in a blaze at times; and, many an hour, have I seen the smoke from the enemy's south-western battery, rushing all white upon the wind, like that of ten thousand furnaces, with a perpetual gushing of brilliant flame through it, and heard the tremendous noise of the cannon below; and the heavy, dull, earthquake sound of a bomb, high in the blue air, lumbering through the sky, and passing, star after star, like a rebellious planet, struck from its orbit.

"We are to storm the works," cried Archibald, rushing into my arms one morning, "and Pulaski swears that he will ride into them on horseback, if we will follow him?"

"Follow him!" said I, "that will I—but when?"

"To-morrow—immediately," he replied. "The French admiral is afraid of his ships—the British swarming from their station in the West Indies. In short, we are to carry the works to-morrow, sword in hand. Ha!—you turn pale, brother; this comes of getting married."

"It does," said I, "it does. But I shall do my duty. Poor Clara."

"Forgive me, brother," said he, grasping my hand. "I would fain find some consolation for my own barrenness. How young I am—a mere boy; yet how long, how painfully long and weary hath been my life! O, brother, brother, I have outlived, all hope—all—the wish to live. The stern, dull, heavy wretchedness of life, that weighs and bears upon us, like a carment of lead—I—I—no, brother, I cannot talk about it. All that I know, all that I can know is, that, while I do live, I will try to do rightly, but I care not how soon—no, no! I may be wanted no more on earth. This very night, brother, sinful as I am—I could lie down to sleep quietly, and happy, if I knew that I should never wake again. Shame on these tears. I am ashamed of them; yet I cannot help them. I must weep, for my heart is young, brother, very young, and it is awful for a young heart like mine to be so loaded down—to the very earth. I—yea—weep with me; unmanly as it is, I cannot help it. I meant to live, and I hoped to die, without one murmur of complaint. But I cannot. It is not in human nature to shut our eyes upon all the beautiful things of this world—with that deadly indifference to them all which I feel, without a mortal terror and sickness, that will have way in tears. I do not wish to live; I do not fear to die. Young as I am, I am weary of life. The sun is hateful to me. The happiness of others, of them that I must love, hath ceased to make my heart warm, and why should

I live? I tremble at these symptoms; the more, because the time has been, when it was my comfort and my religion, to believe that, if I could see others happy, others, that I loved, I could not but be happy myself. I was mistaken. I have a colder heart; a worse one; a more selfish disposition than I ever believed; the happiness and suffering of others have no longer any influence upon me. I am angry and peevish with their sorrow, and wrath with their childish happiness. I cannot dwell upon it. Alas, brother, I rejoice that the battle is near. I hope that it will be my last—my very last; yet God's will be done!"

Never shall I forget the tone in which those words were pronounced; never, the look of patient, unrepining fortitude, with which they were accompanied. It was the eighth of October, about eleven at night—and such a night! so hushed and brilliant with the innumerable swarming fire-flies: an awful stillness all about the camp, partly of preparation, (for we had resolved to storm the works by daylight,) and partly of terror; for we had already been broken in upon by two or three spirited sorties. There was a something in the air too, as we lay upon the fresh grass, and felt it moving through our hair, that made us feel mournfully. Archibald's pale forehead was upturned to the starlight, and his wet eyes shining, as I never saw them shine before; my bosom torn open, for the heat had been intolerable, and I would fain have slept, till the trumpet called us to the assault. A strange drowsiness was upon me—within me—as if soft lips were whispering about my naked heart.

"Brother," said Archibald, after a long silence, putting his hand upon mine, and leaning his elbow on the turf—"I am ashamed of myself. Even now, alone as we are, with none to see me, I cannot bear the upbraiding of my own heart. I have been wonderfully weak. Thank you for that pressure. It reassures me. I look about me again with new feeling. There! that cannon, the first that we have heard for an hour; even that has a pleasant sound to me."

The ball passed directly over our heads.

"We had better move further down the bank," said he, changing his position; "another ball, from the same elevation, may strike lower."

I followed him, with a mournful, strange, yet pleasant feeling about me; one that I would not have given up for much that the world calls happiness. His thought was in the right train. The sublimity of the hour—the growing darkness; for the heavy fog began to roll in, like the ocean, before a sea breeze—and the wind rose.

"It is very awful," said he, in a low, thoughtful voice, "to sit up at an hour like this, and contemplate the great heaven, all of such solid blue, passing away over our heads, so tranquilly! so beautifully! and to have our hearts jarred, in their worship, by the roll of cannon, or the sudden bursting of a boom."

A second ball struck the works a little to our right, dismounted a piece of large ordnance, shattered the carriage into fifty pieces, and tore several human creatures limb from limb. A loud shrieking followed for full a minute. "Gracious God! how fearful it is! brother," said Archibald, "when the blood is cool—the air so still, and the stars so patiently looking down upon us, to hear the blood rattling at our feet, and know that the very sound which has passed o'er

our heads, harmlessly, has carried an immortal creature, maimed and broken, into the presence of his God."

"Let us remove further off," said I; "we can be of no use. I see by the lights there, that they are bearing three or four bodies off."

Another shot passed over us, and instantly the lights were extinguished—a crash followed—a loud, terrific outcry rang through and through our heads; and we saw the whole cavalcade tumbled together—the living, the dead, and the wounded.

"The same gun," said Archibald, "a little more, or a little less powder has done all this terrible work. They that came, with unthankful hearts, to bear away their dead comrades, have fallen with them. Awful! the bearers and the body—the living and the dead, have fallen before us. Hush! they are in motion."

He was right. Our army had already put itself forward; and we could hear the tread of their feet, like the noise of a great ocean breaking, wave after wave, afar off, upon an interminable solid beach.

In the mean time, it had grown very dark; and, through the deep fog that blew in our faces and assembled about us, the shadows of men appeared of unearthly stature.

"Here they are," cried a voice that we knew; and, the next moment, down leaped a pair of giants, as they appeared, and ran to us.

"Archibald—dear Archibald," cried Arthur, "now for it! to horse! to horse! Pulaski's calling for you."

"Away! away!" cried Copely, embracing him; "away! my brave fellow, and if we never meet again, why God for ever bless the survivors."

"Amen!" we responded, "amen! amen!"

"And the dead, too," said Archibald. "God be merciful to them, too."

"Amen! amen! amen!" echoed several voices, whose we had not time to inquire, for Archibald's horse stood stamping the platform at a little distance.

"Brother," said he, taking leave of me last, "farewell! I shall do my duty—do you yours."

I saw no more of him; but Arthur was conspicuous to the last.

We moved on, in the darkness, through a sunken, deep hollow, which permitted us to approach very near to the enemy's lines without being perceived. It was near daylight, and uncommonly cold for the season, probably owing to the heavy fog, and the exhalation from an extensive morass, on the very verge of which we were marching.

We had depended much on surprising the enemy, and had good reason to believe that the quarter upon which we moved was the weakest; but, in both calculations, we were mistaken, for a deserter had betrayed our design; and a tremendous cannonade opened upon us the very moment that the head of our column showed itself. The sky shook over our heads; and the horses stumbled at every step, as if the earth itself were unsteadied by the roar. But the column kept on, under Sullivan and D'Estaing, turning neither to the right nor left, and broke through their entrenchments, in a cloud of smoke and fire, at the point of the bayonet—charging their artillerymen at their pieces, and bayoneting them, in all directions, without firing a shot.



"Hourra!" cried the Americans—"hourra! the day is our own."

Up went two or three flags, in a blaze of light; dripping with blood, and torn with the thunder of battle.

But the day was not our own. The enemy rallied on the left, and came down upon our brave fellows like a hurricane. The flags shook—and hundreds of human creatures that battled under them, French and Americans, and English, leaped headlong into the ditch.

"Now for it! my boys! now for it!" shouted Pulaski.

"Hourra for Pulaski! hourra! hourra!" answered his legion, and followed him, one after the other, into the entrenchments—during the pause of terror that followed the cry, like a battalion of devils. Pulaski was the first man. How he got in Heaven only knows; but I tried three times before I could follow him; and, for five minutes, it appears to me, that he and not more than a dozen men of his troop were sustaining the whole battle within the line. At length, in came the whole troop, man and horse. Pulaski's sword flashing before them like a pillar of fire.

He was too conspicuous; his great white horse was a target, and the bullets fell upon him like a storm of hail.

I saw him when he fell. He was standing up in the stirrups, and I saw a tall fellow reeling before him; when, all at once, his great white stallion snorted, as if his heart had broke, leaped, all clear, of a hundred bayonets at once, and Pulaski fell back in the saddle, still holding on by his knees, while the saddle-cloth trailed in blood, and his charger broke forward, trampling down every thing that opposed him, till he came to an empty enclosure, where we were endeavouring to rally about him. There his horse staggered; sat upon his haunches (like the animal that you may have seen in the picture of St. Paul's Conversion, when God pours down a flood of glory upon him), quaking—planted, and ready to drop dead—the blood gushing out of his nostrils—and—I saw no more. We were all in a heap together. I was bayoneted I know not in how many places; and all that I do know is, that I cried out to a man for quarter, in the desperation of my heart, as my sword broke at the hilt and my horse stumbled into a platoon of bayonets, but the wretch heeded not my cry.

I was unwilling to die so. I thought of Clara; it was my last thought—and the next moment, I felt the blood rushing out of his throat into my bosom.

When I came to my senses, there was a cold mass of coagulated deformity, shapeless and horrible, pressing against my face. I shuddered, and tried to release myself; but I could not. My hands were stiffened about it. God of heaven! it was a human face! O, my heart discharged all its blood at the thought! I shut my eyes, and groaned aloud, in loathing and terror—but I could not release my fingers from the throat, they were so cramped and rigid with convulsion. No! though a broken sword was in my side, and my clothes were stiff with my own gore, I could not. They were rigid as iron.

At last, however, just when I was shutting my eyes, I did hope, for the last time, some blessed human creature, tore away my hands from the detestable shape, and dragged me away, over the

shattered limbs, dead bodies, and struggling horses, as if to throw me into a ditch. I groaned, for I could do no more: and he stopped—deliberately took up a gun, with a bayonet, near me, and put it to my heart. I felt the point—I felt it! the inhuman devil! He was coolly searching for my heart! I came, instantly, to my senses. I grasped the bayonet with my hands; and held it, despite of all his struggles, till, in our tumbling and turning, it came off. I was desperate. The noise of strife had gone by—the fog was clearing off. The sun shone about me; and I saw, far and near, the enemy riding about, and collecting the dead and wounded. I expected to die, and was willing to die; but my heart rose terribly at the thought of being murdered in cold blood. The wretch left me for a moment, evidently for the purpose of finding some safer weapon; and I determined not to be sacrificed, collected all my strength, gripped the bayonet, and lay waiting for him.

He came—and, standing about three feet from me, made a deliberate cut at my face, with a sabre. I was able to parry it—and, could I have reached him, would have let out his heart's blood, before human help could have aided him—but he was too far from me; and, exasperated to madness, by his cold-blooded, merciless depravity, I hurled the bayonet at him. Thank God, it struck him in the face, and he fell! Yet, when he fell, and I saw the point where it had passed through his neck, and heard his horrible yelling, I was fain to stop my ears, and cover my eyes, or I should have gone distracted.

After this, I can remember little more than, that I was in the hospital of the enemy, and treated with great care and attention—made a friend of an able surgeon, who was thunderstruck at the situation of my wounded leg—inflamed now to an excessive degree—and, in short, that I was obliged to lose my leg.

In the mean time, however, I had the happiness to hear that Archibald had escaped miraculously, after exposing himself with unprecedented hardihood. For a moment I had seen him—it was after we had entered the entrenchments, engaged, on foot, with an officer of the enemy. I felt no fear for him, then, for I saw that they fought with swords.

Arthur had received two or three sabre gashes; and Copley had one of his fingers shot away. But the whole army, particularly the French, were loud in his praise. Every man of his command had been driven into the ditch—and, with the exception of ten, or a dozen, all were killed or wounded.

A speedy arrangement was made for our exchange—and, the moment that my friend, the humane and benevolent Waters, the British surgeon, under whose care it was my good fortune to fall, would permit it, I was put on the way for my home. It was a long time, and I was cruelly wasted and disfigured, when Archibald and I met. Yet, he was unaltered—the same deadly paleness; the same settled, calm, awful insensibility.

"Return," said he; "be a comfort to our mother—bless your wife—and bear my love and reverence—do you mark me? my reverence to Lucia. Tell her not to forget me. We shall meet again, here, or hereafter. Copley, and Arthur, and I must remain. Copley, to atone for

his early misconduct: Arthur, in expiation of his vow—for he promised never to marry till America was free, and broke it—shame on him! and I—merely because I cannot live in a quiet, peaceable element."

Our parting was sorrowful; and, so we all thought, I am sure, a final one. My situation was exceedingly critical; and I was helpless, beyond all that you can imagine, from having seen some evidence of my strength, after it had begun to decline. Time was, my children, when no mortal man could have stood before me. I am no boaster. Arthur Rodman was a tall, stout fellow, and passed for a strong man; yet I could pull Arthur Rodman to the earth with one hand. Yet, after the loss of my leg, and the wasting of the fever that followed it, I was scarcely able to lift a spoon to my mouth; and, but for Clara—Heaven bless the dear woman! but for her I had never lived through it, I am sure. My children, you can never know her value. From the time that you can recollect her, she was feeble and dim. You should have seen her about the bed of her husband; sick and dying. You should have heard her affectionate voice, soothing him to his short slumber; seen her modest hand wiping the sweat from his lips! her bright eyes, waxing dim with excessive watchfulness; her patience—her forbearance—her love! O, Clara! thy husband never knew thee, till thy life had fallen in martyrdom to thy love; nor thy children, till thou hadst been drugged with death, to preserve their father. O Clara! I am widowed, and wayworn—sorrowing and dark; yet thy image is warmth and brightness—comfort and consolation to me. Yet—! when shall we meet again? ah when!—and, as we parted last, love, thy red lips quivering in death; thy faint eyes going out, in prayer to God, and blessing for thy husband! O Clara! Clara! many a weary hour didst thou spend for me; many an impatient word endure, with that smile, which, on thy haughty lip, sat with ineffable beauty and power. Wilt thou forgive me?

My children, I cannot proceed any farther tonight. I feel as if your mother were near me. Good night.

## CHAPTER XXV.

As women wish to be, who love their lords.

One afternoon, when I had been at home about a month, and was sitting up, altogether better and stronger than I had hoped to be for a long season—(it was the first of May; the windows were all open, and the fresh air blew in, loaded with the perfume of the month,) as Clara sat by me, and we were travelling back, in our thought, many a day—she asked me, with a slight emotion passing over her face, if I remembered that corner, pointing to one at her left.

We were in her father's house. The corner to which she pointed was that where I had met her and parted, in that remorseless spirit, which had well nigh been so fatal to me.

"Yes, Clara," I said; "too well do I remember it—come nearer, love. I could shed tears

now, to think of my own insensibility. How little I knew your value then."

"Or of your own."

"Why—yes, Clara, I confess that I was very ignorant of my own nature: and I do hope that I have become a little wiser, and a little better, since that day."

A sweet little girl here entered, with intelligence that "Mother Weston" had come.

I felt Clara's hand tremble in my own. Her fine eyes changed colour a little, her lids drooped, and she leaned forward in a confusion that thrilled my blood.

I released her hand, and spared all remark, while she stepped out of the room in silence.

I looked after her. I locked my hands convulsively upon my bosom. My heart heaved with thankfulness; I felt a strange religious tumult within me. I was about to be a father. Was there not room for thanksgiving?—to see the little innocent, a part of our own being, ready to melt again, into its original element, frail and beautiful as infancy. O, my heart reeled with a delightful, yet painful emotion, as I thought on it—the peril—the agony—the fruit! Woman, dear woman! thou, without whom we have no true pleasure; no touch of humanity; no feeling of purity or tenderness; with what sorrow and pain art thou the partner of our joy! On thee lies the curse: thou art the one, upon whose tender and delicate sensibilities all the agony abideth! Ah, woman! when can we do enough for thee. Thy very being is a life of dependence, helplessness and travail; what hast thou, but by the concession of man! no power—no pride of thine own—no rank, or name, or influence, but what we grant to thee: no pleasures of thine own; many pains, wringing pains, more terrible than any death, of which man may conceive: and we, O we have many pleasures of our own, apart from thee: no pains in which thou canst not participate; and—O woman! woman! he that does not tremble inwardly, and feel his heart melt, like that of a man defending his own mother, or child or wife, or dear one from dishonour—when thou art mentioned irreverently, is—what can I say more? unable to know thee—unfit to comfort thee! God have compassion on such a man.

My reverie was interrupted here by the return of Clara, blushing to the eyes, and bearing two or three letters in her hand, while the pestilent old woman kept close at her heels, congratulating her, till she was ready to sink into the floor.

Poor Clara! she had not yet learnt the mystery of gossiping, over caudle or teacups.

The first that I took was from Archibald. It was hastily written; and as follows:

"Mother," said Clara, "please to ask Lucia to come in for a moment."

"And the other ladies?" said Mother Weston.

"Yes, if you please. There should be no secret."

A few minutes after, in tripped, not quite so much on tiptoe as she was wont, the delicate little Ellen, with a remarkably loose dress, and a prodigious shawl, (though it was a warm day,) about her, and took her seat, just where she could see most, and be least seen. And Mary—her step was less affectedly light than Ellen's; but her countenance was sad; and tears were in her sweet eyes, as she sat alone, and looked, thoughtfully, upon the other dear creatures. Poor Mary!



"Letters," said Ellen, pouting; "letters, I am told—none for me, I suppose—but—"

"Ah, child, every letter is for each and all of us. It matters little to whom it is directed. All the privilege that I know, is that of paying the postage."

"And breaking the seal," said she. "O, there is no pleasure in this world, like breaking the seal of a letter from one that you love. It is like looking into his naked heart—shutting out all the world, and—"

"Selfish creature!" said Clara.

"Aye! sister," said Lucia, passing her pale hand over her pale face: "but who is not selfish, with some treasure? who would share her endearment with another? No, our dearest things are most our own. Some blessings are given to be shared—some not."

"Well, well! let us hear the letter."

"Well then," said I, hiding the other letters under my pillow; "the first is from Archibald. It begins:

"Dear brother,

"Why do we not hear from you? We have been, and are yet, exceedingly anxious, and cannot learn a syllable of your situation, or that of the family; although we, (I say we, because Rodman, and Copely, and I,) have all written, again and again."

"No crying, ladies," said I, "these misfortunes are common to the times. Our letters will all come together. Recollect the peril of conveyance, the liability to interception, accident, and delay."

"Pray go on," said Lucia, timidly, and doubtfully.

"I write you to-day, that you may be under no alarm respecting us, if the news of a smart affair should come to you, in which we have just been engaged. Copely has joined the horse, and we are all under the command of Colonel Washington. Yesterday we encountered Tarleton's cavalry—"

"What date is it?" said Ellen, impatiently.

"March 28th, (1780,)" I replied.

"—And fairly beat them off the field. Washington is a fiery fellow; a little rash, I think; but it told well on this occasion. Arthur is the idol of the whole troop—"

A sob from Mary.

"—He performed prodigies of valour yesterday; but received a terrible cut—"

A faint cry from Mary, and a confirmed one of sympathy from all the others.

"—Through his cap; but escaped unharmed. We are constantly engaged, night and day.

"I shall write you more particularly, if I can, before the express departs."

"Express indeed?" said Ellen, "a nick-name, I suppose."

"Hush, madam, hush; here is something to interest all of us."

But she was not so easily quieted. She had seen me thrust something under the pillow, and had slipped her little white hand after it, so slyly, that I did not discover the movement, until she had the bundle of letters in her possession, and was skipping into the middle of the room, as light as ever; and, had she not turned suddenly pale in the height of her festivity, and caught at a chair as she passed, I might have mistaken her for the yellow-haired romp that I had first met, in that very room. The poor creature had nearly fainted:

but still she had sufficient presence of mind to tear open the envelope, and litter the whole floor with letters; throwing them about, first one way, and then the other, like a mad creature, as fast as she read the superscription; until, at last, while the other wife was timidly peeping after them, without the power to move, she uttered a faint cry, pressed one to her lips, staggered to a chair, and fell into a hysterical fit of sobbing.

The letter dropped from her hand.

"Give it to me, Clara," said I; "we must prepare these spirits for their ministering by gentler gradations."

"I thought," said the extravagant creature, (Ellen,) shaking her fist at me, as soon as she could speak, while the tears ran down like trickling silver, from her open eyes—"I thought so! I knew it! I knew it. But go on."

"No; there is your letter, Ellen; your's, Mary; and, there is one for you, Lucia."

I could not forbear remarking the difference of their manner, as they proceeded to open their letters. Ellen was all in a flutter from head to foot; she tore it open—sat down—jumped up—read a few lines—cried—dropped it—picked it up—clapped her hands; and finally ran out of the room with it, stopping every two or three steps, and looking at it, as a mother would at a new found babe, and then hurrying on.

Lucia, on the contrary, arose, with compressed lips; no visible emotion in her countenance; but, with one hand holding all the while by the curtains of my bed, as if to steady her, reached out the other for the prize; and, when I gave it to her, the dark of her eyes shot fire—not a passionate or haughty fire, but a sweet mournful lustre, that I loved to look upon; and her heavy lashes gleamed in it, like wet silk in the star-light.

She began to read. She paused. Her red lips turned ashy pale—trembled; and she put her white, thin hand to her forehead, as if to clear away the mist. "God for ever bless and protect thee!" she said, just audibly, and left the room; not like a queen, as she was wont, stately and assured; but like a helpless, lofty-minded woman, sorrowing to death.

Clara's eyes followed her, and overflowed, as she went out, with the compassionate working of her heart.

"I know not the meaning of this," said she to me; "do you?"

"Not a syllable. I sometimes feel angry with them both," said I, "and wonder if they have common sense."

"They have not common sense," said Clara.

"They love each other?"

"You can answer better for Archibald, than I; but she loves him more than any earthly thing," said Clara.

"Then why torture him so eternally?" said I—

"I do not understand it; I cannot; I do not profess to understand it," was her reply. "There is something strangely mysterious in their deportment. I believe that he loves her devoutly. I know that she loves him, with all the elevation and sincerity of her nature; that she wails day and night for her transgression; nay, that Archibald was never dearer to her than when he treated her so coldly—who could brook it? who! that was so sought after, idolized, and wondered at—as he did, about the time of her acquaintance with Clinton."

"Clinton!" said I. "You speak very composedly of him. I have dreaded to mention his name, even to you."

"There was no need of any such caution," she replied. "I always knew Clinton; his deportment and fate were foreseen by me."

"But how did she bear it?" said I.

"Better than any human being would have believed. I have never been satisfied about their acquaintance. There was some treachery in it. Clinton had seen Lucia before."

"What! before he came here, wounded?"

"Wounded!—yes, he might be wounded and bruised; but his arm was not broken."

"I am glad that you mentioned that," said I.

"I have always felt a desire to penetrate that mystery. So, his arm was not broken?"

"No," said Clara; "my father discovered it some days before your departure. And we have since had reason to believe that his adventure with the enemy, which brought him to our habitation, was a preconcerted affair."

"I do not understand you, dear."

"I do not mean," said she, "that he made an arrangement, beforehand, to be shot at by the enemy, or wounded, or taken prisoner; but the truth, I believe, to be this—that he had seen Lucia at Philadelphia, and given her no little trouble there; that he put his life at hazard, when we first knew him, to see her again, by venturing beyond his videttes; and that he escaped a court-martial, by the most fortunate concurrence of circumstances—the irrad of the Hessians, and the loss of some men—and the recruits that he carried in."

"But why were we not informed of this before?"

"It was not till the illness of Clinton, at our house, the second time, that the whole truth came out; and then he was so humbled and penitent under the rejection of Lucia, which seemed utterly inconceivable to him; there were so many high-hearted, noble qualities about him—you were so unforgiving, when once awakened, and your brother so terrible in his wrath, that, after a deep and continued consultation, of many a night, we resolved to keep the whole a secret; particularly as—O, my husband, it pains me to the very heart, when I reflect on all that we so childishly put at hazard, then."

"Say no more about it, love," said I, embracing her with one arm, and wiping away the tears from her lovely eyes, with her own hair. "We were children then; misfortune had not met us; calamity had not visited us; our hearts were full only with the wine of life; the lees had not been tasted."

"Poison! death! we should say—for I felt all the bitterness and distress of both, during our separation," said Clara. "Many and many a night, dear, have I awoke, in a profuse sweat, as cold and dreadful as that of the tomb; my very hair drenched with it, as with the night dew; and often, often have Lucia and I gone, arm and arm, over the apartments where we had spent our sweetest hours, with a feeling of mournful, tender solemnity, that kept our eyes flowing, and hearts weeping, while the cold night wind blew literally through and through us."

"How did she bear the death of Clinton?"

"How! I can hardly tell; not at all as I expected. It was not with wailing and bitterness; not with exultation; but with a look and movement, such as I should have looked for in a wife, whose hus-

band had been unworthy of her high nature—dying afar off. She was very ill for many days, very, but she made no complaint, and kept away from observation, as much as possible. After a few weeks, she was able to mention his name, and talk of him; though, at first, with deep emotion, and, not unfrequently, with a passionate weeping, as I would of one who had irretrievably lessened himself in my opinion, and cruelly humbled me."

"I confess," she added—faltering—"I confess that there is something unaccountable and dark in the sudden alienation of her heart from Archibald, that, to my mind, has never been sufficiently explained by her resentment for his coldness; the fascination of Clinton; nor even by the natural waywardness of woman. I allow much to her pride; much to wounded self-love; still more to her desire of humbling Archibald; but all cannot, does not satisfy me. The suddenness and violence of her attachment has no example in her whole life. It is at war with all our experience of her. Young as she was; haughty as she was; there had always been an ingenuousness—a sort of heroic feeling of truth and honour about her, in all that she said or thought, or did, which took the judgment captive. Change she might; but she could not change capriciously. She had loved Archibald; she might love another; but I have always thought, and always shall think, that she never did love another."

"What!" I exclaimed, "not love another, when she permitted Clinton's arms to encircle her waist, even in the presence of my noble, broken hearted brother."

"True, I remember that; and were she any other than the girl she is, I should say that—that explained her conduct; but I cannot say so of Lucia. She would not permit the arms of a man to encircle her waist, merely to break the heart of another. Some women might. I have seen the time when I would. You are startled; but it is very true. I have had a more unmanageable, a more wicked and resolute spirit than Lucia. But, there is one thing that I cannot forbear to mention; have you never observed it? Did you never, at the time that her endearment appeared constrained; that, when she appeared most nearly his, and his alone, surrendering herself utterly and unreservedly to his love—that her wild eyes deepened in their blackness—deep as night—and that a slight shuddering was, oftentimes, visible upon her high, white forehead, when he approached her?"

"Never," I replied.

"You have not. Well! I confess that I am surprised, for it was visible to the very servants; and I overheard Margery say once, when she had entered the room, and found Lucia weeping, while Clinton was standing over her, and holding her hand to his heart, that "she was sure that Miss Lucia did not love him. Didn't I see her," she said, in confirmation, "turn away her face when he entered, and push him away, just because she heard Archibald's voice in the court-yard?"

"Yes, my dear husband, it is very true; there is something strangely mysterious and perplexing in their love; and, could I permit myself to believe in spells and witchery, that would be the easiest way of accounting for what in no other way I can account for, the commencement, continuation, and end of her acquaintance with Clinton."

"Does she ever speak of him now?"



"Often."

"And with what spirit?"

"With that of compassion and tenderness, colouring to the eyes often, and then turning deadly pale—but not with love. No, it is not love; it is some other feeling, as deep, perhaps—a—as terrible, and as wasting—a compound of—I hardly know what to call it—but at times there is a look of horror, shame, and remorse with it."

"No wonder, poor girl; she rifled and spoiled the bravest heart that—but here she is."

Lucia here entered, with a letter in her hand. "Read that," said she, "my dear brother, and tell me what there is left to disturb one who is so loved, by one who is so worthy of a woman's love."

I heard her voice with pleasure. It was deep and beautiful, and I could not forbear pressing her pale hand to my heart.

"Lucia, Lucia! there is only one being upon this earth worthy of Archibald—only one worthy of Lucia Arnauld."

She put her hand to her heart, as if a sudden contraction had followed the words, and the sweat started out upon her temples. I saw it—I saw it! Her white forehead looked instantly as if a yew branch, loaded with the night dew, had been shaken over it.

"What said he," she continued, timidly, "in your letter?"

Clara smiled, and appeared waiting for my answer.

I had quite forgotten the letter, and, after hunting it up, found where I had left off, and recommenced.

"Arthur will tell you, what I felt rather unwilling to communicate, that—"

I lowered my voice, and ran over three or four lines to myself.

"Read on," said Clara. "Ah! how pale you look? What does he say?—tears! My husband! my husband!"

I had dropped the letter.

"I cannot bear to repeat it," said I, mustering what strength I could, and leaning my face upon her shoulder; "but it must be told. Clara, Lucia—dear Lucia, are you prepared?"

"I believe so," she replied, in a low, steady voice. "He has told the whole to me, I believe. What does he say there? Any thing of a consultation?"

"Yes."

"Please to read it, then. I am prepared."

I took up the letter, and read as follows:—"That I have been very ill—very—and that the nature of my malady has taken a decided character. Prepare yourself, my dear brother; bear it like a man. I cannot live many months—perhaps not till another summer. I am in a consumption. I believed this some time ago, but I have hitherto kept it a secret, knowing its evil effect. My mother's family have all died of that sad, broken-hearted complaint."

"Poor, dear Archibald," said Clara, covering her face with her hands.

"Oh! Archibald, Archibald!" whispered Lucia, just audibly.

"Deep thought (said the letter) will produce the consumption, anxiety, melancholy, distress of mind, or lowness of spirits. And what, dear John, is more likely to bring on lowness of spirits, melancholy, and distress of mind, than the belief

that you are dying, night and day, by an inevitable death. Hence it is that whole families die of consumption. I do not believe that it is hereditary, or in the chest, or blood, or lungs. No; but it is in the mind. One dies, and the others are successively seized with thoughtful, dark, and disconsolate dreaming. Their whole breathing is but a continual reprieve; they are worn to death by their own thought, and charge it to their parents. No, brother; I have kept it a secret, till—till—(my hand does not tremble, brother)—till there is no hope. I look back upon my past life with a strange, melancholy wonder. Much that I have done appears to have been done by some other Archibald Oudley, and not by me. So young, so tender-hearted as I was—a boy, but the other day, and now dying, with grey hairs in my head (it is a fact, brother), of old age—premature old age, and a shattered frame; substance and being, body and spirit shaken to the dust. For one thing only do I reproach myself—nay, for two—two, above all others. The blood of Clinton is one—my stubbornness to Lucia is another. But for them, I could sleep quietly, and, mayhap, die very quietly; but they haunt me with a continually increasing darkness and threatening. I cannot sleep now at all. I walk all the day long, to and fro, in the camp, when we are encamped, and ride all the day long when not encamped, but without knowing or caring where I am, or what I have done. I walk in my sleep, too—that distresses me. I know not what may happen. The sentinels are trusty, and I am ashamed to communicate the truth. You would not believe me, I suppose, should I tell you, what is very true, that, after the battle yesterday, I fell asleep upon my horse, while my men were returning from the pursuit, and might very easily have been taken prisoner. At times there is a lethargy, pleasanter than sleep—a drowsiness, like that of sorrow and love—as if I were sleeping upon the bosom of some dear one, that besets me, and my heart overflows and—but, no! shame on these emotions. I have written to Lucia. Bid her bear up—bid her be comforted. We shall soon meet again—again! where our hearts may be renewedly, for ever and for ever, purified and blessed."

"Purified!" echoed the sweet martyr, faintly dropping her arm over the bed, and falling upon her face. "Purified!—I—" A long and continued shuddering followed, in which the bed itself vibrated, and the whole room trembled.

"But the other," said Clara, wiping her eyes, and reaching me Copely's letter.

It was very brief, and to the following effect; but, just as I opened it, in came the two brides, one flushed with a beautiful confusion, the other laughing and crying, all in a breath, and rallying Mary with a significance that I dared not understand, till the sweet girl burst into tears, partly of shame, partly of sorrow; and Ellen threw herself upon her neck, crying, "hush, hush, love—forgive me. I was cruel, childish, indelicate, and—hush! all in good time. We shall be a house full, nevertheless (in a low voice), by the time that he comes."

She did not mean that I should hear this; but it touched Clara, who coloured and withdrew her hand from the pillow, against which I was leaning, to give a reproof to Ellen, that nobody should understand but the women folks.

Copely's note:—"Rodman would have written to you, but he has just finished a letter to his wife,

and he cannot manage the pen for another line. The broadsword has cramped his hand. He deputizes me to give his love to you all, and to say to you, Oadley, and to our's and your's, Heaven have mercy on all of them, and particularly on mine—and reform her, if it be not too late."

"He be hanged," cried Ellen, pettishly.

"Prepare yourself—be a man. Your brother encountered and slew two officers with his own hand, yesterday, and took, with Jasper (of whom more by and by), and five more of the troop, twelve of the enemy prisoners; and then went to sleep in the saddle. Be a man, I say again. Your brother cannot live long; his hours are numbered."

"Gracious God!" cried Ellen, "if Chester Copely be trifling now, I shall hate him for ever."

"Oh I hope that he is," said Mary, in a voice like a lone instrument breathing to the wind.

"His hours are numbered. A consultation has been held since my last, for we are unwilling to lose him—but there is no hope. Am I abrupt? I fear so. But you are a man—your brother is a man. He has no wife, no children, no beloved one—no, I am wrong, he has an angel to leave behind him."

"Not long," said Clara, kissing her sister's forehead—"no, no, not long, I am sure."

"Would that you could see him (said the letter). He never looked so well in his life. His temples are transparent. Every movement of his heart is visible in his eyes."

(We all turned to Lucia at these words: it was a description of her appearance.)

"Poor fellow! he has just left me, treading firmly the road that leads to the chambers of death. Why delay it? why conceal it? It fell upon me like a thunder-clap; it might fall upon you so. We have done our best to prepare you; at least, I have—for while there was any hope he kept his situation a secret. But my course has been different. I have told you the worst. You must not blame me, however, that my last letter was not alarming. When that was written, I began to have hope: I have none now."

"The last! O! we are illy prepared yet," said Clara. "Would that it had arrived before this. Such blows are terrible—I—"

"Jasper is dead, dead, poor fellow! I saw him fall; but Archibald has just given me a particular account of the transaction, with an air of pleasantry, that made me scold him.

"I saw him," said he, "when the bullet struck his heart; he was at full speed. Yet he kept on, for a whole minute, and went completely through two divisions of the broadsword, as I am a living man, before he fell: the saddle turned, and the horse broke away from under him, the saddle-cloth shot to ribbons, and dripping with blood. I found the poor fellow, cut all to pieces; his helmet shaved away; his uniform shot to tatters, and the blood gushing out at his shoulders. He died desperately. But I expected it," said Archibald, "for, in his jocular way, I heard him, the morning before the attack, while newly arranging a part of the troop, in consequence of sickness and continual battle, I heard him order all the ladies in the front rank."

"The ladies!" said Ellen—"what the deuce does the fellow mean?"

"The maids," I replied. "Jasper always called

them the ladies of the troop; most of them were blooded."

"But why put them in the front rank?"

"For many reasons," I said, smiling at the question, so innocently asked, and wishing, from my soul, that I had not read the passage aloud: for Copely was full of such jokes, "the fire and quickness of females are proverbial; the competition that would be produced; the gallantry that it would provoke—the—"

"Read on," said Ellen, impatiently, dropping her eyes; "read on; what does the creature say next?"

"Nothing; except that I am to stand—here, read it yourself—godfather to—"

"I won't!" she cried, jumping up in a pet, and running out of the room.

"Why, what possesses the poor woman?" said Mary, her sweet, innocent lips parting so quietly.

Clara smiled, and handed her the letter, which sent her out of the room just as fast.

"Pray, what is the meaning of all this nonsense?" said Lucia, with that calm beautiful propriety, which grew upon her every hour, till her death. "I cannot pretend to misunderstand it. The feelings of the man—the father! are natural: and why? Sister Clara, I am ashamed of you; yes dear, of you. Young as I am, I have that within me that cannot play tricks, even where they are looked for. I do not like Copely's levity. The thought should solemnize him; the peril of his wife—so delicate and frail as her tenement is, that should make him speak seriously. But perhaps he would give it the least insupportable air that he could; and affect a pleasantry, while his heart is breaking, to amuse others. Nay sister, am I not right? What is there to redress at? What to be ashamed of? I know not what a mother's feelings are, it is true. I know not what it is, to feel the stirring of life within me; a life that is to make me altogether my husband's here and hereafter: but I do know this, that I should neither toil at concealment nor display, in such a situation, where it was not a reproach. Still less would I affect such tremors; or, if they were not affected, would I indulge them before my husband, or before any body that had eyes."

"Lucia!" said Clara, blushing all over; "you astonish me. I shall be offended, if this conversation continue."

"Shame on you, then—shame on you! The woman, in your situation, whose nerves will not permit such a conversation, whose temper will not permit it, had better die barren. I am serious. This is no sudden thought. I know what I say. I have meditated upon it. I love delicacy. I trust that, whatever be my faults, I have not that of indelicacy at my door; but I detest prudery and affectation. You are already a mother, Clara—and must think and act like one. Your own health, and that of your babe, demand it."

"By Heavens, Lucia, you are a noble creature," said I, kissing her; "I am glad of this conversation. It will be the better for poor Clara. Hitherto, the theme has been a forbidden one between us two; yes,—between the father and mother! at a moment so critical too, when she is most in want of all sympathy and encouragement. No, Clara; give me your hand—there, thank you! I love you unspeakably, as you know. I love modesty. I revere this delicate timidity; this bashful sensibility; but it has gone too far—to an extent, dear,



unworthy of one so thoughtful and firm as you. Your sweet sister has said wisely. These agitations and tremors may have a worse tendency than we dream of. Let us learn to think of the event without stammering; to be prepared for it. One kiss! there—there! Now go to Lucia, and let me see you kiss her.”

Clara did, while the tears danced in her full eyelids, and thanked her.

Our arms entwined altogether, in one dear, thrilling embrace; and the tears of the two sisters fell upon my face, like a warm summer shower in a pleasant wind—just at the shutting in of daylight.

Woman! the companion of our bedside—from our cradle to our grave! our ministering angel! our nurse! our consolation in all sorrow and trial—from the first beating of life within us, to the last, the very last, upon the bed of death; thou art the sweet fountain and nourishment of all our holiest being—and of all our most immortal nature and quality.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

And coming events cast their shadows before

\* \* \* \* \*

He awakened a sound,

Like the stirring that comes from the tenanted ground  
When revelry wanders there.

In my last, I spoke of the letter which Lucia had received from Archibald. On looking over my papers I have found it.

More than once have I seen it blistered with tears—it is hardly legible at this moment; and, were not the sentiments so deeply written on my heart, I should not be able to decipher it. I am sure, in its present tattered and defaced condition, as it lies before me, while I transcribe it—with emotions, my children, that shake every fibre of my constitution—that—but read for yourselves—remember the situation of the parties—youthful, lovely, strong; and bowed down with a mysterious sorrow. If you feel aught of what I felt, five hundred times, in reading it, your young hearts will collapse with a terrific suddenness, again and again, as the apparition of the two broken-hearted lovers, with pale lips and beautiful eyes, and loose hair, rises before your thought: read it! read it! and say if you wonder at the unsteadiness of my hand, in transcribing its wild, incoherent, disordered language.

(Archibald to Lucia.)

“Between thee, and me Lucia Arnould, let there be peace. The way of our life, thou strange and wonderful woman, has been a way of deep feeling, passion, and darkness. Let it be so no more. Lucia, we have lost much. We might have been happy, blessed, and blessing. We might have been, but for the untimely blight of our warm-hearted affection, happy and dear to each other—O, how dear! for ever and ever. Lucia, there are times when I could throw myself down upon the green earth (underneath which I shall soon lie tranquilly, I hope) and weep myself to death. It is when I see the apparition of her that I have loved, as I last saw her, before a bad man had stepped, in a wayward moment, into the sacred place of my devotion, and carelessly defaced the blessedest image of light and beauty that man ever kneeled to—her dark hair wet

and glittering with the dew—her awful eyes, shadowed with the tender and absolute blackness of the deepest passion. She loved then—she loved me, Archibald Oadley. Then, why stood I upright in her presence? Why—when all the world knelt to her—to thee, Lucia? did I uncover my brow only; and look upon thee, undazzled, unterrified! why, when they that listened to thee—while thy heart warbled at thy lips, like a young bird buried in apple blossoms—the sound gushing out, as if she were delicious and faint, with the perfume and beauty about her—why, when they looked lovingly upon thee, and were prodigal of sweet things, why did I, I alone, Lucia, stand apart from thee—with my hand over my eyes—silent as death? Why, when thy feet glittered in the dance, and to all that looked upon thee, half-blinded by thy beauty, it seemed that the music which they heard came from the movement of thy limbs—why stood I apart and mute, while they were loud and lavish of their rapture? O, Lucia—ask thy own heart. I was a proud and imperious boy. I loved thee. I loved thee too much—for the life of my own heart; too much, to breathe thy name lightly; too much, when I heard thy voice or thy tread, while my heart hid itself with terror and joy—not to move away from the world, where I could shut my eyes (not on thy beauty—that could not be); where I could stop my ears, not to thy voice—for that were impossible; blind, and deaf, I should have heard thee and seen thee, for ever and ever, after that night). Then why did I? ask thy own heart, Lucia. Did I not love thee? Didst thou not know it? Hath not my voice failed me, and the tears filled my eyes, all of a sudden, when thou hast entered where I have been; nay, at the sound of thy tread—has not thy own mother seen my nostrils gush out with blood. Did I not love thee? Then why, though I were mute, and blinded, and sought the solitary place, where I used to go in worship to thy Creator—thine, Lucia—for, till I thought of him as thy Creator, I never loved him—to meditate upon thy melancholy beauty, and swift waywardness, and power, and brightness, why was I not forgiven? Had I loved thee less, O, woman? Could I not have poured out incense to thee with as wasteful a hand as another? Did I want the power? the ability? no. Thou hast seen me, when ministering to women who were not dear to me, among the readiest to do what I despise myself now for having done; waste the truth and simplicity of my nature in the mere wantonness of a boyish imagination; hiding my disapprobation of their folly, shrouding every unlovely feature of their person or mind; and aggravating, by every artifice in my power, every beautiful one. If I could do this so readily, and that I did do it readily I appeal to thy own memory, Lucia, to say, could I not, let thy heart answer, in its wisdom and simplicity, could I not have ministered to thee as readily? unless withheld by some better and higher feeling. I could talk to others; compliment others; maintain the play of conversation, with many a sprightly lip, at the same moment; dance with others; sing with others—to whom I was indifferent, and who were truly indifferent to me. Then why could I not with thee? was I careless of thy love? knew I not what a priceless thing it was? O, Lucia, how bitterly we have been deceived. Our haughtiness hath been our death. But for the breathless, sweet tenderness that I felt for thee, I could have spoken freely many a time, when, to all that stood about me, I appeared sullen and discontented. I was not so. I was too happy to talk, too proud to tell, even to thee—that

my faculties stood fettered before thee; but my mind bowed down, and my tall spirit dwindled in thy rebuke. Lucia—Lucia! when I appeared to others, nay, to thyself, dear, to love thee least—I was dying with my love of thee. I was indeed. \* \* \* When Clinton (may I speak of him?) When Clinton came to your father's, Lucia (my hand is getting steadier). I thought that he had never seen you before. Why did you not tell me of it? why? There was the death blow to our confidence. I saw you colour? I saw you address him as a stranger—and yet, I saw you secretly receive him as one that you had known before. I saw him, but I was too proud to ask the reason; too proud even to mention it, in any way, to any body upon this earth, that I had seen you meet as I had. To his last hour he knew it not; John knows it not to this; your mother, father, Clara—nobody, no living creature, Lucia, ever knew of it, or ever shall, till you see fit to tell them.

\* Now hear me. For many hours I watched every movement of your lips and eyes, till I was very sick with expectation. I hoped that you would come to me, Lucia, and tell me that you loved him. I hoped this; for that were better than to see you disingenuous. But you did not; no, you did not. You doubted my strength. O, Lucia, how little you knew it! I would have laid down my life to promote your happiness in any way. If I could not be your husband—for a mere lover, I could not be; I hated the fondness, and caprice, and childishness of that relationship; but a husband! O, young as I was, Lucia, I felt my veins thrill with a pure, and religious, and sublime emotion, when I thought of my duty to you, as my wife. I wept and prayed too, love, while I thought of it; but, as I was saying, if I could not be your husband, I would content myself with being your friend; the best and truest friend upon the earth. Why did you not tell me that you had seen Clinton before? that he loved you, and that you loved him? How much of soreness, sorrow, and bitterness might have been spared to us! Well, well—it is now too late to weep over the desolation that followed that concealment. I was prepared, dear, for any thing, for every thing, but caprice, in Lucia Arnauld. I could have borne to lose her; to be lost! but not to have her fall in my respect; or to fall myself in hers. I watched the growing intimacy; not with a jealous feeling, not in anger—O no! but with a heart that bled at every pore, with terror and consternation. I tried to tear your image away from my—its place, but could not. I determined to tear away heart and all with it, if there were no other way. I have succeeded. My heart is dead—dead! but, within it, there is yet a moving of vitality, like a spark buried in ashes. The flowers are withered and trampled on, but the earth is impregnate with their odour. And even at this moment, Lucia, while I put my cold hand upon it, I feel thy image there, like a little babe stirring under the pressure. O Heaven, have mercy upon me! \* \* \*

\* Well, well—at last, the spell was broken. I shuddered and wept at thy infatuation; but nobody knew it. I wasted away, with the thought of blood; walked in my sleep; and rode furiously through the battle, in search of quiet, everlasting quiet, Lucia—but nobody knew it. At last, you were to have been happy. God knows how I prayed for you, how heartily I would have bled to death for you; but no! you would not trust me. I was shut out, utterly, from your dear heart—utterly!—well, I bore that. I made no complaint. I was weary of life, faint; very faint at the heart; but I told no-

body of it, till—Lucia, Lucia! the letters turn to blood while I write; the table shakes; the summons will be repeated; there! there! there!

\* Three knocks! three loud, successive, distinct knocks. My hours are numbered. This is the third time. Is it a delusion? Ask my brother? He sat by me one night at the same hour, and heard them—when I not only heard them, but saw the hand that gave them; saw it! as plain as I now see this paper—Enough.

\* I would not have slain him; no, by Heaven, I would not, but for that last word that he uttered. That was the death-word. I drove my sword up to the hilt into his heart. He deserved it; true or not true, it matters not. He knew how I loved thee; worshipped thee; and though it had been true to the uttermost extent, he deserved death; death! aye, death here and hereafter; death and damnation, for blaspheming thy purity—O, Lucia—I did not believe him for a moment; no, not for a moment—and my soul shuddered at the altar, when I remembered that I had sent Clinton before God, with a lie in his mouth. \* \* \*

\* But—but—Lucia—it is getting very dark. I feel, as I felt when we parted last, and the foam stood on my lips, as I stood over thee, and saw thy locked hands and speechless mouth ready to crumble into dust before me. Sublime and incomprehensible woman. It was too late, too late! Death had already breathed upon my heart; and it was passing away in the vapour and shadow. But for that, though I had gone mad upon the spot; mad and dark, for ever and ever; while the benediction was pronounced—yea! though I had known, that the moment I had touched thy forehead with the seal of a husband, thou wouldst have been a widow, and I a corpse; yet, I would have married thee, nevertheless! Let that comfort thee. Proud as I am; stout-hearted, and unforgiving, as I am; romantic and fastidious as I am: I would have been thy bridegroom, Lucia, notwithstanding all that had passed, had the tale of death and shame been told me but a little earlier! Now it is too late; we shall die asunder—loving, O! as never man loved woman, or woman, man:—farewell, Lucia, farewell! I shall never meet thee again, never. I feel that I shall not. If I should be able—I—but farewell, do not expect another letter. May we not?—hast thou the courage, love?—thou art very feeble—and I can feel that we are wasting together—might it not be that we could depart together? Let us pray for it. \* \* \* Yes—I would have married thee, nevertheless!

ARCHIBALD."

Such was the letter that Lucia gave to me, on the very day that it was received. I wondered at her. There was a meaning in it, that I dreaded to fathom, nor had I an opportunity, for nearly three weeks; during which time, James was born. Yes, James, you were the first fruit of our union, our pride and beauty:—and Ellen had a little girl; a very feeble, sickly thing, who, Heaven bless the sweet creature, I saw afterward dying in your brother's arms.

As soon after these events had happened, and the tumult of a father and a husband's heart had been permitted to subside, as it could be, I opened the subject anew to Lucia.

She was holding my boy in her arms; her red lips looking as if they had been moistened with the kisses of her own babe.

"Lucia," said I; "have you answered Archibald's letter?"



I had no idea that she had. I asked the question only by way of introducing the subject, for I have observed that women are less scrupulous about intrusting their sacredest and fearfulest thought and confession to men, than to women; even if these women be their mothers, sisters, or daughters; and that, when they do this, they choose neither father, brother, nor child, nor husband, nor lover. And they are safer in it. Men feel a pride in such confidence; a pride too in protecting and advising their helplessness. There cannot be any collision of interest or passion; nor envy, nor uncharitableness, between them. My remark, therefore, was intended to lead her into just such a disclosure as would give most ease to her own heart. I asked no questions. I meant to ask none. But to what I said, she replied:

"I have already written to him."

"You have!" said I, astonished at her self-possession, "and has it gone?"

"Yes; nearly three weeks since."

I waited for a moment, fashioning to myself some mode of inquiry, to prolong the conversation, while it should neither distress her, nor myself; for I began to love Lucia, the dear, patient sufferer, with a quiet, deep reverence, that never diminished to the last moment of her life.

"Take your babe a moment," said she, "and I will show you the answer. You would like to see it; and I kept the copy for you—and you alone. I would not have Clara see it, John—"

She stopped, and put her white hand upon my child's head.

"I shall not live long; not many months, I am sure; as you wish for a blessing on that child, let the secret die with you."

"Sister, nay, do not go yet."

"O, it makes my heart warm," she replied, locking her hands, and pressing them fervently upon it, "to hear that word from the lips of a man. Brother! sister! O, there is comfort, strength, and honour in the countenance of a brother!"

"Dear Lucia, I cannot give the pledge that you desire. I cannot become the guardian of a secret, that Clara may not participate in."

"Do I hear aright, brother?"

"Yes. You do not know her; either commit it to both, or—"

"Weak man," said Lucia, "I pity you. What! can there be no secret from a wife—none!—none of sorrow or shame?"

"None!" I echoed, firmly; "none, certainly, of sorrow or shame."

"I will not stop to argue with you, John; there are things which must be left to trouble the heart of the man alone; things that should never be told, but with a design to make the woman happier or wiser. Why should she sorrow in anticipation of what may be uncertain? Why be made to weep at evils, which, to her gentleness and inexperience, may be disheartening? While, to the man of fortitude and steadiness, they are but temporary embarrassments? No, my brother, no! none but a weak husband will say—I will have no secret from my wife. None but a weak husband will trouble his wife with all that troubles him."

"Lucia, hear me. Of all my pleasure, my wife hath her full share; of all her sorrow, I would share all that I may. But how may this be, if either believe that the other has some untold malady of the spirit, or of the heart; feeding, like a serpent, upon the vitals, day and night; for which there is to be no remedy, not even that of tears; no

sympathy, because it is untold'. No! I will hereafter have no secret, that I may not, under any circumstances, impart to my wife. All that I say is this: Leave it to my discretion. Bind me by no promise. Let me do as I may believe it best, whatever may happen."

"You are right, brother," said Lucia, in reply, "altogether right. That is the spirit of a man. I will trust to it. I will bring you the letter. It will tell, not a fearful tale; for I am still (covering her face with her hands, under pretence of excluding the sun,) too much of a woman to tell it all; it will tell enough to show you that, while I live, it is no tale for the ear of my sister."

"There!" said she, returning soon after, with a face unusually pale; "there! take it, while I have collectedness and courage enough to give it to you, with my own hands: and read it. Nay, not yet; give me your boy, your little Archibald," (for so we had first agreed to call him, till Archibald requested him to be called James, for what reason I know not), "and read it while I am away."

She came to me, then; and, putting both her hands into mine, said, with a low, sweet, tremulous voice, whose accents I hear yet, whenever I have been more than usually devout and abstracted in my religious duty, as if to reward me—"Remember my situation: tempted, tried, scorned, proud, young, helpless, and have compassion on me." The tears gushed out of her eyes all at once, as she uttered these words, and she had nearly fainted; but, at last, with James nestling at her bosom, she succeeded in raising herself, and tottering out of the room—the little brat squalling all the while, as if he were bound up with pins and needles. Yet his cry was musical—to me, I mean. He did not cry like any other child that ever I heard.

I opened the letter. It was hardly legible; written, evidently, in the hurry of her feeling, without attention to what the world are pleased to call pretty letter-writing. It follows:—

"You are deeply to blame, Archibald. You have stirred up a spirit within me, that will never sleep again. The darkness is scattered. I see clearly now, more clearly than ever, the dim and perilous road over which I have trodden. You are very incoherent. I shall, probably, be more so. You speak of my appearance when you saw me last. When do you mean? Where was it? I do not understand you. Yet, making all possible allowance for the aggravating power, which we all have, and you in an especial manner, of picturing whatever is past and gone—irretrievably gone, as supremely beautiful and dear—I find something that has given me a clue to your meaning, where you speak of the last time that you saw me. Yes, I understand you, Archibald, I cannot deceive you. On that very night I first saw Clinton. It was he that I had been walking with. My heart was heavy, sorrowful at your coldness—pining under mortification, and sore with the jeering of my companions. He took advantage of it. He spoke kindly of you—very kindly; defended you—argued as you do, that you felt more than other men, because you professed to feel so little. Where we feel we are hushed, terrified, silent, and under a perpetual anxiety to please—our manner is constrained, abrupt, fitful, and capricious. Thus he reasoned with me. I began to like him; not for his own sake, but for yours. When we returned I found you there; the same haughty, cold, and absent manner, and I was piqued at it. A few minutes after I was rallied about Clinton, and threatened with your wrath. I

affected to scorn the latter; and, had you not appeared with your heart in your eyes, while we were talking, which you will probably remember, from the confusion that it caused among us, for we were afraid that you had overheard us, I know not what I might have said of you. Your manner was new to me—it carried me away. I could have fallen upon your bosom and wept before the whole world. Archibald, as I live, I could, with simple joy, at the change. I never shall forget your looks; your hand trembled—your hair was wet, and waving over your temples; your deep blue eyes were strangely dark and mellowed, and your voice went to my heart. I do not remember your words; I did not hear them; but the sound I have heard again and again since, in my sleep. I found that I had never known you. I had believed you too ambitious to love heartily; and I was impatient of being loved, with ought less than absolute and unqualified devotion. You were diminutive in your person; it mattered little to me, then, that your soul was the soul of a giant. You were neither handsome nor showy, though the aged, I had seen, stand still before you, and the wise holding their breath; yet, such was the foolish weakness of my heart, that when I was surrounded with taller and handsomer and more fashionable men, I was afraid to acknowledge any preference for you, even to myself. I loved you; but I was ashamed of it: not ashamed of you—no, I was very proud of you. But I could not abide to have it known among my companions, that I had made such a choice. They could not know you; and I have been mortified to tears, more than once, at their jibes, the simletons! and their raillery, when, had you but entered the room, you would have put them and all their idols to shame, with a single word. Archibald, this is the truth. Do you remember that night, when I sat upon the railing under the pear-tree, and you stood near me; and I turned away my face, and you asked me, why I refused to answer you? Yes, you cannot have forgotten it. The truth is this: I had not the courage to tell the truth; and I could not tell a falsehood. I was very happy. The expression of your face was noble; and I was contemplating it, as you stood looking at the soft, low moon at our left. I had forgotten you—all the world but you; when, some devil forced the observation upon me, that you were very short, and he very tall; nay, for there you stood before me, that you were so very short (you have grown since,) as not to overtop me much, when you were standing and I sitting. It was this that made me turn away my face and weep; for I did weep, Archibald. I had been, more than once, on the point of mentioning the walk that I had taken with Clinton, in the simplicity of a young heart, honest and ingenuous; but a new, strange feeling of shame and discretion prevented me, after I had thought of your stature. I excused the concealment to myself—so unlike me, as it was, by saying, that it was not worth the trouble; or that, if it were, it would only make you uneasy: the two reasons, exactly, which, had I known your temper then as I do now, would have made me tell you. This kept Clinton in my mind. Yet I did not like him—showy, and brilliant, and fascinating, as he was allowed to be—there was a freedom in his manners, which I never liked. Yet it was a novelty; and as he was a general favourite, I could not well bear to throw him utterly off, at once, while I was the subject of universal envy. At last, I was provoked at your security. You gave yourself no trouble about Clinton. You never asked his name—

never met him, and, I have since found, never saw him, though he was with me every day. Do you remember that evening after our pleasure-party upon the Delaware? as you stood upon the bank, and a stranger came up to me, in the dim light of the hour, and took my hand, and bade me good night, with the air of an old acquaintance? You were silent for a moment or two after he had gone, and stepped back, as you saw him take my hand, in a manner that I thought tame. “Lucia,” said you, gravely, when you returned, “he is very intimate with you.”

“Yes,” I replied, willing to tease you a little.

“Who is he?” said you.

“O, one of the finest fellows in the world!” I exclaimed, affecting a great deal more enthusiasm than I felt; for, as I have told you before, I did not like him—“a universal favourite.”

“Indeed!” said you, and were silent, until we parted at the door. There you lingered a moment: there you spoke to me. I never shall forget either your look or your words. You may have forgotten both. I dare say that you have, but I never shall. The lamp shone upon your face; it was as pale as death, and I thought that I could see the traces of weeping about your eyes. My emotions were—what? sorrowful?—Oh, no, pleasant beyond all expression. It did my heart good to find you so deeply interested in me, so cruelly disturbed. It began to correspond with my notions of love and dominion. I was a foolish girl then, a coquette by nature.

“Said you—Oh, Archibald! I think that I can see you now, and hear your low, mournful, deep voice, counselling me over again—said you, ‘Lucia, good night! good night, love. Forgive me for my silence; I have been troubled. I tremble for you—I tremble for myself. You are too kind hearted. You form your opinions too hastily. I pray Heaven that you may never have reason to reproach yourself for it, nor to—to—(your voice grew indistinct)—good night—good night, dear Lucia!’

“After this I said no more, and thought no more of Clinton. My disposition had altered, and I began to look upon you as my future husband. Yet your solitary, thoughtful habit, your youth, and, above all, that haughty exterior of yours which repelled all kindness that came not from the known hand of two or three, alarmed me. It was at this time, while I truly loved you, but began to doubt whether you loved me, or was capable of loving any woman, or any thing on earth except your books; and while the remembrance of your former tenderness had begun to be like that of a dream to me, for my very nature appeared to be changed—that Clinton re-appeared. His manner was frank and noble. He dealt fairly with me for a while; but I did not so with him—when I did it was too late. Archibald, I am no wanton. I was never made for a harem or seraglio. God never meant me to be the mistress of any man. I was made for a wife, and a mother. Believe me—Oh! believe me, Archibald, if you would not hurt my poor heart expire with shame and mortification. At last I found that our intercourse, hitherto so innocent, had begun to assume a mysteriousness that was full of excitement and terror. We conversed by signals; we corresponded, before your eyes, and in the presence of the whole family, with books and cards. Yet all this while, though my heart smote me at times, I was not, nor did I mean to be unfaithful to you, if you would claim me. But you did not; you smiled, and your smile was full of bitterness. Clinton persuaded me that it was contempt.



He pretended to love me, to counsel me; and I had already gone too far, much too far, not to beguiling giddy with the peril of my course. At last—Oh, Archibald! I could weep myself blind at the thought; but it has been told once, and I can only allude to it. I was not fully aware of my danger till I found that, should he forget himself, I had no hope left. He was in my room; how should that be explained? Again he was there, and again—for I dared not provoke him; yet I was not altogether unworthy—no, not then, nor—no, Archibald, not till, faint with excess of terror and passion from some slight of yours, I awoke from a troubled dream about you, and found myself in the arms of a man. I shrieked—

—I—  
“No matter, you have known it all. But you do not know that he, he alone, prevented me from destroying myself. What could I do? I did not love him. But could I ever look you, whom I did love, in the face again?—never, never. I was a guilty creature, but not guilty: oh! no, not guilty to the consummation of my shame. I—I—how I am able to write it at all is a matter of wonder to me. I am astonished at my own calmness. But bear with me for a moment, that you may know the whole truth.

“I loved you more than ever, because I felt that I was unworthy of you; that I had injured you. Clinton was penitent, I am sure—terribly penitent; for he offered me immediately all the atonement in his power, upon his knees. I took one night to think of it—only one, and resolved to marry him—aye, though it was like lashing myself to something detestable after this event. Yes, and I should have married him, but for his own perverse, foolish, and precipitate nature. He triumphed too easily. I might be humbled, surprised, shamed, but I could not be trampled on. I awoke as from a trance. I compared you together. I wondered at my infatuation, wept, and prayed. From that hour my resolution was formed; happen what would, I would not marry him, nor you, nor any body—die, if there were no other means of concealing my shame—and—

“But Heaven hath seen fit to spare me the guilt of murder—the guilt of self-murder—the blood of innocence, my own blood. You slew him. I forgive you for it. I forgave you then; though I—I would have protected him at the peril of my life; for, hateful as he was to me on some accounts for his ruffian passion, yet on others he was very dear to me, as the only husband that I should ever wed. After this, it was owing to yourself, to your own continued importunity, that I told the secret. I could not kill you; I did not scorn you. I could not bear that you should believe my refusal of you to be owing to my horror of ‘Clinton’s murderer,’ as you were pleased to call yourself, nor to my love of Clinton. Nay, there may have been another feeling, not so praiseworthy as the desire of dealing with truth, to influence me. I knew that I had done that which few women upon this earth, since its creation, could have done, or would, and I was willing that you should know it. I knew that your blood would thrill, your eyes flash fire, that you might go mad at the recital; but I knew also—for your nature is known to me better than to any other living creature—I am sure that you would, if you survived the shock, feel a passion for me altogether more sublime and elevating than that of love: it would be wonder and admiration. I have lived to find that true. I can now die contented. You have been willing to espouse me. Archibald, I thank God that I have lived to hear the proposal, to see it

in black and white. I never should have believed it else. But I thank God yet more devoutly that he has given me the strength to resist the temptation, and to say, as I do say—no, Archibald, no!—did I love thee less, it might be. But I will bear children to no man who cannot lay his hands upon their forehead and pray to God that they may resemble their mother.

LUCIA.

“Farewell! I do pray that we may depart together. Farewell!”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

What are these mighty phantoms which I see  
Floating around me? \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full  
Of seeming strength. CAIN.

Not long after this conversation, within two or three days, I believe, for I remember well that the pleasant eyes of Ellen were near me, and I was comparing them with the mysterious loveliness of Lucia’s, who had just been weeping as I held her hands, and blessed her with all my soul for her noble and generous confidence, wondering, as I did, that she should look so beautiful even yet; so pure and hallowed that I dared not breathe, even to her, another word upon the tale of sorrow—there came several letters, chiefly dated anterior to the packet of which I have already spoken, and one which was dated since. That was from Copely. It related a terrible disaster to our cavalry, and ran thus:—

“We have had the devil to pay. Archibald is taken prisoner. Arthur narrowly escaped; with two or three sabre cuts, not worth mentioning. Sir Henry Clinton is carrying all before him; and poor Sullivan, never was mortal man so put to it! notwithstanding his generalship, he is tied up, hand and foot, by Cornwallis and Clinton. We were sent out, with a few hundred regulars, and a few rascally militia, to keep open a route at Monk’s Corner, for Lincoln to retreat by when he could do no better. But Tarleton, would that Arthur or Archibald could meet him, face to face, for a few minutes: my notion is, that he would never get through his six divisions again. I say nothing for myself, for this twist of my neck has become confoundingly troublesome of late; and I am nothing to be compared with Archibald, as a swordsman. By the way—Archibald looks altogether better than when we wrote last, and we begin to have hope; but he has none—or if he have any, he will not own it; he only smiles, patiently, when we speak of what may be, like one that feels the principles of vitality going out, one after the other, in his heart.”

“But, to the scuffle. General Clinton thought fit, the day before yesterday, to pack off about fifteen hundred men to bring us in dead or alive. Tarleton’s legion was with them—a legion of devils, to be sure; for he rides over horse and foot, with them at his heels. But, we shall remember him, and, if it be God’s will, there may be a change of wind one day or other.

“The first intelligence that we had of his approach was the sight of three of our videttes, at full speed; two of whom were cut down in our sight, and the third followed into camp; we had no time to do our duty. We were literally ridden down. The bullets

rattled about our harness like hail, for a moment; and then, before we could make a movement, or gain ground enough for a charge, half our men were unhorsed and rolling in the dirt, Arthur amongst the rest; but he gave a pretty account, I am told, of three or four of the fellows about him. They rode down, all at once, upon him; and—there they are yet. Our troop broke; and, by the trumpet, were ordered to the woods, whence most of them escaped under Colonel Washington. But Archibald, after having rallied a few, was attracted by the cries of women to one of the dwellings; he stove in the door of the house, and rode through and through it, with about a dozen men; and there, in the heat and smoke, on horseback and on foot, with the pistols ringing at his ears, the enemy without firing in the windows, and the wretched women within shrieking in the arms of their ravishers, the gallant, glorious Archibald set fire to the house; slew, with his own hand one of the ruffians; and, amid a general hurra and explosion, rescued three lovely creatures, in the moment of their extremest peril. But the rescue was only from the flame and smoke; the roof fell in, ere the brave fellows had cleared the garden wall; and three or four of their horses, that were actually within the house, came thundering through the sides of it, their manes all on fire, and furniture ringing, and the enemy, who gave way for a moment, and held up their hands, at the terrible beauty of the spectacle, immediately contracted about him and his few followers, reduced to five or six now, on foot, and about as many more on horseback, and took them prisoners. He fought to the last moment; and fell, at length, exhausted with blood, and stifled with heat. But we have heard, not ten minutes ago, that he is in no danger. It is for that reason that I write you. I was unwilling to begin a letter, until I knew his fate. He is the talk of the whole army; nay, of the two armies. They say that his beautiful hair was burnt off; his clothes burnt to a coal; and that one of the women whom he saved is a creature of singular beauty and—but hush, we shall be dreaming treason, before we know it. It is too late now, I am sure, for beauty to dream of sharing in the dominion of death. Yet bear up; let him die! let me die! let us all die! it is nothing—nothing, so that we have done worthily. Let us learn to look death in the face. It is cowardly to shut our eyes. Arthur, as I told you, had a narrow escape. He had a dear friend slaughtered under his very eyes; but Arthur avenged him; and poor Bernie—(Major Bernie was his name—) was literally swimming in the blood of his murderers, before Arthur would permit himself to think of safety; but then, a horse happened to dash by him, a noble beast, he is before the tent now—Arthur sprang into the saddle, under a shower of balls from the infantry, and before a dozen horsemen; but he escaped, and joined us within an hour.

“I had a strange dream last night. I hope that it is true. Give the enclosed to Ellen; and, if it be not true, bid her to pray for me, that it may be, if not now—that is, if it be too late, now—that it may be true at some future day. I dreamt that I was a father; that my babe was a boy—a giant, with the palest blue eyes in the world; and a lip—the young rascal! so like his mother’s—that, when the rough hand of Arthur past over my mouth, to awaken me, for another battle—I kissed it again and again, under the notion that it was Emma’s. What shall be his name—Archibald, I say.

“And how comes on your little ones? If I remember rightly, John, you were in the hope of some

young horsemen, born, I suppose, saddled and bridled—I—I—curse it, I cannot trifle. That girl has spoilt me. I must stop—it may be—it may—O God, have compassion upon me, and avert the omen; it may be, that while I am jesting about my boy, I have neither boy—nor girl—nor wife—Oadley, farewell—I cannot write another line, my heart is too full.—Write! in mercy, write!

“Santee, April 16, 1780.

COPELY.”

The letter to Ellen, and one which we received the same day for Mary, contained an account of another affair with the cavalry, in which Copely had been wounded, and about forty of our men cut to pieces, or taken prisoners, by the impetuous Tarleton. Lincoln too was vehemently pressed. And, ere we could recover from these apprehensions, there came, successively, to us the account of Lincoln’s surrender; the humiliating terms imposed upon him; and the destruction of a part of the Virginia line, by Tarleton, who behaved in a manner, for which there is no doubt that he has been haunted by devils ever since—no man ever deserved it better. It was a scene of merciless, cold-blooded, taunting butchery. The men of his troop literally practised their cuts upon our unarmed, bare-headed, and kneeling militia, after they had surrendered—thrusting them through the face, and hacking, piece after piece, from their arms and legs.

All this looked so like having overrun the country, that Sir Henry Clinton, after a few more depredations of a like nature, determined to return to New York. Mistaken man!—the elements of death were concocting in silence. Disasters made us stronger. We fell, only to rise, like Antæus, with renewed power. It was success that ruined us—enervated us—calamity only made us the more terrible.

The Tories of the south had been overrated; the republicans much underrated. They were impatient for a trial of strength. A general dissatisfaction began to prevail under the administering loyalty of Cornwallis. The countenances of men looked stern—their hands were clenched, and these symptoms of a troubled spirit were punished and denounced, as downright rebellion. Gates had been ordered to the south. The sun broke out: but Gates was defeated—shamefully defeated, and a series of calamities and disheartening events followed, in such rapid succession, at the south, that I began to think seriously of mounting my horse again, and, feeble as I was, leaving all that I loved, helpless and alone, behind me, to strike one more blow at the enemy, though I died for it.

Then came the treachery of Arnold; the execution of Andre; the trial of General Gates; the operation of Greene at the south—offering a changeable map, of encouragement and terror, to the eyes of our stout-bearded countrymen.

Still we had no news from Archibald; nay, we knew not whether he was living or dead. But Washington was in negotiation for an exchange of prisoners; and our cavalry, at the south, had begun to retaliate upon Tarleton.

At last, there was a dreary interval of some months, during which we heard no direct intelligence whatever from Arthur, Copely, or Archibald. Our apprehension became terrible. We were sick at the heart, and Heaven only knows what might have happened to us, had not a line in Arthur’s hand come to us at last, as we sat together, on a cold, wintry evening, the first of



March, 1781. Let that evening never be forgotten in our blood or name—never! Let it be a jubilee. My heart bounds now, at the thought of our rapid and tumultuous transition, from despondency to joy. We have set it apart, for tears, and prayer, and thanksgiving.

My boy was about a year old; as heavy and fine a little fellow as ever cuddled in the bosom of a mother. We were weary and cold. Poor Clara sat near me, upon a low stool—leaning her elbow upon my knee, and rocking the cradle, where Copley's little daughter and poor James lay, cheek to cheek, breathing like matted honeysuckles. Ellenor, whose whole character had changed of late to a deeper melancholy and apprehensiveness, was gazing all the while upon her babe; her sweet eyes running over with involuntary tears; and Lucia, the blessed sufferer, was reading aloud to us from the Bible;—her voice, always full of pathos and tenderness; her modulation, always full of delicate and expressive sensibility; her tones and emphasis always those of passion, simplicity, and eloquence, as the subject demanded either the one or the other—were now so sweet and thrilling, that we sat and listened to her, with our lips apart, as to music coming out of the grass.

"What a source of perpetual consolation it is," said Mrs. Arnauld, laying her hand reverently upon the blessed book.

"Yes," said her husband, in a low voice; "weak and erring as we are; full of infirmities; liable to transgression and sorrow, from the cradle to the grave; yet, is there in that book, what he, who has once tasted of it—though broken-hearted and abandoned of all the world, will never forget; but will turn to, like the unweaned child to the bosom, whence it hath drawn its nourishment, and draw it again, while tears and sobs are choking him. Lucia! dear Lucia, what troubles you?"

A faint smile played over her pallid features; and I saw that the picture which her father had drawn, of a child nestling in the bosom of a mother, drawing warmth and life from the sweet fountain of the pure in heart; and the two sleeping babes before her—were—it was not envy; yet, there was a sorrowful sweetness in the dark of her eyes, which told me, but too plainly, what was the cause of that trouble which her father spoke of.

"Dear Lucia," said my mother, leaning over her lap, and looking her in the face; "lead on. There we may find consolation; they that have leaned upon a spear may be healed there; they that are broken and bruised, may find wine and oil there; the flower of the grass that perisheth; the beauty, that the sun and the wind have scattered, may revive again, if—nay, dear, why do you weep? our sorrow is not past bearing."

Mr. Arnauld arose, and walked up to his daughter, and stood by her side, and pressed her white, transparent forehead to his bosom.

"Lucia!" he said, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion; "why will you break my heart? Am I to stand for ever before my wasting child, and see her fading away—dying, hour by hour, of some mysterious malady, which I—I—Lucia, I— Take comfort, my child—take comfort. It is good for us to be afflicted. We know nothing evil yet, with certainty. I do not attempt to flatter you. I cannot; there is little

ground for hope. I say it to all of you, my children; and, while I invite you all to join with me, and, laying your hands together, upon that book, to put up your petitions for their safety, to Him that watcheth over the widow and the orphan; while I do this; nay, while I say to you, in the sincerity of my heart—a broken heart, my dear ones—broken by your sorrow, and crushed by the weight of ancient transgression—let us be prepared for the worst—the worst!—yet, do I entreat you to remember, that God is good; that all his ways are best and wisest; that—arise my children, and let us kneel together! and once more pray for them that are away, in the battle, or in the place of death."

We did kneel. We knelt together, and we prayed together, till the sound of sobbing and distress grew fainter and fainter; and were just rising, with the tears of penitence and submission upon our cheek, when a tap was heard at the door.

Some little disorder followed; for the best are more than half ashamed to be caught at their devotion, and it was some moments before the door was opened, and a stranger, treading, and looking like a soldier, entered, cap in hand, holding a letter to Mr. Arnauld.

"Sit down, my friend," said Mr. Arnauld to him, as a faint cry broke from every lip in the room, except mine; but the stranger remained standing.

Mr. Arnauld took the letter; while the dark eye of the veteran, (for, though he was a middle-aged man, and evidently of the ranks, there was the air and authority of age upon him,) went, slowly, from face to face of the little group about him, without any charge of expression, till it lighted upon Lucia; when his lip trembled, and he put his hand into his bosom, and then hesitated, and sat down, as if undecided whether to speak or not.

"My children," said Mr. Arnauld, in a pleasant tone; "the handwriting is one that I know; nay—nay—be patient—compose yourselves. Are you prepared? It is the writing of—"

A murmur dropped from all their lips, except Lucia's: she sat like a marble woman—like something over which life and death—emotion and change, had lost their power.

"Of Arthur Rodman."

"O, my husband! my husband!" said Mary, who had not opened her mouth before, and then fell back into her chair, almost powerless.

The stranger passed the back of his large hand athwart his eyes, and shook the March rain out of the bear-skin cap that he held in his hand, and compressed his lip with a loud hem, as if that rain had blinded him, and then sat down.

Mr. Arnauld read the letter, his agitation growing at every line more and more evident, till, at last, the letter fell from his hands, while the tears were running out of his shut eyes, as if his very heart were overflowing with pleasure and thankfulness.

Mary moved timidly toward the letter, looking up to him, with her lips apart, as if fearing a reproof.

"Nay—nay, dear," said Mr. Arnauld, catching her hands, "nay—I cannot bear, that you should be the first to know what has happened."

He then took up the letter, and began to read; while we sat hand in hand, holding by each other,

and feeling every pleasant word, at the same moment, like a thrill of electricity.

(The Letter.)

"I am well—very well. We have retaliated upon the enemy, and I shall get leave, if I can, to visit you—"

Mary's head fell upon the bosom of my mother.

"We have had a severe battle, and beaten Tarleton like men. The particulars I have no time to relate. The bearer, my friend—"

The stranger shifted his position, and appeared uneasy—crossed his legs, and played with the collar of his coat.

"To whom you will prove, I believe, that you know how to appreciate the favour, has saved my life. He will tell you all about it—"

"No, he won't," said the stranger, muttering impatiently, while Mary arose, and tottered to him.

"I—I—" said she, "I do not ask your name—but, (giving to him her two hands, while his strong features and dark eyes were illuminated with surprise and delight,) you saved the life of my husband. God will reward you for it! I will—I—will you accept of this—this, to remember me by," (offering him a locket, that she wore.)

The stranger started back, and stood haughtily before her.

"No, ma'am—no! I'll accept of nothing. I did my duty—I—Yes—I will—I—Give me a little lock o' your hair. I—my children shall have it; and when your children want their blood, they shall have that."

My mother clipped off a lock, and put it into his hands.

The soldier, with a look of embarrassment, that set amazingly well upon his sunburnt countenance, while Mr. Arnauld smiled, was about packing it away in some old continental money, ragged and dirty; when a sudden thought seemed to strike him; he laid down his cap, stood over it, swung his arms to and fro for a moment, and then broke out into the following strange, broken, but feeling ejaculation—

"No—no—'twon't do—'twon't do—mustn't find it there—Say—what may come o' this? Faith, I'll give it to him! No, I won't. Will he like it? will he? What! haven't I paid dear enough for it? by—pshaw—what o' that! he'd save my life, too. No, I won't have it—can't keep it—take it back. I shall lose it if I'm taken, or killed in battle; and then—stop—I'll hide it here, (ripping open his sword-belt, as if utterly unconscious that there was another soul within hearing,) there! there! now let any man touch me—or the major—or the cap'un—or the cap'un's wife—or—ah, pretty creatures! (stooping to the cradle,) ah, God bless them! so like my little biddies—chuck! chuck!—which is your'n? if I may be so bold. I—lord! that's he—I'd know my cap'un's boy among a thousand—chuck! chuck! bobby! chuck!"

Who could forbear laughing? The honest fellow's eyes were running over; and he had kissed Ellen's little daughter twenty times, before we had leisure to remark the reddening confusion of the mother; or the sweet embarrassment of Ellen, who had twice put out her hand to pluck him away from the cradle; and then withdrew it quietly, trembling and colouring from head to foot.

"Hey, Rodman, hey! my fine fellow! Faith! as like as two peas. Eyes!—nose—hair—ho, Rod-

man! chuck! The whole troop 'ould know you. The very picture of the captain! Gorry! what a fellow for a saddle!"

This was too much; we all laughed together, to see the little girl sitting upon his arm, as he caught her out of the cradle, and began tossing her about; while her sweet eyes were just beginning to fill, and her face to pucker, in the blaze of the fire-light, and the natural fretfulness of children, when waked out of a sound sleep. Yet she did not cry; perhaps, because she was too much terrified; or, perhaps, the incessant motion of his arms prevented her. But at last, Mr. Arnauld was fain to interfere; just, it was evident, as she was beginning to clear her pipes for a squall; and the mother sat laughing, for the first time for many a week, as if she would kill herself, at the confusion of Mary.

"My good friend," said Mr. Arnauld, looking as seriously as he could, and placing the little creature in the arms of Ellen, where, after turning its eyes for a moment at the stranger, like a mouse that has escaped from a cat, and quivering all over, with its little mouth wide open, its pretty head fell on one side, and it was sobbing itself asleep immediately. "My good friend—I—"

And there he stopped, as if unwilling to mortify the honest fellow, by a disclosure of so untimely a truth; "have you supped?—"

"No, sir, that I haven't; not a mouthful has entered my jaws since yesterday morning."

A table was instantly spread; and Mr. Arnauld continued reading the letter.

"His name is Hanson. The particulars of the letter he will detail to you. Archibald has struck a blow that—"

"Archibald," said all of us, together.

"Hush! hush!" said Mr. Arnauld, seeing that we were about to overwhelm Hanson with questions; "let him finish his meal, and then you shall worry him to your heart's content."

"By your leave," said Hanson, falling at once upon a loaf, as it passed him on the waiter. "Let me draw my rations in my own way."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Arnauld, assisting to arrange the table, while Mr. Arnauld continued to read as follows—

"Archibald has struck a blow, that the enemy will never forget to his dying day. The affair of Monk's Corner, with twenty other scrapes of the kind, is fairly balanced by this of the Cowpens. Tarleton himself narrowly escaped; Washington was so close to him at one time, that they exchanged several cuts, with what effect we do not yet know. My last, I hope, apprised you of Archibald's situation. I would have you prepare yourself for a severe shock. You will scarcely know him.

"Copely cannot write, till his hand is better; he orders me to say all that mortal man should say to such a 'pestilent little creature' (his very words) as—"

"Me! I dare say," cried his wife, "but I forgive him; bless the creature, is he well?"

"Read on, pray read on, my dear sir," said Mary, faintly; "what else?"

"I shall write further, before Hanson departs, unless—"

"Unless what?" said Lucia, seeing her father hesitate, and struggle as if to suppress some violent tumult of joy, while he folded the paper; "father! father! is that all?"



Mr. Arnauld shook his head, and turned to Hanson, who sat so as to keep his eye upon the door, at which he kept continually glancing, whenever it opened, as if he expected somebody else to appear; we saw it, and smiled, for the table was already loaded with fare, and we attributed his anxiety to the natural longing of a famished man; he said to him.—

“Did you receive any other letter?”

“No,” said Hanson, significantly—“no sir—no other letter.”

Mr. Arnauld breathed more audibly; his whole countenance changed to a natural, steady tranquillity—nearly religious. I say nearly, for even in the most pious ministering of Arnauld, upon his knees, there was a want of natural lowliness; a want of that beautiful truth, which early habit in religious indulgence will produce upon the manner of men; and which opens a better habit, when the countenance is written all over with the mysterious and deep language of passion, and passionate thought, aye, and worldly experience, can never entirely predominate, however deeply the heart may be affected.

There was a long and breathless silence of some minutes; during which there was much pleasant weeping, and pious inward inspiration, interrupted only by the hearty smack of Hanson's lips—now and then, as he plucked away the exhausted tankard from his mouth, with a strong hand; or the rattling of his knife and fork, which, at any other time, in its vivacity, would have diverted us not a little. Many of the flourishes were those of a swordsman, I saw; and, before he threw it down, and drew a long breath—pushed back his chair, and wiped his mouth, I should have known that he was a great hand at a sabre.

“Well,” said Mr. Arnauld, looking at Hanson, who, though crowded to the throat with the hearty cheer, could not forbear following every movement of the girl that cleared away the table, with a piteous look, now and then shifting his position, sucking his lips, and passing his broad hand down his waistcoat, and sitting more upright, as if he thought that, by a little jolting and good management, he should be able to stow away some odd pounds more, nevertheless.

It was in vain to ask any questions for some time; his movements were too unsteady; his sorrowful, half-uttered ejaculations were so numerous, as dish after dish went away, till at last by his continual hitching, he found himself alongside of the table again, just as the girl was taking away the large tankard of cider.

“Stop,” said Hanson; “I can't bear that, my pretty dear; one swallow more.”

The poor girl was in the middle of the apartment, but seeing him start out of his chair, and wipe his lips with his cuff, and not rightly understanding his motive, and perhaps, too, alarmed at his manner all the while she had been clearing away the table, and thinking that his broken ejaculation had more reference to herself (a natural thought for a young, blooming, country girl) than to the supper, she stood still, with such an aspect of terror and submission, shame and embarrassment, that, when Hanson came near enough to her, and then, instead of kissing her, as she certainly expected, and for which she had prepared herself, to see him catch at the tankard, utterly unconscious of her proximity to it; and then her mortification—it was altogether too much for our

composure. We could bear it no longer. Here was an excuse, such as we wanted, and the suppressed laughter of all the evening now broke out all at once, peal after peal, till Mr. Arnauld was fain to put a stop to it by main force.

“I am really ashamed of you,” said he, seeing us all ready to break out again, just as Hanson drew away the tankard from his lips—looked into it with a sorrowful eye; turned it bottom upward; counted the drops that fell (shaking his head all the while) and then returned it to the poor girl, whom, I verily believe, he had not seen till then, for the colour ran instantly all over his face, and he made an awkward military bow and scrape, which somewhat appeased poor Kitty.

“What was this affair of the Cowpen?” said Mr. Arnauld. “Were you there?”

“Were I there? Yes. I'll tell him—capital cider that—capital!”

“Another tankard,” said Arnauld, nodding to Kitty as she went out.

“D'ye see,” continued Hanson—sitting erecting his chair, and following the girl with his eyes; “d'ye see, we'd got into a hobble; trenced up—Cornwallis was arter us on one side, Leslie on t'other, and Tarleton, fiend take him! he was galloping all over the country; so Morgan backed out, and we'd got to the Cowpens. 'Hanson,' said the major to me. I was always a favourite with the major after we escaped from the enemy—?”

“Major who?” said Arnauld.

“Why, Major Oadley,” said Hanson, “to be sure.”

“What! is he a major? I thought that he was only a captain.”

“You mean his brother, Capt'un Jonathan: I mean Major—Major Archibald. Pray, ma'am, (seeing Lucia turn pale) may be you're his wife, that he used to talk about in his fever—his—ah—very well! I say nothen; but Archibald Oadley is the boy, what might make any woman turn pale—he—he—hey?—I—”

“You spoke of his escape. How was it?”

Well (the yankees, and Hanson was a yankee, had the practice of prefacing almost every remark, and every question and every answer, then, as now, with a well or a why) after he got well, they let him go out on parole; and one night some of 'em run off, and he might a'gone—but he wouldn't—out 'pon honour, he said—so he wouldn't—never mind 'em—they braced him up—served him all the same as the rest—now look out, said he—I'm clear o'my word, now—keep me if you can—so, not a week after we escaped. See here (showing his wrist), I had a bayonet through, there—and here, and here. The balls whistled like hail; they sent hundreds arter us through the bushes, but we got clear—guns!”

“When was this, Hanson?”

“Well—about—let me see—August's one—September's two—October—say six months.”

“Six months? and why did he not write?” said I.

“Why; he did write, I saw him write a dozen letters to you; and you (bowing archly to Lucia), you, for he cried like a child, when—I beg pardon—capital cider! guns! what cider.”

“Never mind,” said Mr. Arnauld, smiling; “so now for the battle.”

“Well,” said the major, says he, speaking to me, “Hanson, damn my blood—”

"Does he swear?" said Lucia.

"Why—no, only with his eyes—don't say that he said, damn my blood, maa'm; but he looked—looked it, ma'am, as plain as—as—two and two makes four. Guns! how he flourished his sword about—best broadsword in the army—says he, 'Hanson, we must score off some o' their cuts? what say you? If Tarleton should fall in our way, remember who used to starve us while we were prisoners; and curse us, and beat us, and leave us rotting in our filth and nastiness, with bread full of pound-d glass, and maggoty meat that made the water hiss when it touched it. Guns! give it ten yards o'start, and I'd bet on it agin a three year old cat. You couldn't keep it still, couldn't catch it. So we were all on horseback; had just come in and Morgan was just encamping on our left. All at once—hourra! we heard a number of scatterin' shot, and scised two or three of our videttes scampering, like devils, up the hill, and along the bank of the river—then two or three volleys. 'Tarleton! Tarleton!' cried the major.

"Tarleton! Tarleton!" bawled the troop. In less than five minutes, Colonel Washington, Lieutenant-Colonel Copely, and Captain Rodman came to their places, crying, "Remember the prison ship! remember Monk's Corner! remember the Tories!" when Tarleton broke down upon our rear, and we were stunned with the artillery. I say nothin', sir, nothin' of what I saw, except that, in the thick o' the battle, when you could see the faces of our troop, through the smoke, by the sparkles of their own swords—I heard Colonel Copely laughin' and saw him, as he cut down a tall fellow close by me, rein up, and burst out into a loud laugh at one of the blundering rascals, who had just exchanged a cut with him, and then rid off, frightened out of his wits. Captain Rodman too, did famously; but the major! well—Guns! how he rattled away at 'em! hey, no quarter, none! It soon became a race, whoop! Morgan's riflemen peppered 'em, fore and aft, well; the horse tumbled together in heaps; while Colonel Howard, the Maryland boy, with some of the ravy Virginians, blazed away before them, so that the horses were frightened with the noise. We killed about a hundred of 'em; took five hundred prisoners, and some dragoon horses—about a hundred, was just what we wanted. So, you see, they got a sound drubbin'.

"And how long was this? how long ago?" said Mr. Arnauld.

"Why, there was a matter of—"

Another tap was heard at the door.

"I pray you, ladies," said Hanson, jumping up, with a change of deportment that startled us, "I pray you, be prepared for a serious trial;" to which Mr. Arnauld nodded.

The door opened.

"Rodman! Rodman! Arthur! Arthur!" shouted all of us, at the same moment, while, after a little interval, another faint voice followed: "O, Arthur! Arthur! my husband!"

"Mary! love!" said the princely fellow, putting us all aside with his arms, and rushing to his wife, and taking her out from the midst of us, like a giant, and standing over her, like one tranced; while she clung about his neck and sobbed aloud.

There was not a dry eye in the room; not one!

Hanson himself snuffled, and unbuttoned his

jacket; while Arthur, hearing nobody, seeing nobody but Mary, stood over her, holding her cold face to his bosom, and watching the bright tears that trickled over her lips.

What could we do? we were a family of love; all our sorrow, and all the sources of it, were known alike to all; all I should say, save one; the sorrow of Lucia was her own: untold, unguessed at, but by me. We would have left the newly met; the desolate; the widowed and widow, to weep, if it might be, with joy, unprofaned by our presence; but, no, we had no time for it.

Arthur was standing erect, his majestic person abundantly heightened by his close uniform and martial carriage; his browned features radiant with intelligence; and his soldier-like head and manner, as he stood upright, before his delicate, timid, and innocent Mary, who looked so lovingly, so imploringly up to him, absolutely awed us. I was half afraid to speak to him. How he had changed! "How know we," said the eyes of one to another, "how know we that he is the same Arthur Rodman whom we knew? nay, he is not the same; he is an altered man; sterner and taller; even his beautiful hair is withered and blighted; his voice too, that is not the voice of his boyhood."

"Heaven bless you all," said he, recollecting for the first time that his trooper's harness was yet upon him; his tall ruffian cap that darkened half the room; and that he was drenched with the cold, uncomfortable rain of the season. So, throwing aside his sword and cap, he seated himself, just as he used to, before our great fire, and rubbed his knees, with that expression of comfort, which we see in them that have travelled long in the wind, his face flushed, his heart full, and every eye glistening upon him, and every tongue unable to articulate one of a thousand questions that it had meditated.

"Supper!" said Mrs. Arnauld, "supper again?"

"Yes," said Hanson, "if you would save trouble, you will let it stand all night long—there may be other guests," significantly.

"Oh," replied Mr. Arnauld, taking out the letter again, and reading a line or two, which he had omitted; "no; he says nothing of the others—can it be?"

Hanson nodded, and Lucia turned deadly pale, as we heard the tramping of hoofs by the window, and the ring of a broadsword upon the flagged pavement in the yard, as if somebody leaped down from a horse.

"Archibald," cried she, starting from her chair.

"O, no, no! it is my husband! mine!" shrieked Ellen, rushing forward, with her girl in her arms, just as Copely entered.

Here was another blow for us. What were we to think! Our hearts and eyes reeled at his entrance; might there not be another, yet another! our lips were all apart, as Copely caught his wife and babe at the same moment.

"Nell! by Jupiter," he cried, laughing; "why, what is the simpleton crying at? Whose brat is that? mine! mine! hourra! hourra!" Saying this, he caught the little girl in his arms, and began capering about the room like a mad creature, laughing and kissing it by turns, for several minutes, while Ellen ran after him, endeavouring to catch at the child, and half choked



by her own sobs: and Hanson clapped his hands, and tumbled over tables and chairs in his rapture, imitating, unconsciously, as if he had an invisible babe in his own arms, every movement of Copely, as he ran, hither and thither, tossing the child about.

Another step, a— I know not what she saw; but Lucia tottered through the door—rushed out into the rain and darkness; and, a few minutes after, we heard her fall, and a faint groan reached us.

Her father ran out: and while we stood awaiting her return, and wondering at her sudden delirium—the two husbands unable to move, from their clinging wives, Archibald came in faint and pale—following Mr. Arnauld, with the lifeless body of Lucia in his arms, just as I had seen them years before.

I was appalled. Archibald looked like a ghost—so pale—so ghastly pale, and thin; but withal, strangely beautiful; as if, while his body thinned and waned, the spirit of him became more visible—as if, the nearer it was to death, the body became but the more and more intensely animate with his spirit. It was, as if his heart and soul were transparent before me.

Lucia's insensibility continued so long, that we were all thrown into a stillness and consternation, so terrible, as to prevent our recognition of each other.

"She is dead," said Archibald, with a patient lifting of his deep blue eyes; "she is dead, brother—"

I took his hand. It was cold as death; and when I looked upon his face, the wan forehead—hollowed temples, ridged all over with his large blue veins—his fresh lips, alternately white as ashes, and then of a deep blood colour, as the rapid emotion of his heart came and went, hither and thither, over his face—I felt as if I were suffocating.

"Yes, yes," he replied, in a low voice, bending down, over the broken-hearted mother, upon whose lap the beautiful, dead face of his beloved lay, like that of one suddenly struck down in prayer. "O Lucia!—"

Her eyelids quivered at the sound of his voice: a sweet smile broke, like that of a sleeping infant, about her gentle lips, hitherto so haughty; and their motion was audible, as if they articulated his name.

All eyes were upon her: all, I should say, but those of Hanson, who unable to support the terrible conflict longer, had withdrawn, leaving us, like mourners, standing about the blessed sufferer, as she lay lifeless—helpless, and worn out.

"Lucia! O, Lucia!" said Archibald, holding her hand to his heart, with convulsive eagerness; and stooping over her, as if to catch the first murmur of her mouth.

She drew a long breath, half opened her eyes, while the tears ran slowly down through her redundant hair, upon which her face lay, half buried—and pronounced his name. A slight shivering followed; and, in a few minutes, amid the dead stillness of all about, she arose and sat up, and put her two hands into his, saying—

"Archibald, I can now die in peace—I have only waited for you."

"And I, Lucia," he replied kissing her forehead—while the tears gushed out again at the pressure, and her red lips thrilled and trembled with plea-

sure—"I have come to you for no other purpose than to—"

"To close my eyes, Archibald? Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you for it! O, mother, do not break my heart upon the spot. Why will you sob and weep so distractedly? Is not this what I have always told you? always? Have I not said father, mother, sister, brother, there is no hope! God hath heard my prayer: his hand hath stayed me. I do not desire to live. I do not deserve it. He hath upheld me, till now, that I might see Archibald—dear Archibald, once more. O, Archibald! how I have wept for you!"

"And I," said he, in a solemn, sweet voice—like one summoned by something invisible—dreading it not, and ready to depart, whenever it shall please Heaven—"I, dear Lucia, have wept and prayed, many a night through, for you. Let us be firm, the little time that is left to us—I—"

"What! is there no hope: none for you, Archibald?" said the dying girl, kissing his hands with uplifted eyes—and watching the changes of his face.

"None, dear—none. The malady is incurable. I—"

"Hush," said Mr. Arnauld, "have done with this, my children. It is impious, vain, and ungrateful. You know not what death is, coming upon you in stillness, slowly, and perpetually."

"Do I not!" said Archibald, calmly; putting his hand through his brown beautiful hair, and wringing out the moisture, as if it had been the heavy March rain. "Do I not? It is not rain, sir; it is the sweat of death; a night-sweat, that hath been upon me for more than a year. I—"

"Hush, in mercy, hush!" cried Clara.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of Death? Although I know not what it is, Yet it seems horrible. I have looked out In the vast desolate night, in search of him—

\* \* \* \* \*

I watched for what I thought his coming; for, With fear, rose longing in my heart, to know What 'twas which shook us all—

"Do you really believe, sister," said Clara, "really and truly, that there is no hope?"

She was leaning over the chair of Lucia about a week after the last conversation, while I sat, ruminating upon the awful events of the past. Archibald passed the window, just as she was going to reply, on horseback. His motion was very feeble and wayward.

"How unlike himself!" said Lucia, locking her hands; "when he rode by that window before, he was younger, by many years, in reality; he appeared, ha! how much younger! But sorrow will have way; and where hath she wrought so unsparringly, as upon the countenance of Archibald? Sister, I will answer you. Do not believe the physician—do not. He may be an honest man—a skilful one; but I know better than he what that malady is, whose approach is felt by the sufferer; and known to be death. I know, Clara, that there is no help for me. I would have you prepared for it. I die of a broken heart. I do not complain. I cannot. Many weeks—many

weeks may pass away, before you are called upon to scatter the white flowers over my grave: white flowers! no! let none be scattered there. I—see him!—see him!—two years ago, he would have reined an unbroken colt, as easy as I could direct the motion of that child's arm, (kissing the little fat arm of James, while she spoke)—yet now the unmanageable creature bears him whither he will—and how. Poor Archibald!—thy proud heart deserved a better fate. Oh! brother, brother!"

I saw the movement of the animal, but it was too late; and I was unable to move hand or foot, in my terror, till I saw Archibald, by a sudden effort, which amazed me, rise in the stirrups, and throw himself off, as the furious horse ran snorting and plunging toward that identical tree, where Archibald had been well nigh dashed to pieces, years before.

A servant passed the window, at full speed—another!—and another!—with Arthur and Copely:—and we were left, in the terrible suspense that followed, for several minutes, till we saw Archibald returning on foot, supported between Copely and a servant. He smiled, as he passed her window, and stopped; signifying, with a motion of his hand, that he had something to say. Clara threw up the window.

"Do not be alarmed," said he; "it was a childish notion. I was willing to try my horse once more, before I parted with him; and he threw me—it is a good lesson to me."

"Are you hurt, dear Archibald?"

"Not in the least," he replied, wiping the sweat from his forehead—"not in the least!—I am, to be sure, a little mortified—but—I have been on horseback, for the last time."

"Shut the window, Clara," said I, feeling the tears upon my cheek—"it is very cold and bleak abroad."

"It is, indeed," said Copely, dashing his hand over his eyes.

"Indeed it is—indeed it is," said Arthur and Clara, at the same moment.

At this time I was able to move, with tolerable comfort, about the house—and, after sitting where I was for about half an hour, musing upon the beautiful face that lay before me, her large waxen eyelids, fringed with shadow and silkiness, black as midnight: her dark, lively eyes gleaming under them, like some mysterious splendour, about to break upon us, and blind us: her round, and wonderfully beautiful arm, laying under her cheek: her magnificent hair, all loose upon the pillow: and her young bosom just undulating under the pressure of her other hand, as if a hushed infant were there, whom it were death to stir or waken. She was insensible or asleep I thought; but, all the while, tear after tear gathered and dripped, like oozing lustre, from wet lashes, and her red lips, now and then, vibrated, as if her slumber were very, very happy.

After sitting and wondering at her power and loveliness, for half an hour, I should think, without uttering a word, or scarcely breathing aloud, I heard Archibald's voice in the next room, and the sound of lamentation. I went out.

"I have been on horseback for the last time, my dear mother," said he, "and why should I tremble to say so? I know what I say."

"O my son! my son!" answered my mother, looking up in his face, while she leaned upon him,

with her old arms about his neck—"do not break my heart, all at once: do not leave me again."

"Leave you, mother, never! never!" he answered, parting her grey hair with his mouth, and kissing her forehead. "My mother shall close my eyes—my last breath, if it please God, shall be breathed out upon that bosom where my first tears were shed."

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Oadley," said Mr. Arnauld, disengaging my mother's arms from his neck, "this is unmanly. There is hope—while there is life there is hope."

"Yes, while there is life there is hope," echoed somebody afar off.

Archibald shook his head.

"O, bless you! bless you!" cried my mother—"bless you for that, Mr. Arnauld."

He continued. "It is your duty to do all that lies in your power for your restoration—is it not?"

Archibald bowed.

"And to support the spirits of your desolate and aged mother, instead of weighing them down."

"Assuredly," said Archibald, with serious eyes.

"Then let her hear no more of this. Heaven hath not told us at what day, nor hour, the angel of death shall summon us; and, while it is our duty to be prepared for his coming at all hours, it is not our duty to wear our lives away in apprehension, or—"

"Apprehension!" said Archibald, mildly, "I have no apprehension of death—none. But do with me as you please. I will obey you while I have breath; for my mother's sake I will live, if God will let me; and do some good before I die—but I would have you all prepared—you, brother—you, Lucia (looking about with troubled eyes)—no, she is not here—and you, mother. Where is Lucia?"

"Would you see her?" said Mr. Arnauld—"go with me, my son. But I do pray you have done with these melancholy anticipations. Let us hear no more of them."

Archibald's countenance changed. "Go with me to Lucia," said he—"all of you—but first, Hanson, that sword is your's—the horse—that I give to Copely—furniture and all—I—"

"Brother!" I exclaimed, "you behave strangely. I never knew you so regardless of our feeling."

"My dear John," he said, taking my hand, "I am doing but my duty—no more, believe me. There is no affection in all this. No, as I hope to see my Maker. But you will have me wear another face. Be it so. I shall obey you. Let us go to Lucia."

We all went together into the room, and found the two children sprawling upon the floor—Eleanor intertwining some wild flowers with the black hair of Lucia—poor Mary looking as if she had never known happiness till then; and Clara romping with the baby; and Lucia herself, full of faint, spiritual self-possession.

Archibald paused, and lifted his hands in admiration, as he approached her.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, smiling, "I have never seen you so like what you were that night, when your tresses were loaded with peach blossoms and—ah! forgive me. I did not mean to distress you. You are a stout-hearted girl, Lucia. Give me your hand."

Lucia gave it him, with a look of doubtful astonishment.



"Do not be agitated," said Archibald. "Our friends complain of us. They do not understand our feeling. It is not too much to say, Lucia, that they cannot—will not. Have you the heart—but I need not ask it. I know that you have—to—to—"

"To what?" said Lucia, firmly. "Come nearer, Archibald. There is a wildness in your eyes that would have terrified me once. What do you meditate?"

He said something in a low whisper—at which a convulsive, tumultuous, bright emotion, passed over her whole face. A murmur or two escaped her: she kissed him, mouth to mouth—and the tears sprang sparkling to her open eyes—and then livid and purple flashes shot over her forehead as he continued rising from her embrace, and saying, in a cheerful tone:

"We will be sad no longer, love. What say you. Shall we make glad the hearts that are about us? and, if we must die, die smiling?"

"With all my heart," she replied. "I hate this cold philosophy, that would make the coming of death so dreary, and desolate, and awful. Let us be prepared; but let us lose no more time in sorrowing."

Again they embraced; and we, arguing blissful things from the rapture that illuminated their faces, as they stood fronting each other, giving out and absorbing light and beauty from their eyes, and lips, and voices, like spiritualities conversing in some unknown way, we were happy beyond expression.

From that hour there was a visible change in their countenances and deportment. I cannot say that their tread was stronger, in general, or their voices fuller of tenderness and strength; but, at times, they walked as in the morning of their days, and Lucia, for the first time during many years, sang to us, night after night, till the period approached for the departure of Copely and Arthur—when we all grew melancholy again—all but Archibald and Lucia I mean. Over them there seemed to be no influence in mortal change or circumstance.

Several eminent physicians had been sent for, and their testimony was truly encouraging. "Keep their spirits up," said they. "It is a malady of the heart, only—and they may yet be raised—even yet."

"God bless you for it!" we all said together. "God for ever bless you for the judgment! May you hear one like to it, if ever, in sorrow and apprehension, your spirits are bowed to the dust, for some infinitely dear one, for whom you would lay down your lives!"

"I shall not go with them," said Archibald, to their questioning. "I have done my duty—I want repose. Whatever come of this, I am sick of bloodshed; and it is time that I should begin to prepare for some change—it matters little what. I am sick of battle and strife. I want peace. Copely and Rodman have not wasted so much as I—and they have more to incite them—they are married—happy—and—but so am I—happy—O, merciful Heaven! happy beyond all expression—beyond all hope. Lucia—little did I ever dream of this love, when I thought of our earlier affection—in the solitude, the awful solitude of the camp, when every sound that broke upon the ear was the tramp of a horseman, driven in by the enemy themselves thundering over our intrenchments—

or the trumpet breaking upon us. Would that we had met before, that—ah, brother, I envy you! Copely I envy you! You have that to live after you, in your sweet babes, which is worth all the pleasure of life. This boy (he took James up in his arms, and pronounced a benediction upon him)—I would rather have been the father of that boy than the founder of a kingdom—the deliverer of nations—the conqueror of all the earth. This is sovereignty—this it is to be like a god—giving life and loveliness to creatures, that are compounded of all that you most love. If their children live let them, I pray you, be wedded. Do not betroth them; do not restrain them, I pray you do not; let it be remembered; and if—if I should die before them—"

(I was delighted at his look, there was hope in it—and the if was a new qualification. It sounded as if he, himself, began to feel it possible to live.)

"Let my property be theirs, to be equally divided."

There wanted but one week now to a separation, that was anticipated, like death, by our poor wives. Ellen, with all her natural vivacity, was inconceivably distressed and agitated, as the time approached: and Mary turned pale, at the very mention of it, and bowed her head, like one sick at heart—sick with unutterable love, and terror, and longing.

"I am determined, dear Nell," said Copely, chucking her under the chin, one pleasant morning, just as he was about to spring into the saddle, and she stood, half pouting, half crying, to watch his departure—for an hour's ride, "to put you upon bread and water; little Luce, (the name of his babe was Lucia,) will learn nothing of your motherly sweet qualities, except that of crying. What am I to do? Nay, Ellen—nay, my dear Ellen, do I distress you?"

"Indeed you do, Chester," she replied, putting her hands upon his shoulder, and lifting her eyes to his, while they streamed with tears; "I cannot bear this levity now. I begin to feel serious; it touches me like a kindness. I cannot bear it. I am another—the wife of a man—who—Chester—we have been childish; let us be so no longer. I can bear to lose you, if it must be so; to part from you again—to no matter what—for Lucia—O, she is the stay of all our womanly hearts. She has taught me many a lesson of utility. If our country must have you, I can bear it, as well as another; but do not think, O do not, Chester, that, because I laugh more; or, rather, because I have laughed more, for I have done laughing now, that I feel less. No—many a woman will laugh, to keep herself from crying. Many a time, Chester—many a time, have I rattled away, like a mad girl, before I felt the obligation of a wife and a mother; merely that I might not fall a sobbing in the deep rebuke of your seriousness. Where was your manhood? Where your steadiness? I have spoiled you; and you have left me to be taught wisdom by others? You have become a trifler—indeed you have—and I am getting a solemnity—I—"

"Bless thy little heart, child!" said Chester, catching her up in his arms, and running into the house with her, and placing her upon the table, before us all.

"There! stay there! by all the stars above us, Ellen Copely—wife—mother—woman—I had rather listen to thy sweet lips moving, seriously,

with this plaintive music than to all the parsons, chaplains, and priests under heaven. Say on, dearest, say on!"

Arthur ran up in the same spirit, as if to give her a hand, while we stood together, laughing at her embarrassment, and the oddity of the transformation.

"Hands off, Rodman!—hands off!" said Copely; "no man shall dethrone that woman, till I have done homage to her."

"O, Chester—Chester!" cried Ellen, bursting into tears, and falling upon his neck; "I cannot bear this."

"By Heaven!" cried her husband, inconceivably shocked, for the first time, at her manner; "there is something that I cannot understand in this, Ellen—my own, my beloved Ellen—forgive me—how have I wounded you?"

She shook her head, and blushed.

"By my gaiety? Ellen—Yes, yes—ah, how little you know my heart; how liable are we to counterfeit too strongly. Ellen, I have feigned so long, and so steadily, that the feigning has become as a nature to me. I laugh now, without knowing it. When I first laughed, it made my heart ache. Do not believe that I am weaker, frailer, or less considerate, than when we married. No—I feel—thou excellent and high-minded woman! a veneration for thee now—now! so beyond what I have ever felt before—that my soul stands more erect and haughty than ever. I will never trifle again."

Saying this, he kissed her affectionately—shook hands with her, vaulted into the saddle; and she left us, immediately, for her own apartment, where she shut herself up till his return.

She was strangely altered—her volatility had all gone, since the birth of her child; yet, she was not sad, nor melancholy. She was only more serious and womanly; more worthy of herself, and of her husband; while he, it was evident, had been countenancing a spirit, that was not natural to him, merely that she might not be intimidated, or disheartened by the approaching separation.

But our hope grew stronger and brighter every hour. Archibald and Lucia were constantly together, and walking, whenever the weather would permit, for several hours at a time. Their tones were cheerful—their manner affectionate; and we found them ever ready to enter into our thousand little plans of reform. The past was spoken of, without any dangerous emotion; the future, calmly—and there was a look of unaffected piety and submission in the countenances of both, that comforted us exceedingly. I was now able to walk about the farm, and superintend it; while Mr. Arnould, for the first time since his early wound, had recovered his health, and was pursuing his plan of reformation and benevolence, with a steadiness that delighted me. Clara was in better health than she had ever been in her life; from a pale, sick girl, she had become a noble-looking, dignified woman. Our boy was hearty as a young bear, and handsome as the dreams of painted children. There was every thing to give us hope, even in the affairs of our country; but still, for it is ever thus—there was a shadow yet, to go over the green, pleasant places for the future. The war might last, Heaven only knew, how long; and Arthur and Copely were on the eve of bidding their dear ones adieu, once more—for

a period, perhaps as long as before—perhaps longer—perhaps for ever. What wonder that we were sad? What wonder, if their wives were forgetful of their blessings, in the terror of this anticipation? As the hour came near, they wept, night and day, and would not be comforted.

But to counter-balance this, there was a mysterious intelligence growing up, every day, between my brother and Lucia. Her hand trembled when he took it. The blood rushed to her temples—and her look was not that of one, who believes that a chamber is preparing for her, beneath the green earth. Oh no—it was rather that of the young heart, newly awakened from a long, dark, troubled dream; half doubtful, nevertheless, if there may not be reality in it.

I watched them perpetually. My heart yearned toward them; and while I saw a gradual and sure improvement in Lucia's health, I fancied that I could perceive a like one in that of Archibald. Was I mistaken? follow me, my children—and the sequel will tell you.

"I am thinking," said Clara—leaning affectionately upon my shoulder, below her, with my new wooden limb over a chair; while Archibald and Lucia passed the window, locked arm in arm—their faces bright with intelligence—"I am thinking that they are less obstinately resolved on death than they used to be."

There was an archness in her manner, that made me smile. "Yes," I replied—"a substantial improvement has been made by the timely admonition of your father. But for that, one or both of them might be in the grave—soon."

"But what possesses them not to marry?" said my wife.

"Have you any particular reason for asking that question, dear?" said I—observing that she coloured a little, as she did ask it.

She hesitated.

"Clara," said I—gravely. "Hear me, love. Your sister has put into my keeping a secret that materially concerns her. I am not bound to keep it;—not bound I say, by any promise. I may tell you whenever I think it wise. I do not think it so, now—will that satisfy you?"

"Certainly," she replied—putting her hand upon my forehead. "That is acting like a man; that is treating me like a friend. I knew that there was a secret—I have known it for a long while; nay, it is not certain that I do not know what it is; but I love to be dealt plainly with. Do you know this letter?" (taking a letter out of her bosom.)

"No," I said—

"Nor the writing?"

"No—yet stay—I have somewhere seen it before—is it—it cannot surely be."

"It is Clinton's."

"And how came you by it?"

"I made him give it to me," was the reply.

"Made him!—how?"

"I met him—coming out of Lucia's chamber. I charged him desperately; and would have wakened my father. On one condition only, did I release him; that was on his promise to leave the house immediately, without meeting her again."

"O Clara—and did she know it?"

"No—it would have broken her heart. I never alluded to it, never troubled, or watched her—I knew her too well, to doubt that some horrible



villany had been practised upon her; but I knew also, whatever it was, that, if it were discovered by me, it would break her heart. I have kept the secret. She does not know that I know aught of it. I love her more than ever. Wonder at her more than ever. She has not her equal among women. It is that which keeps her bruised heart unhealed; but for that, she had been well, long and long ago. Read it. There it is."

I took the letter. It ran as follows.

"O, spare her—spare her, Clara, whatever become of me. She is not to blame. I alone have done it. Poor Lucia—my heart bleeds for her. I am a villain. I obey—I banish myself for ever. Keep the thing a secret—and I will obey. No, no, it was not her fault. No woman, not even Clara herself, could have escaped the snare—could—"

(Clara's brow contracted with haughty contempt)—"could have escaped me. She was utterly in my power, without knowing it.

"CLINTON."

"My excellent Clara," I cried, embracing her. "How little have I known you. What can we do for her? Is there any thing? any thing upon this earth?"

"I believe that there is," she replied. "They love each other. They have been open and plain in their communication. Archibald knows all—all! Perhaps—I speak it cautiously—perhaps we may bring about a reconciliation, that will restore her, the haughty, and romantic, noble-minded girl, to her own good opinion, and give to Archibald, that inconceivably lofty and wayward spirit, something to love all his life long."

"To promote that plan," said I, giving her my hand, "which, I confess, I already begin to believe is possible, I will spend my life-blood."

"Pho, pho! that is too extravagant. It is so like him. However (smiling), there will be no need of spending your life-blood. A little delicacy and patience will do it, if any thing will."

Thus was this noble-minded woman, my mother, my children, perpetually unfolding some new attribute of uncommon loveliness or power, which had been all my life long unknown, undreamt of, by me. To her last hour it was ever the same; the same patient, endearing tenderness; the same dispassionate, calm judgment; the same beautiful transparency of heart; the same unpretending piety and lowliness, yet firmness. Oh, my children, you know not your loss, nor mine, in the death of that woman. She was made for dominion over proud hearts; not for despotism—no, but for that sweet, quiet supremacy which the soul delights to acknowledge—like the sway of a mother over her babe, a parent over her helpless, sweet child. But let me not think of her: it makes my heart swell, like a fountain newly broken up in the desert, and I feel the tears gushing out over the barrenness about it with a power and prodigality that sadden me. Would that there were a garden and turf yet for them to water and refresh; would that I might sleep now, as I did once, with the untiring watchfulness of Clara leaning over me, like a hovering seraph, to study every emotion of my face, and interpret it to her children. You would want no other admonition. But I must have done with this theme; there is a bitterness in it too like the foretaste of death. Come to me, Clara, come to me,

I care not how soon. Let thy beckoning hand appear to me this night—this night, dear Clara, and I will joyfully lay down my grey head upon the turf, and give up the ghost at thy bidding.

But let me return. The hour of parting had arrived. It was terrible. The horses stood saddled and caparisoned at the door, their heavy manes flashing in the wind and sun like torn and wet banners, as they struck their iron noofs into the green turf, and snorted to the blue skies, impatient for the sway of their riders.

It is dreadful to stand by and see heart after heart torn away, bleeding and desolate, at a time like this—the father from the mother, the husband from the wife, the parent from the child—yet it must be.

"Oh, may God for ever bless you both," said my mother, pushing back her lawn cap, and raising her wrinkled hands to the sky, while the wind blew her grey hair all over her face. We are parting, I do fear, for the last time—the last! May God have you in his holy keeping."

"Dear Copely—dear, dear Rodman," said Mrs. Arnauld, rushing into their arms, "I feel as if I were parting with two of my own children. The mother that bore you, boys, cannot love you better. We shall meet again—again—many times, I believe—but farewell!"

"Farewell! farewell!" said the two young soldiers, while the entry was thronged with servants.

"Remember your God, young men," said Mr. Arnauld, impressively. "Now is the time of peril. Never unsheath your sword but with a belief that you are doing his will. Farewell."

"And you, pray; will you not say God speed to us?" said Copely, giving a hand to my wife, and another to me, while I could scarcely support myself.

"Aye, Rodman; aye, Copely. God speed you both," said Clara, lifting her proud person to the stature of a queen. "Remember your country first, your wife next, and your child last. Whatever happen, we win be its parents, friends, and advisers."

Their noble hearts were full, full to bursting; and when I fell upon their necks, and wished them—not with tears, but with a pressure that a giant might have felt through his armour—God speed, they felt a confirmation of all that Clara had pronounced.

"Lucia, dear Lucia," said both of them, taking her hands, "Heaven bless and restore you. Archibald, come hither—your hand."

He obeyed, and gave them his hand.

"Living or dead," said Copely, with a solemnity that shook me awfully—"living or dead, Archibald Oadley and Lucia Arnauld, God meant that you should be man and wife. Don't thwart his will."

Lucia coloured, and filtered out some inarticulate words; but Archibald was firm and unyielding, and his forehead was serene—very.

Rodman then renewed the benediction, and whispered something in her ear, glancing at his boy, whose face was near, which made her blush to the very eyes, and look just as she used to in the pride of her beauty.

"Archibald, farewell—farewell," said they both, together.

"My friends, I"—said Archibald, with a steady countenance, stepping out to meet them—"I—God knows if we shall ever meet again—I believe

(emphatically repeating it), I believe that we shall not. Many perils beset us. I regard this as a deathbed separation. No; I understand you. She is a woman of stout heart. These things do not pain her. Why? If true, they are better to be known; if false, they cannot injure us. So let me adjure you to be merciful. We have shed much blood. I am not at ease under it."

"Nor I," said Copely, compressing his lips; "but I would rather have an ocean of blood rolling over me than that—that, Oadley, which spun out of the brain of a scoundrel whom I shot. I—(his voice grew deep and terrible, as it had been anciently, and his wife shut her eyes while he spoke)—I am not easy about that. Why, I know not. There is something wrong in this warfare. Custom, perhaps opinion, reconciles me to it. But—"

"Think seriously, prayerfully of it, my friend," said Archibald. "And now farewell—farewell. One embrace, Copely; one, Rodman; and remember that we have bled together. If you survive me, to my friends be a friend. To your's and your little ones, and all that love you, or are dependent upon you, if I survive (smiling with a melancholy smile), I will be all that you are."

Rodman and Copely then embraced their wives, in one long, long embrace again, and, without turning a glance toward the rest of us, except the children, whom both kissed and blessed, leaving their manly tears upon their sweet faces, set off at full speed from the house. It was a bitter cold morning for the season.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

O, night and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman!

—a noise among the leaves, like "*twangling pearls.*"

It was now the middle of May; a warm, sultry day, and a hot sun had gone over it, leaving a cool, shadowy greenness upon all the wood, near which we sat, about four o'clock in the afternoon, upon the shorn turf, that extended, in a pleasant slope, from the front of our dwelling, a little ascent, to a blue, beautifully blue pond and fountain, half buried in deep green transparent foliage, through which the water glittered, like a gush and sprinkle of quicksilver—while we sat there, with all that we loved upon this earth, save Copely and Rodman, about us—our children were rolling and creeping about the sward—their little fat, naked feet ruddy with the touch of the grass; all hearts happy—all eyes full of love and thankfulness.

"That beautiful mist! Archibald," said Lucia, lovingly, with her arm carried athwart his face, while he sat near her, with his hand resting on her shoulder—"and that hollow! how cool and pleasant it looks!"

"White the sun rains fire," answered Archibald, "upon the green topped trees behind."

"Rains fire!" said my mother, smiling—and then, with a slow, serious motion, relapsing into her occupation of knitting.

"Archibald is given to such extravagancies of late," continued Clara, touching my hand at the same time, that I might observe the vivid beauty of his deep eyes, while they dwelt upon those of Lucia, which were turned, full of devotion, and mysterious, sweet meaning, toward the wood.

It was beautiful! Far away to our right, the green turf faded off to a rich, sweltering brown—and gradually subsided into a flat, yellowish soil, where a brook had once run, and left millions of millions of water-worn pebbles; over the dried bed there still stooped a mass of the brightest green rushes; here and there, the wild flag, spreading its broad, smooth leaf, and a rich body of sedge, with many wild, blue flowers—showing that there was a hidden moisture yet at the root. Still further off, there were a few pale green birches, with their silvery bark, stepping different ways, and shooting up, into the blue air, their white slender shafts, like pillars of light; in another spot, a mass of herbage, half trodden down; a few scattered rock heaps—a lonely tree, leaved to the root; a broken stone wall; a disordered and ricketty fence; while far beyond, overgrown with ruffled foliage, and raspberry bushes, and wild cherry tree—and thorn (a very uncommon shrub in America), ran a regular and established stone wall, at least half a century old; of the substantial New England fashion, with a line of poles all along the top, set in cross sticks, answering the various purposes of protecting the enclosure, defining the limits, and clearing the land. At the extreme left, there was a purple gleam on the dim horizon, with many little, faint spots about it, denoting that the Delaware might be seen, if we had patience to look for it. About us was a group of great venerable oaks, with two English elms. The fashion of the latter was strangely beautiful and picturesque: and one of the oaks had been struck with lightning some years before; half of it had been torn down, from the top to the very root; and out of this had gushed up innumerable branches of willow and birch. They were now about the height of a man; while the two parts of the torn giant still gave out their hardy vegetation, showing that vitality was not altogether extinct. The colour was rather of a brown and withered hue; but, over our heads, the other sister trees had intertwined their branches, with the effect of a woven, Gothic canopy, a firmament of leaves: some little art had been added to the natural inclination of the branches, when we were children, and now there was a sheltering, chequered lattice-work above, exceedingly green and vivid, and transparent with a late shower, through which, where the sun shone, we could see every movement of every cloud in heaven, by a correspondent shadow upon the grass at our feet, as if the leaves were vitrified. And the tinting too had become beautifully varied, as the thickness was greater or less over us—while the multiplied shadow and light above us were eternally shifting, with a capriciousness that we could not have accounted for, had we been forbidden to look up, and see the interlacing branches separate for a moment, as the matted leaves ruffled in the wind, just long enough for the light to break in, or for us to catch a glimpse of the blue heaven over us; the fiery sun-set behind the distant shining water; the far smoke, hovering, like incense, in the solitude; or the red glittering windows, at the right and left, into which the sun looked, as he



went down—ruddy and beautiful, beyond the tall trees, scattering his lustre, with a greater and greater prodigality, every moment, like one ashamed of his accumulated riches, and willing to make all the world lament his departure.

"You look melancholy, dear Archibald," said Ellenor, affectionately, putting her little girl into his lap. "There! I take Lucia to your heart—and—Lord! how he blushes; little Lucia, I mean."

"Melancholy!" said Mrs. Arnauld, "ah, yes—" "I feel so," said Archibald.

"What! melancholy Archibald?" said Lucia, her eyes full of inexpressible meaning—"melancholy, at an hour like this!"

"Yes—far more so, than in the depth and dreariness of winter, while the bleak wind pours through our dwelling, and the sky snows, day and night, upon us; but it is a pleasant melancholy—"

"You are strangely poetical of late," said I. "I do not remember that you ever indulged your self in such language, when you were young."

"I felt less then, brother, inconceivably less; the endearment of that hour had no influence upon me; the passionate endearment of—" (he faltered.)

"But why melancholy, at such an hour as this?"

"The natural waywardness of the human heart," said Mr. Arnauld. "When the sun shines, it will run into the shadow; and when the firmament is overcast, it wishes for sunshine; men affect distinction, and for want of that are content with peculiarity. Power is not less conspicuous, where all is light, by its darkness, than where all is dark, by its lightness. It is a cloud by day; a pillar of fire by night. You love to be apart from other men—do you not?"

Archibald smiled, and shook his head. "An admirable illustration," said he, "of that ambition, the disease of noble minds, which, in its dotage, degenerates into a love of notoriety."

"Ah!" cried Ellen, her round, sweet voice ringing like the roundelay of some pipe in our ear—so cheerful—so varied in all its smooth, delicate modulations, "I remember something of the sort—I have been at balls, where my heart felt heavier than at funerals."

"Whenever there is an overacted seriousness," said Clara, in her sensible, mild way, "it provokes us to oppose it: and therefore, where we are witnesses to any unmeaning, or unreasonable merriment—"

"In the company of puritans, I should feel a prodigious fancy for a game of romps, I am sure," said Ellen, interrupting her, "and many a time have I ran away from a noisy, blinding assembly of romps, at a ball room, just to cry by myself."

"It is no less true than strange," said Archibald, looking Lucia in the face, "that, wherever we see any opinion, manner, or habit pushed to extremity, we are apt, by way of shaming or rebuking it more effectually, to run directly into the contrary extreme. Moderation begets moderation; extravagance, extravagance; violence, violence."

"But why are you sad? why melancholy?" repeated Mrs. Arnauld.

There was a terrible, brief movement in his thoughtful eyes, ere he replied; and when he did reply, it was with the air of one that feels much, very much, but would not have it known—one that would convey deep counsel in a light way—fluid gold in a wooden cup—mystery and power—

in the language of common conversation—from what motive? that it might be chosen or not; followed or not; taken or rejected, without the cold formality of advice or preparation.

"I am melancholy, my dear madam, whenever I see the sky of that colour, because it reminds me of the day that I first did battle on. I am melancholy, whenever I feel the warm summer air blowing in my face, and stirring the thin air upon my forehead; for it reminds me that (putting his hand upon Lucia) that, in the morning of my day, she would sometimes, at an hour like this, stir it with her breath. I—pardon me, Lucia—I am melancholy, madam, because I have feelings here—here—that nobody will understand, because I am not believed; because—in short, tears have fallen upon my forehead; and I am unhappy, when the rain (wiping some drops from his face at the moment, as they fell through the washed leaves) reminds me of them—mother, I would rather die with blood upon my hands, than the tears of a broken-hearted woman."

"What book is that?" said Mrs. Arnauld, abruptly, in the pause that followed, as if anxious to turn our thoughts into another channel.

"The Vicar of Wakefield," said Mary, putting her white hand upon it.

"By whom?"

"By one Goldsmith," said I. "Oliver, I believe."

"The poet?" said Archibald. "He wrote some verses once, called—I forget the name."

"The Traveller; or, The Deserted Village?" said Lucia.

"Yes," said Mrs. Arnauld; "and what think you of it, Mary?"

"You know, my dear madam, that I am not well qualified to judge; but I think it very beautiful, and very natural—the book, I mean—I have never read the poem."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Arnauld. "It is the best novel that ever was written."

"Novel, pa, said Lucia; "what is a novel?"

"Any tale, my child, like the parables of our Saviour—the fables of men—any invention of prose or verse—though we call the latter a poem. This work is, of the class to which it belongs, the most perfect novel that ever was written. It is worth all his other writings—all his poems—all his essays—his Citizen of the World into the bargain."

"Do you include dramas, father?" said Lucia, turning about, so that the rich colour of the setting sun shone on her like the lustre of a dimmed furnace, making a picture so beautiful and eloquent, that her father locked his hands, and called upon us, by a motion of his eyes, to look at it before it vanished.

"No, my child," said he, "dramas are a species of novel writing—so indeed are all compositions, where imaginary creatures, invested with all the attributes of humanity, agitated by the passions of our nature, are put to the task of entertaining or terrifying us."

"I have thought," said Archibald, "that novel writing has been shamefully mistaken."

"And abused and degraded," said Mr. Arnauld, impressively. "We have the highest authority for novel writing. To write a good novel a man should be a poet, a dramatist, a painter, a tragic and comic writer, a philosopher, a preacher, and an orator. He should be able

to portray intellectual and invisible things, as vividly as the substantial landscapes and countenances of the earth. Men of talents have abandoned novel writing to women and children, and they, after beginning their career with a novel, disdain to continue, but soar, as they imagine, higher, by dabbling in poetry or the drama. No, my notion is, that it requires greater talent to write a great novel, than to write an epic poem, a tragedy, or a comedy—many a sermon, and many an oration.”

“And then the influence of novel writing—there is Richardson—and—”

“The influence of which you speak is greater than that of all other literature. People read novels who never go to plays, or to church. People read novels who never read plays, sermons, history, philosophy, nor indeed any thing else; and people read novels secretly, in all weathers, from morning till night, who do nothing else. How material then is it that their power should be understood; their element purified; the conduits, by which we receive this intoxicating aliment, under the superintendence of people that know the consequence of drugging the human heart to delirium with poison and death, in the shape of exhilaration.”

“Ah—that shadow! look, Archibald—look!” said Ellen.

It was a shadow of many birds, passing swiftly at the time; and the water below us—nay, the very turf appeared to move for a moment, under our eyes.

A shot rang just behind the trees where we sat, and the next moment down came two or three wild birds, fluttering through the blue air, almost at our feet.

They were followed by a troop of boys, who ran off with them, pursued by him that had shot at the birds.

“*On bat les buissons, et les autres prennent les oiseaux.*” said Mrs. Arnauld, smiling, while Mr. Arnauld, throwing a pleasant eye at his wife, observed,

“You have really a wonderful memory, my dear; nay, I don’t wonder that you laugh; that formed the motto to the ring that I gave you after I came from Italy. You have applied it adroitly enough.”

“No—I beg your pardon: that was Italian—a *uno*—what was it, Lucia?”

“Indeed, my dear mother, I do not recollect it; what was the sentiment?”

“The sentiment! O, it was a hit at me, for my coquetry; he had been beating the bush.”

“There is an Italian proverb,” said Lucia—“perhaps that is it. *Uno leva la lepre; e, un altro la piglia.*”

“*Oui ma chere,*” said the mother, bridling, with an innocent affectation, that half displeased Arnauld; while Clara dropped her head, and began pulling flowers for her boy.

“*Wec m’a chere,*” said my mother, to herself, but just loud enough to be heard; “*wec—march—air—beautiful!—wec march hair—beautiful.*”

I began to pull flowers too.

“Seel seel!” cried the delighted Ellen.

I turned my face, and saw the two children, each with both hands full of flowers—crushed in the pressure; the little girl stopped, and, holding up her hand, to take what the boy was offering her,

let her own drop; all about them the earth was like trodden velvet.

“The dog and the shadow!” said Clara, smiling; “how natural an innocent is such avidity. See the dear creatures.”

“I remember once,” said Archibald, “seeing a beautiful picture, which represented a mother and her babe. The story was this: that child’s handful of flowers held so differently from our manner of holding them—reminds me of it. The child had crept to the brink of a precipice, before the mother had missed it: when she turned her face, she discovered her babe upon the very verge. God touched her heart—she tore away the covering from her bosom: and the little nestling turned, saw the place of beauty, and remained immovable till she had crept near enough to catch him, and faint.”

The painter ought to have seen these children. I am no painter; but, beautiful as that picture was, it troubled me. The child sat upon the verge of the precipice—leaning back at the sight of his mother, and offering a handful of the plucked flowers. This was wrong. I felt it then; but then I did not know, as I now do, why it was wrong. That child held the flowers just as a grown person would, by the stems; but these children do not. No children, so young, would ever. Why? Because they catch at that part which attracts their eye: the light of a candle—the coloured leaf, or the blossom. It is the flower that they seize and tear up. Of course, the flowers should be seen only, crushed and broken in the hand; and at the sides, or through their fat fingers where they parted. Another fault—

“I remember that picture,” said Clara; “I have seen it—but proceed.”

“Another fault,” continued he, “is this: the child is sitting upon the precipice. That was wrong. When the child had gone so far as to sit upon it, and let its little feet hang over, the danger was already past; the extreme danger I mean. The peril is not half so great to the child, while it is looking over the precipice, as at the moment when it is beginning to sit down, as children always do sit—by turning backward to the object, and rolling over. Nay, a man that could stand for ever there, could not sit down. Now, my notion is, that the child should not be sitting, but creeping; nay, I would have it so that the spectator should start, and hold his breath, and put out his hands to save it, if he came suddenly into the room where the picture was.”

“Ah!” said Ellen, smiling, “and wouldn’t you have the cry of the mother painted too? so that he should hear that?”

“You know,” said Archibald, tapping her hand, as it lay upon the grass near him, while she kept pulling back her little girl, like a truant robin, at every moment or two, and then letting her creep away: “you know that if we see a man falling, our horror is inconceivably greater if his head be downward, or if he be likely to fall upon his head. So in a picture. If we see a real child about to fall upon its feet, we should feel much less of that desperate convulsion of the heart which would hapen to us, if we saw the picture of one falling on its head. I would suppose then, that the child has crept to the precipice, step after step, in gathering flower after flower: I would suppose that one hand was resting, with all the weight of its blessed little body, upon the loosened



turf, which I would paint so that it should appear falling and detaching itself, under the pressure! nay, I would represent the loose earth yielding below: I would show that other pieces had fallen—clod after clod—from the overhanging, flowery, unsupported brink—and this I would show, by the roots and withered grass, and fibres straining and clinging together yet, and hanging down; nay, I would have some earth dropping, if it might be; and the calm, deep water below—broken like a mirror, by the falling gravel or dirt. You shudder! I am glad of it: the picture would make your blood run cold. I would have the mother appear just at this moment—not standing upright, but almost upon her hands and knees, almost creeping through the near hedge beneath which he had crept; her bosom should be swelling, on a line nearly level with the child's eye. I would have her nearness and expression so great, that you would exclaim on seeing—wait one moment—only one moment! and her hand will be upon his! and then we should all know, from the motion of her body, the paleness of her lip, that she would drop dead upon the spot; yet clinging to her boy, nevertheless. Ah! see that hand! there I would have the crushed flowers dropping loosely from his little hand, just as it is from that child's now, while it is outstretched to you." Just then the wind began to rise, pleasantly stirring the branches over our green seat, and sprinkling us with a few water drops.

"Let us go in," said Mrs. Arnauld; "the sky is overcast, and there is a particular blackness at the west."

"O, no, no! mother," said Lucia; "let us remain. It is the breath of God. I feel it, like returning life in all my dilated heart—I—"

"There will be no rain, I believe," said Mr. Arnauld, interrupting her, and looking upward, while his hat blew off and rolled away, to the delight of the little children, as it passed them—"but the wind is rising as I never saw it before: and the clouds are gathering athwart the sky—gracious God—"

A thunder clap broke over us at that moment, with a rush of lightning, so voluminous, and so tremendously bright, like ten thousand rockets, that, for a moment, I believed that we were all struck blind. When I came fully to the possession of myself, I saw the further elm tree blazing in the wind, fifty yards higher than its top; and all our little family lying about, under a shower of rain, which, as it struck the low roof of one of the outer buildings just below us, broke over it, like a cascade of fire. I never saw such a tremendous rush of water from the skies. The dried brook was like a mill race, before I had sense enough to hobble round among our sweet scattered family, all of whom, blessed be God! were unharmed, though the lightning had broken about us, and above us, like a volley of musketry. We were soon in the house; but only in time to see the passing of a whirlwind, that the old men of the country will turn pale now at the mention of. Lord! how it thundered! It came onward, like a vast black column, with a blood-coloured brightness revolving in its centre, and the point advanced. In a moment, we saw the sky all black with the branches of trees—torn fences; shattered frame houses; and every species of rubbish, which clattered and shivered and broke, with one incessant revolution for a minute, over

our head. A fearful concussion in the heavens—a crash followed—and all was silent.

It was several minutes before we dared to look into each other's faces, amid the silent and awful darkness that followed—fearing, I know not what: to me, it was like the last day; and when Cara put her babe into my arms, and dropped, kneeling at my feet, it was with the look of a mother, who sees the heavens passing away, and the stars dropping, one after the other, into the ocean.

The rain fell upon us—and the wind blew through and through our apartment. We lifted up our eyes. The winlows were stove in; three, out of four chimneys, were blown down; a part of the roof swept off; and the very earth, where we lately sat, was torn up, as by the hoofs of innumerable horses. Yet—O, yet—not a living soul had been harmed, and when Mr. Arnauld called over our names, in the darkness, with a convulsive emotion—servants and all—not one of the whole family failed to answer, "here am I!"—No, not one.

Righteous Heaven! how wonderful and mysterious are the sources of our consolation. At another hour, the least of these many calamities had made us repine; but now, in the shipwreck of our dwelling, the destruction, probably, of all our hope for the season, there was not one heart among us that did not beat loudly in thanksgiving. Nay, in four hours from the time of the devastation, a devastation which has never been forgotten in that part of the country—we were re-assembled in one of the large neglected apartments of the mansion—happier by far than we had been the night before, with a strong roof over our heads, and a clear summer sky shining in at the windows.

"Let a man go with me," said Archibald, with a depth and sincerity that I shall never forget; "out into the wilderness, on such a night as this—sit with me, as we sat together this afternoon before the hurricane broke down upon us; and feel the soft air whispering about his heart, or hear the thunder breaking at his feet, and see the great trees bending and parting in the wind and blackness of God's power. I care not who he is, or what he is—where born—or how educated—I defy him to stand upright!—I defy him not to fall down, with his forehead in the dust, and acknowledge the presence of a God."

"Yet, Archibald," said I, "you stood upright."

"Did I?"

"Yes," I repeated, "and Lucia stood upright, while her hair blew about like the corn flush foliage of yon honeysuckle."

"I did not know it," said Lucia, "but I remember that Archibald did; and I clung to him—for he saw something."

"Saw something! what did you see?" said my mother, who had a terrible notion of portents and prodigies, and battles in the heaven; for, when she was young (she was a native of Connecticut), she had been awakened out of her sleep by a sudden red light in the sky; the heavens were all on fire, probably by some passing meteor; and when others told her that armies were seen that night, and chariots and horsemen, with the noise of artillery; and that the smoke rolled down upon the earth like a heavy fog; she said it did so long, that, at last, she began to confound what others

said with what she had seen; and before her death, did religiously believe, that she had heard drums and trumpets on that night, and seen a battle above the stars. "What did you see, Archibald?" said she, pressing close to him.

"God and his angels out upon the wind! the sky smoking under his chariot wheels! while they rained fire upon us," said Archibald.

"Heavens! Archibald!" said Lucia, stepping up to him, and putting her hand upon his forehead; "what ails you! you were not looking up when I saw you—your eyes were upon the ground: what did you see?"

"Clinton! I saw Clinton there."

She fell upon his neck.

"George Clinton! his white bosom naked; the hilt of my sword pressing into it; the blood—blood!—as plain as when he lived, trickling, drop by drop—O, God!—down over his side; his hands thrust into his own hair, with the suddenness of instant and violent death. O, Lucia, Lucia! no wonder that I heard the chariot wheels of God—the trumpeting of archangels. The sweat started out of me, from head to foot; and the turf, it appeared to me, as I bore thee over it—wherever I set my foot, gushed out with fire and smoke, and I walked over broken sword blades, human faces, and the manes of dead horses."

"You are mightily disordered, my dear Archibald," said Lucia, affectionately pushing aside the wild brown hair that shadowed his white brow; "I have never heard you talk so strangely; how wild you look. Did the lightning strike you?"

"Strike me!—feel here—here, Lucia. It is dust—dust and ashes. Strike me!—it rushed through and through me—I—O, I am very faint—very."

He grew deadly pale, and his head sunk upon her shoulder, as he finished.

As for us, we were altogether unable to reason or think steadily, for a moment. There was a preternatural vividness in our recollection of the last few hours; and a dim, shadowy, impene- trable indistinctness, of those, of all our lives before. For myself, I am willing to declare, that I could not have answered the simplest question till after I had slept that night; and that all the feelings of my heart seemed crushed and stupified, except the love of my boy and wife. Even my mother was forgotten, in the terror and darkness of our disorder. Was it the effect of the lightning? I know not; but I know this, that the clap was ringing in my ears for a week after, with a noise that kept me from sleeping or thinking; and that the discharge of lightning was incessant and blinding—painfully so, even to my shut and bandaged eyes, long afterward.

But Archibald was soon more calm; and toward morning, after we had sent out, as far as we could, to inquire into the situation of our neighbours, which was deplorable indeed, where they lived in frame houses, and to offer them an asylum, such as we had left in ours, we all withdrew to our rooms; but not to sleep. Neither Clara nor I could sleep; and I felt her tears trickling, all the night long, down my neck, as her dear head lay upon my arm, while our little boy nestled at her bosom, and slept so quietly, that—O! it was a comfort to feel him stir sometimes, to assure us that he was a living child, and that his sleep was not the sleep of death.

There was a strange brightness in the west all

the night long; and through our windows, which were almost the only ones in the house which had not been broken in, sashes and all, by the hurricane, there was a constant glimmering upon the wall, that troubled me more than I was willing to confess. The night appeared immeasurably long; I thought that the morning would never arrive: nay, I began to have strange fancies, and to doubt if—in truth, the sky might not have been torn away by the tempest.

"Would that the day would break!" said Clara, in a low whisper, as if to see if I were asleep.

"It is breaking, dear," said I; "look there."

"Do I tire your arm," said she, gently raising her head.

"No; indeed, dear, I moved it, unconsciously the weight upon it, to point to the east, where that luminous, incessant surging of light appears, like a sea breaking over its barriers."

"That is no day-break, my husband," said she, holding her breath, and drawing near to me. "It has been a terrible night—a very long one—I pray look at your watch. It appears to me many hours beyond the time of day-light."

I affected to laugh; but I cannot deny that my heart quaked, with an awful feeling, as I pulled out my watch. You cannot readily understand me, my children. It is impossible that you should. You have never passed such a night. I hope that you never may. But you will believe that my terror was not of a light nature, when I tell you that, I have seen some terrible things at night—my father's dwelling in flames, thronging with banditti and murderers:—that I have done battle in the night, with twenty cannon splitting in my ears, and the ground covered with dead and dying men: yet, never, never! in all my life, have I endured a sensation of such intolerable weight, and coldness, and horror, as when I plucked out my watch, and held it up to the light. As I am a living man, children, had the last day been at hand, in reality—and I had seen the skies run away, in silence; and I had been suddenly forgiven, I could not have felt a more terrible convulsion of joy, than when I saw the watch-hand pointing at three o'clock, instead of six or seven, and heard it, as I put it to my ear, clicking with life. My hand shook, and I was not aware of my condition, till Clara exclaimed—

"As I live, John, you are crying!—what disturbs you so mightily?"

I could not reply. I was ashamed to own the true cause—but I embraced her, as I would, had we been plucked out of the water: we only, from the population of the world, at the deluge—or been sent away, rejoicing, at the last day.

Our silence continued, until the breathing of our dear boy called our attention to him.

"How untroubled the sleep of that child," said she. "Thus will it be for ever, that the wise and powerful are disquieted, in exact proportion to their wisdom and power."

"It was a tremendous visitation!" said Clara, fervently pressing her lips to my cheek. "Did you see how Archibald bore it?"

"That did I! He stood up like a creature of the elements, unawed and undisturbed. I was amazed at his calmness."

"And I—I was terrified."

"Terrified!—why?"

"It was unnatural. Husband, there is something



in his manner of late, that will not let me sleep. Do you not observe it?"

"I observe that he is exceedingly devout; that he is for ever with Lucia—and that the sweet wisdom of her beautiful mouth is beginning to work its way into his heart."

"I am not satisfied with it," said she. "While they are most deeply engaged in conversation, there are fits of musing that come over him, as if he were holding communion with some invisible being—and, then he walks in his sleep."

"Yes—at times, I know he does. But that is on account of Clinton. He has never slept quietly since. He never will. The night-sweat is upon him—and I have heard him sob in his dreaming, as if some strong hand were pressing his great heart to suffocation. But I have observed a change in Lucia, that delights me. She is altogether better, happier, and less abstracted in her looks. She talks no more of dying."

"Nor Archibald," said Clara, in a tone that startled me. "He talks no longer of it. They are strange people."

"They are, indeed," said I; "I know not what they contemplate; but a complaint like theirs, I think, may always be brought on by deep thought; and unsparing, uninterrupted, long continued trouble and sorrow, are often attended with a melancholy, intemperate enthusiasm, which terrifies by its sublimity, while it awes by the serenity, and sweetness, and tenderness of its approach. Nor am I satisfied what should be done."

"I have thought," said Clara, hesitatingly. "You know Lucia's pride—having prepared so steadily for death—honestly, I am sure—she would not consent to live—she would be ashamed to live, now, lest all her declarations should be considered as a piece of cunning. We have a delicate part to act. But, my opinion is clear. I would have them marry."

"Marry!" said I; surprised, indeed, at the suddenness of the proposition. "Would it be possible?"

"Yes, I will answer for Lucia. Better health, better spirits, have given her better views of happiness. But the proposition must come frankly, without any appearance of stratagem, or intrigue, from Archibald. It may save both of their lives."

"You astonish me," I replied. "I have never thought of this. I have suffered myself to believe that both would live: nay, that both were fond of each other; for their growing tenderness and veneration have been evident to me—but so long a time has passed—so many years, that—"

"It matters not," said Clara. "I believe that it is not too late—will you promote it?"

"With all my heart," said I; "but how?"

"There is only one way. Archibald would have married her, notwithstanding all that had happened, the extent of which, it is probable—nay, it is certain, that he knows, though I do not—long ago; but a certain high, noble principle of honour, arising from a belief that he should soon leave her a widow, prevented him from making the offer. He believes that he will die yet—and before many months. It is a childish notion—the consequence of disappointed affection—weakness of heart—and protracted decay."

"You are right, dear Clara—I have no doubt that Archibald might live many years: nay, go into battle again, with reputation and strength—if he could be persuaded to forget the thought of death—to overlook his own reiterated prediction. The fact is, that people, who have been a long time preparing

for another world—like them that are about to set out on a long journey are impatient for their departure, after they have made up their minds, and exhausted our sympathy, and found us, in a measure, reconciled to the separation,—they are sorry to go—but dare not acknowledge it—willing to remain, but ashamed to say so."

"My notion is—ah, the little wretch!—how he bites!"

Master Jemmy had just discovered that the fountain of her beauty was near to him—and he was puffing away at it—hands and feet, like a fine fellow—when I arose, and looked upon him, leaning over the mother and child, with a feeling such as a father and husband only can experience.

It was time to get up. The blue east was breaking into an ocean of amultuous loveliness; the light, here and there, issuing through the clouds, like dammed-up waters forcing their way into the world. It was cold, all very cold, but preternaturally beautiful and flashing.

"Good morrow, love!" said I—kissing her chaste forehead, as I was about to leave the room—after standing over her for some minutes, while her fringed lids, half shut over the dear babe that lay, cuddled all up in a heap, under her snow-white arm—and her red lips were full of maternal endearment—"Good morrow!"—

"Good morrow," she murmured inaudibly—pressing the boy more closely to her heart, and half opening her sweet eyes—for a moment; and then, while her voice died away in a faint breathing, like a low summer wind among hawthorn flowers—dropping her head down upon his ruddy forehead—I could have fallen upon the bed, and wept with delight, at the picture before me—a mother and her babe! so young, so beautiful—so innocent!—her white bosom heaving with love; and her gentle arm, intertwined about my offspring, as if it were her own heart that had crept out into the air for a moment, and lay under her soft hand.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Who made me brotherless?

His eyes are open; then he is not dead!

Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids

His lips, too, are apart: why, then, he breathes?

And yet I feel it not. His heart! his heart.

CAIN.

The earth swims round me! what is this? 'tis wet;  
And yet there are no dew—'Tis blood!

IBID.

My heart fails me. I never shall be able to carry you through the whole war, as I intended to do, when I began. It is out of the question. My own return to the army; the desolation that fell upon us; the darkness—the—no, I cannot. I will content myself, then, with relating one or two more incidents, which happened soon after the conversation that I related in my last, as calmly as I can, enjoining you, first, that you religiously observe my instructions at the beginning, and keep each packet separate. Let them be marked as letters, one, two, three, &c., just as I have sent them. I have good reason for what I have done. They are usually about five sheets each,

being a quantity which I have calculated would be about sufficient for an evening. Intelligence from the south—no—I will have done with the war. The story of my brother, and the extraordinary woman to whom he attached himself, has taken such possession of me, that I can see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing, but him and her. The war, and the men of the revolution; my own sufferings, and those of my family: the army, my country: all are forgotten, or remembered, as a matter subordinate to the sorrow of Archibald and Lucia. It is in vain that I would try to keep my attention any longer upon the object that I set out with—the war. I cannot. I can only remember Archibald, as he stood before me at his marriage, so spiritualised with beauty and expression. But have patience with me. It is a disorderly story at best; but it must be told in my own way.

Not long after the storm, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of young Nick.

"Halloo, Nell," said he, capering into the room, like a wild beast, learning to dance upon a heated earthen floor, "halloo! dad has gone!"

"Gone! where?" said Ellenor—

He stopped—a dark, turbid expression hurried over his forehead—and his eyes filled. "There! there!" pointing downward.

Ellen turned pale. "Father—poor father—is he dead?"

"Dead! dead!" repeated the dwarf—kissing her, "but don't cry, Nell, don't cry; he was sensible at the last, and willing to die, and, bless your heart, Nell, don't take on so. He died, poor old father, in his Christian senses."

I was unconceivably shocked at his manner; it was so unnatural and violent, and contradictory; yet there were tears in the creature's eyes; and his ugly knees knocked together, when he saw Ellen drop into a chair.

"Sister, look you, I have no great reason to blubber about the old man. You know that all my life long I have been kicked and cuffed about by the whole family—I—"

She lifted her face, covered with tears—"except by you, dear Nell," he said, feelingly, "buffeted, and shamed, and spit upon; and why? ask that kind gentleman there—and that—and that—and any woman here: is it that I have wronged 'em? no—is it that I am devilish? who made me so? where is there a temper so sweet and forgiving, that no outrage, no mockery—none! though continued year after year, will turn it to bitterness; where—where (I thought that he was choking.) I had hoped—not to be loved—but pitied—whose blood would not be turned to fire? Look at me. I am ugly. I confess it—I am sorry for it. My limbs are jointed and knotted, like the twisted oak; my features are savage and threatening; my nostrils like the race horse—raw, and red—and broad. It is a sign of vigour. Could you see no beauty in them? Pardon me, forgive me; nay, love me, Ellen; for I love you better than father did. Do not curse me, that I rejoiced at his death. He was a benevolent man to all the world but me; kind, to all but me; compassionate, and forbearing, to all but his own offspring, the fruit of his own loins; and why? because, unhappily, God had seen fit to shape me, not according to his own image. See there! there is a woman whom I saved from death—death! no, from what was ten thousand times worse than death; yet she shudders at my voice. I shot a man in the saddle, to whose waist she was buckled; covered myself with human blood to save her; battled, in smoke and flame, for her and hers; brought about a reconciliation between her

and her lover, who thought her dead—yet she turns pale at my red, fiery eyes; and the other loathes and curses me for a brute—who would not be tired of well doing?"

I was amazed! I went up to him and scrutinised him; and Mary wept aloud upon his hands, when he offered them to her; while Ellen nearly repeated to me, in the same voice, what she had said years before—when my eyes were upon him, in the very same room, and almost in the very same spot.

"You are mistaken!"

Here Archibald entered, and prayed me to go with him on a walk.

His manner was very serious, and somewhat melancholy; while his voice was rather more cheerful than usual.

"And whither would you go?" said I.

"Some miles," he replied.

"Well done! my brother; I am glad of this!" said Clara. "This will do—there is heart for all of us in a walk of miles."

"And why not ride?" said I.

"For several reasons," he replied, with increasing solemnity; "our horses could not go where I want to go. And—"

"No matter for the rest," said I, sportively; "but, as well as a wooden leg will permit, I am your companion, if you believe that I can go where a four-footed beast cannot. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"When shall we expect you back?" said Mrs. Arnauld, while Lucia opened her lips, meekly, as awaiting the answer.

"Not for some days!" said he.

"Not for some days! what is the meaning of this?" I asked.

"I cannot well explain all my reasons here," he said, glancing at the family; "but go with me, and you shall know them all before sunset."

The thought flashed over me all at once, that he had heard some intimation of our design respecting Lucia; and I prepared to follow him with uncommon alacrity.

We departed immediately, and had walked two hours, with a great shepherd's dog at our heels, without having spoken a dozen words—when he stopped suddenly, under a large spreading walnut-tree, in the centre of a wide enclosure.

"Do you recollect this place, brother?" said he, pointing to the right, with his arm extended.

I paused a moment. There was something familiar to my recollection, in the appearance of the spot; but I had never approached it in this direction before; and I knew not where we were.

"No," said I.

"It was there that I spilt the blood of a human being for the first time," he replied, in a low tone.

I shuddered at the sound of his voice.

"No—that is further to the right; a full mile from here?" said I.

"You are mistaken. Here, I shot a man; here, where I now stand—long and long, before you had any idea of my familiarity with death: here, I saw the brains oozing out of his temples; saw him writhe and pluck up the grass with his red hands, and foam at the mouth, while his nostrils swam in blood. Do you see that green hillock there?"

"Yes."

"There he lies buried. I dug his grave with my own hands. I buried him. It was at the full of the moon—very cold—very; yet the sweat stood like rain upon my forehead, when it was over."

I looked at him in astonishment—was he disor-



dered? He was very calm. But madmen have been often calm.

"You are mistaken," I replied again; "when the man fell, I did not know that you shot him. I was just in sight."

"You mean the trooper, brother. It was not the first blood that I had spilt."

"I do not understand you," said I. "Let us be gone."

"Can you lift that flat rock there?"

"Yes."

"Heave it then: let me see you."

I attempted it; and, after a violent exertion, abandoned it as impracticable.

"I am weaker than you, John," said Archibald, mournfully: "yet, on the night that I did this, I heaved that rock from its place, and leaned it against the tree, just where you see the bark scarred and bruised there—and—come, let us try it together."

"For what purpose?" said I, getting impatient at such solemn trifling.

"You shall see," he replied, stooping and placing his hands under it. "Lift with me, brother, and you will see. Now! now!—heave!"

We turned up the rock, and the first things that I saw, were a pair of rusty pistols, and a piece of white cloth, mildewed—partially decayed, and spotted all over with what looked, even then, of a crimson hue.

I staggered to the tree, and Archibald stooped, as if to touch it; but he could not. His arm shook, and he withdrew his hand, and looked about, in every direction, for a moment—then folded his arms, and the following dialogue passed between us.

"Did you never wonder at my desolate aspect, when a boy?"

"Never—after that summer, when you came home one morning delirious, without hat or shoes."

"Do you remember when that was?"

"Yes—pretty well. You were eighteen just afterward. Lucia Arnauld had just begun to be shy of you."

"Right. Do you remember the sudden disappearance of young Hardy?"

I started. A strange, terrible light broke in upon me. I gasped for breath. I was unable to reply.

"There sleeps Hardy," he continued, pointing to his grave; "there lie his pistols; that one—I remember it well, (setting his foot upon one, from the muzzle of which a broken and bent rammer projected some inches,) that is the one that killed him."

"And whose was the hand?"

"Mine!" said Archibald.

"Your's! your's, Archibald! Oh, merciful Heaven! Your's! Archibald Oadley a murderer!"

"Yes—a murderer."

I wept aloud. I would have denied the avowal—called the man accursed, for ever, who had dared to whisper such a charge against him; yet there was a proof—the proof! who could resist it! Besides, Hardy had disappeared the night before his intended departure for the army—and—yes, it was too plain! Archibald had murdered the poor fellow; while he believed that he had joined the army, and fallen in some of our early battles. This accounted for Archibald's sudden change of temper; his melancholy; his awful steadiness in battle. Yes! I wept aloud.

"Unhappy man!" said I—shuddering from head to foot, as I looked him in the face—while his large eyes shot fire upon me; "let us be gone. I—even I, your own brother, do not feel safe with you. Replace the accursed stone—bury the instruments of death; and let us depart."

"With all my heart," said he, replacing the stone

with a kick. "There! it is done. Men have said that it is not possible to hide blood. See! we have found it easier to hide than to reveal it. There! the deed is hidden. Now hear me. I slew Hardy. His blood is upon my hands; yet it should be upon his own head. You have never asked me how it was."

"I could not—I dared not. I had not the heart to ask you."

"Yet hear me. He fell a sacrifice to his own folly and madness. I was thunderstruck at my own guilt. He was dead before I knew it; nay, before I meant it. We were shooting at a mark—we quarrelled—and he struck me. I had heard of duels; but I knew nothing of how they were to be conducted. It was late in the afternoon. He was a soldier; about to join the army; and his air of superiority had chafed me a long while. I fell upon him and beat him—for I would never take a blow, as you can witness, from mortal man. He challenged me, as we lay bleeding upon that little swell there; no, not that—he is buried there; but further to the left—I scorned him for the thing. I did not believe that he was in earnest. But he called me a coward—a coward!—I knew not what the word meant. My reading had never brought me acquainted with it; yet his manner of uttering the word convinced me that it was something, for which I ought never to forgive him. I would have fallen upon him again;—but he presented his pistol. I advanced—he threatened. I took up mine, just in time to hear Lucia Arnauld's name—pronounced—(strange, that two men have died blaspheming that woman!) and a bullet whistled through my hair. I returned the shot—for we were very near—and the smoke and flash of his pistol nearly blinded me—and I was still nearer, when I fired.

"He fell. I cannot tell you what else happened—I was stupefied—blind—and suffocated with horror. It appeared to me that many days and nights passed before I left the spot. I saw him roll upon the green sward. I saw the grass glitter, as it arose from the pressure of his head; and shake itself, as if the dew of blood upon it were hateful and scorching as fire. I buried him—how, I know not—but I did bury him, in the awful solitude of midnight, ten thousand sweet stars looking down upon me; and the blue windows above, all crowded with faces that wept upon me. I buried the pistols there, and the handkerchief—and went home. From that hour to this, I have never looked into this enclosure. Even at noon day—even now—in your company, I feel that it is haunted; and can almost see Hardy at my feet—do not step back—why do you? he is not there."

"Your looks, brother; I am terrified at your looks. Let us go."

"Aye, let us go. I have seen it for the last time. I can describe it now, when the angel of the Lord shall read over my sentence hereafter. But I have wrestled with angels all my life long."

There was something inconceivably terrific in the deep calm of his look as he said this. "I pity you—from my soul I do, brother," said I. "You are not the guilty creature that I feared. I wonder now that I ever doubted you."

"Infatuated man! Is my guilt the less that I slew a human creature here, in a passion, than if I had crept upon him coolly, and slain him deliberately.—Let us go."

"Whither?"

"Follow me."

"But whither?"

"To another place."

(I shuddered.) "More blood?" said I.

"Yes."

"I will not go another step."

"Then stay. But no—come, come. It is none secretly shed. I have no untold blood now upon my soul."

"But why not tell of it?" said I. "Why not relate the truth?"

"Why? In a place where a death by accident, from one so young as I, would have turned every heart in the country against me as a monster. No; I saw that no stir was made about it, and I determined not to tell. Why should I? He was to go away the next day, and his careless, forgetful temper accounted for his disappearance. He came suddenly among us, and on foot. Why should he not go in the same manner? Nay, when I knew that he had run away from his father to join the army, I felt safe. It stopped all inquiry. The times were troubled, and all strange and bloody affairs were attributed to the British or Tories.

"At first," he resumed, after a long and distressing pause—"at first it was my intention to relate the affair honestly, just as it had happened, but my confidence in the charity of men diminished every hour, and my terror of their evil judgment, which haunted me day and night, with a continually augmenting force, grew at last into an insupportable weight. I should have gone mad, I verily believe, in the dark trouble that was upon me, had not I seen other hands, other lips, innocent as mine had been—even your's, John, dyed in human blood. I arose then, and shook off the hot fetters that bound me. They fell from me like an iron rain, while my spirit burnt out in the battle like a furnace, and—"

I could hear no more. He continued talking, and I stood and listened to him with an indescribable awe; but I heard him not, nor did I understand him. He stood loftily before me, dilating in the sunshine, to an unearthly stature, and his voice was like that of one who has come up from the place of death. It was very terrible, and continued incessant, and smote upon my heart like a cold rain; but I remember nothing of what he said till we had arrived at another spot, where he stood, and stretched out his arms with a solemnity that kept me breathless.

"Here," he cried—"here it was that my foot was first set in the stirrup for battle. Here, under the cold moonlight, while the very snow darkened under our swift shadows, did we ride together for the first time, our articulate pulses throbbing fiercely with the first stirring of battle. Here, even here, whilst the dwelling of our father was fired, and the red flame rushing upward, with the shriek of women and the shouting of death, here rode we in the moonlight, carelessly reining our horses, in the brief, boyish tumult of parade. Oh, how little we knew of the serious business of war! how little of what was going forward at the same moment within a few miles of us.

Oh, my children, I have seen man fearfully agitated—I have heard him laugh, like a devil, in the smoke and flame of battle. I have seen men slaughtered and dying, with their hearts crushed out—the wild beast looking from his dark retreat through the red mist, that rose in the starlight from the place of slaughter. I have seen—oh! many a terrible sight—but nothing, in all my life, so preternatural and overpowering as the look of Archibald's eyes, while he stood with his pale hands outstretched toward the green, distant earth, moving them, as if there were shadows visible to him, and to him alone, and obedient to his motion—the shadows, it may be, of man

and horse, foot and horsemen, that had died under his eyes, since they last rode together within this very enclosure. I could not have borne it longer. It was like a great spell upon me, pinioning me down hand and foot, lungs and heart; for I felt the pressure within me and without me, like a suit of insupportable armour, weighing me down, while my arteries ran with cold lead.

"Where shall we go, brother?" said he, after another deep silence. "It is getting dark. Can you walk so far as the farm?"

"Yes."

He took my arm affectionately, and we proceeded, in a silence so pleasant, yet so uncommon, that I wept as we wandered together over the well-known place of our childhood, until we approached the scene of all our suffering. But there we—we—no, I will not attempt to describe our emotion. It was the first time that we had been together at the farm since it arose, with the same features, from the ashes and blackness of the old mansion. For a moment it was like an apparition before us. For a moment, so complete was the resemblance of the present buildings, in all their substantial, disordered shaping and relationship, that a delusion took hold of us, and we forgot that it was a counterfeit. We had then, after a shock that jarred every nerve in our bodies, leisure to remark the exceeding closeness of the imitation. All was there that we had ever seen, even to the trees which had been consumed, and we fell upon each other's neck and wept aloud, wondering, for a time, by what preternatural agency all this had been done for our bruised hearts, in silence. But we soon knew the secret. The amiable old man who managed the farm, and superintended the buildings, had transplanted trees from the forest to the places where there had been others blasted and burnt with fire. Heaven bless him for it. I shall never sleep quietly in any grave that is not dug beneath that old tree at the left of my window. There it is; there—withered and sapless, like myself, but venerable even in its decay. Every wind that blows over it, every rain that beats upon it, drenches its old heart, or blows away a part of its strength. How like the going down of a strong man to the chambers of death. The winds go by me, and my grey hair is upon them—the rains beat into my bosom, and my heart turns cold and stony with their buffeting.

We slept together that night. I was strangely miserable, and yet I could not avoid talking all night long upon the prohibited theme.

"Brother," said I, "what think you, at this time, of your own situation? Do you despair of recovery?"

"I despair of nothing," said he. "It is not in my nature to despair. But I have done speaking of myself. I have promised, inwardly, to trouble no man, while I live, with sorrow, or complaint, or repining. Come what will, I am now prepared for it. What little good I can do, I will do, that, when God shall beckon to my spirit, it may depart in peace."

"There is comfort and consolation in the very tones of your voice, Archibald," said I. "I pray tell me, if I be not trespassing upon your patience, how do you stand affected towards Lucia?"

"Brother," he replied, somewhat startled at my abruptness, I could perceive—"Brother, I—I hardly know. She is evidently much better. I never saw her so beautiful; and if there be tenderness or truth in woman, a broken-hearted woman, I am persuaded that—no brother, I am wrong—I ought not to breathe her name, except in my prayers."



"But what think you of her?"

"Think of her!" said he, rising in his bed, and sitting up, in the troubled starlight, just so that I could see the shape of his head thrown back, and his locked hands elevated; "think of Lucia Arnauld!—this! that she is one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived; that, could we have been together for ever, and understood the temper of each other as we do now, she would have made me—God only knows what! but I could die for her, even now."

"Even now, Archibald," said I, significantly.

"What do you mean by that?" said he, dropping his hands.—"Your voice changes—what mean you?"

"It matters not," said I, recollecting myself; "I agree with you, in your opinion of her. What think you of her health?"

"I hardly know," he replied, calmly; "they say that she will be well again; but they say the same of me; poor idiots! Yet, I do believe that she is better. Would that I could prolong her dear life, with my heart's blood! I would stand over a cauldron, and let it run hot and smoking into it, if that would cure her."

"Less may cure her."

"Less! what?"

"Your love."

"My love! she has it."

"Your hand—marry her, Archibald, marry her—ah!"

A deep silence followed; the bed shook, and I leaped out of mine, and ran to his. He was lifeless,—covered with dampness; and his hands were clenched like locked iron. It was with difficulty that I was able to release him from the hold that he had caught; but I did at last, and bore him to the window, which was open.

He revived; but I was afraid to speak again, till—I felt the wind blowing upon his hot forehead, as he leaned against my cheek. He was in my arms, like a sick child; and his hands hung, powerless, over the back of my chair. I moved them, and put my hands to his temples; they were burning hot, and the sweat stood on them, like a summer rain.

"Do you believe?" said he, faintly.—"I see, brother, that this question is not inconsiderately put to me. You have thought of it before—others have thought of it—well, well—do you believe that Lucia would be happier, for a single moment, were she my wife?"

"I do—"

"But if she knew that she must be a widow soon?"

"It matters not," said I, "not at all, though she be your widow, before the benediction has done sounding in your ears; it will make her happy. She has some doubt now; she cannot but have some, of—of your respect for her; I mean sincerely. It preys upon her. Marry her—and, I know all, brother—all!—do not shake so, do not, I pray you—would you die in my arms? You are terribly still, Archibald, terribly!—what ails you? speak, brother, speak!—why do you not speak?"

A low groan broke from his heart; he arose, and stood up.

"I will marry her," said he.

"God for ever bless you, Archibald."

"And when?"

"Immediately—immediately; let no time be lost."

\* \* \* \* \*

This was the substance of our conversation that

night. By day-break we were on our way to the ground where he broke down, to the rescue of Clinton.

He stood, looking upon it with a working lip, and eyes full of overflowing; but he spoke not, no, not a word, until we had left it for half an hour.

"We are getting old, brother," said he, "very old.

I feel like one that has worn out his appointment of threescore years and ten, outstayed the sojourn permitted to man. Men talk about years and months and days. I measure time by vicissitude, trial, sorrow, blood. Look at me; but a few summers have gone over me. I am what the world calls a young man; but, to my notion, I am older than the patriarchs. I have outlived all the pleasant emotions of the heart, all remembrance of my childhood; the beauty of heaven, the clear water, the green branching tree, the sporting bird, the—the bright lip of woman, and her love, have turned to ashes in my sight—I. Let us journey a little further. We are near our first battle ground."

"No, it is about five miles from this place."

About sunset we came to the place.

It was all overgrown with sedge and rushes, very rank and vivid.

"The soil is hot and fruitful," said he, bitterly; "fat with human blood.—This growth of vegetation is new here. I can remember when it was all barren about this spot. These rushes," breaking a handful and bruising them, "should yield blood, at the bidding of a hand like mine—awful, is it not, brother? to see the material of man, his hot heart, his valorous blood, his strong sinews shooting out with beneficent greenness, like this. Look, this handful of rushes, and these beautiful wild flowers, may be but the herbage and blossom of some young heart."

"Let us go! in God's name, let us go."

We departed, and arrived at night, worn out and exhausted with the walk, at Mr. Arnauld's; as we approached the house, he took my hand. "Not a word of what we have spoken," said he, "until I have tried her heart."

"Right," I replied, returning the pressure, while my blood ran pleasantly home at the sight of his red lips, smiling sorrowful to be sure, but smiling, nevertheless, as he departed, in pursuit of Lucia.

Just as I was getting into bed, he came to me, and embraced me.

"It is as you believe," said he—"she has owned it. What a noble creature! she has consented—Heaven bless her! And now, all that I have to say is—let not an hour be lost. I have my reasons. No matter what they are. It ought to satisfy you to know that I have them. Will you press the arrangements?"

"Will I? O, with more pleasure than I would my own marriage, were Clara and I unwed at this blessed hour."

"Well, well—to-morrow, then, let the preparation be begun. I am sure of all the family—and sure of her—except Clara—she is full of deep propriety."

"I will answer for Clara," said I.

"True, for her consent," he replied, "but not, perhaps, for so precipitate a consummation. When will she return?"

"To-morrow, with her father," said I.

"She is a kind creature," said he, "never to leave you till you have left her. Good night."

"Good night."

It was now Wednesday, and before two days had gone over our heads all the necessary preparations had been made, and the time of the nuptials settled.

for the coming Sunday night. Ah, how happy we were! All our faces were literally wet with joy—we could not pass each other, any of the family, though it were a hundred times in the day, without a shake of the hand, a smile of congratulation, or a blessing. Sunday came. It was a beautiful day. Archibald was very cheerful, or rather equable and serene; it was not so much cheerfulness, as the serious countenance of a good man about to prove his religion. The morning was spent in the presence of our clergyman (the same that had married Mary, Ellen, and Clara, in religious devotion. The dinner was late, and to our happiness, there came a bundle of letters, containing the most grateful intelligence from Copely and Rodman, of their health, comfort, and the prospect of peace.

The pious man remembered it in his prayer; and, after a bumper to Washington, and "absent friends," of currant wine, that made our hearts leap with recollection (for the last time that we had tasted that vintage, was at our marriage before), we adjourned to the large parlour. A walk was proposed; and we sauntered about, Archibald and Lucia dropping behind, (for an unpleasant illness had fallen upon him, suddenly, twice within a few days! and he was not able to walk far, though he never looked fuller of life and power) and conversing with a tender solemnity, which, though we heard nothing of the words, came to us in the sound of their voices, with the effect of prayer.

After a pleasant ramble we returned, and entered, altogether, into conversation with a freedom that astonished me. The windows were all open; the light in our room was pale and beautifully dim; the wind was blowing about, scented with the blossoming wildness of the portico, where innumerable plants and flowers were flourishing, and sweating perfume and lustre.

"How sweet and holy!" said Lucia, uplifting her dimmed eyes to Archibald, who stood leaning over her, as she sat, and holding by the open case-ment above.

"Pray sit down, brother," said I; "you will stand in need of all your self-possession."

"I shall, indeed," he said, in a manner that, I remember well, had a slight effect upon my feeling then; but it was soon forgotten.

"You are serious, Lucia," said he, affectionately, putting his hand upon her shoulder.

"Should I not be, at such an hour, with such a man," she replied, putting hers upon it. "I never saw the marriage of another, but with a feeling strangely unlike that of women in general. It is not that I am more timid, or less sanguine, or steadier; but, some how or other, there is a deep—deep solemnity in the ceremony that awes me."

"Yes, Lucia—know each other as we may, there may be untold and terrible things within us; thoughts that cannot be uttered; a hidden temper, that no man dare avow. You smile—love. I do not speak of myself; and then, there are trials and sorrows, unknown to any other than the married heart; obligation, to be encountered, that he who dares not think of must be an idiot; and that he who thinks of, without trembling, must be a——— I hardly know what to call him. He should never be a father. Sudden blows, too, may fall upon us. They that have loved us—they may be smitten sorely, while we have no power to help or comfort them. We may be weary of the world—widowed and desolate. A fearful survivorship may happen. You weep, Lucia—weep on, dear. It is our duty to be prepared for all that may happen. I am so.

I regard our existence here, but as a continual favour—continually repeated; a protracted miracle; for sorrow and disappointment, and illness, have taught me, that there is no wisdom—in looking for one hour of certain happiness."

"For shame, Archibald," said Ellen; "would you make us all hide our faces? Come, come, no billing and cooing—yet——Gracious Heaven! what—crying! crying together! absolutely crying together! Why—Lord help you! you are not married yet!"

"Hush, hush, sancebox," said Archibald; "we are only rehearsing."

Ellen tugged at his arm, and finally led him away from Lucia, to where the clock stood.

"See!" she exclaimed, "fifteen—sixteen—sixteen minutes and a half, left to you, yet—to repent and be saved."

The minister looked serious. Archibald stopped before the clock, and stood, looking at it, in silence.

"Yes," said he—"yes! What a remarkable coincidence!"

"What are you muttering about? Some incantation I suppose," said the implacable Ellen, "to stop the hands! Lucia Arnauld! Lucia Arnauld! he is in treaty with evil spirits already."

Lucia arose with a pleasant step, and came near to him. He turned.

"You are very pale, Archibald," said she.

"I am," he replied, fixing his eyes upon the clock.

"Yes—very—pray sit down—pray do."

"No, dear Lucia—no. It must not be. Let me take your arm. There is a faintness here—it will soon be over—a mistiness. Sir! Mr. Arnauld—my friend—let the ceremony begin. This suspense is insupportable."

"Not till six," said Mr. Arnauld, gravely, "that is the hour."

"Immediately—I pray you," said Archibald, very earnestly; "immediately—I pray you—it might be too late."

Lucia moved nearer to him, and pressed his hands, while she turned her dark eyes wisely in his face; but, though there was a mortal paleness on his forehead, yet his blue eyes were pre-eminently expressive, tender and beautiful.

Where I stood, which was about five or six feet from him, I was astonished at a phenomenon that was visible to me. A thin vapour rose continually, from his hair, like the mist from wet ground at night; and his forehead glittered with the dew of his heart. Yet it was not unpleasantly warm. I was on the point of speaking; but, at that moment, the clergyman stepped forward; placed her hand in Archibald's, with a benevolent smile—while a look of noble compassion was bent upon Archibald, as he did so, expressive of uncommon respect and love.

And who would not have felt the same? His remarkable expression—full of wisdom and corrected passion; the tamed haughtiness of his red lips; the deep passionate blue of his eyes, tempered, in their brilliancy, by some hidden and mysterious feeling, as if he were in the expectation of something that we were all unprepared for. Such, at least, was his appearance. It may be that I have fancied this since; but my belief is, that at that time, while I stood before him, the same opinion arose within me.

The ceremony went on; and such was the solemnity and low tenderness of the clergyman's voice; the profound devotion apparent in the countenance of Archibald; the beautiful confusion, and quick tumult of pale and red, upon the face of Lucia—rushing like sun-set shadows over summer foliage—



as rapid and varied, that most of us were affected, even to tears.

The benediction was pronounced. Archibald turned—bent forward, and put his lips to the mouth of his bride—trembled from head to foot—attemped to rise—but he could not—again and again—but his head fell on her shoulder.

“God of Heaven!” cried Mr. Arnauld, thunder-struck at his mortal paleness, and the strange helplessness that came over him: “I never saw a human being so agitated in all my life: why, even Lucia is firmer. Lean on me, Archibald.”

“No, father,” said Lucia: “no! I am his wife

now. He shall lean on no living creature, while I am able to support him—my—husband!”

“Lucia, my wife!” he uttered, faintly, pulling her forehead down to his lips, while she stood over him, pressing his damp temples to her heart. “I—ah! one kiss love! one—one—be prepared, Lucia—I—ah!—”

He stood suddenly erect upon his feet; the light flashed over his face. It was the face of a dead man. He fell upon the floor: a loud shriek followed. Where were we? Where! We ran to him—we raised him up. It was too late! Almighty God! it was too late!—HIS WIFE WAS A WIDOW!

THE END OF SEVENTY-SIX.



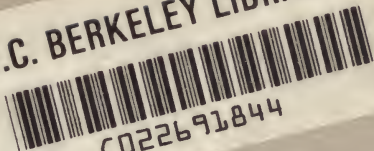








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